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COVER By ERNEST FUHR

DOROTHY CANFIELD

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With EVERYBODY'S PUBLISHERS

From the Kaiser's Files

Hell, July 10th, 1918.

WILLIAM HOHENZOLLERN,
Potsdam.

Majesty:

IT IS my privilege as Secretary to inform Your Majesty that there has been forwarded to you, under separate cover, a set of engrossed and signed Resolutions, formulated by the Infernal Council of Elder Denizens, expressive of our deep appreciation of your meritorious and unflagging efforts to advertise, popularize and populate Hell.

Inasmuch as the time will come when such information may be of service to Your Majesty in distinguishing here your false from your true friends, I am setting down certain facts for your Imperial consideration and firm recollection.

You should know first that there were certain objectors to these Resolutions. I have a complete list of these ingrates. They were in the main malcontents and ne'er-do-wells influenced by Nero, whose signature, you will have noted, is missing from the Resolutions. Nero's personal animus in this matter arises doubtless from professional jealousy, although his followers aver your failure to fiddle at the sacking and burning of Louvain to be a sign of your inferiority to him, who fiddled while Rome burned.

Fortunately I could offset the weight of this argument by pointing out the historical doubt of Nero's having set fire to Rome, while your claim to personal responsibility for Louvain is beyond dispute. If I might be so bold, however, I would suggest that the judicious rendering of a few simple selections, worked up beforehand, in anticipation of the sacking of Paris will entirely destroy the force of Nero's argument.

Two much more dangerous arguments, because of their intangible features, were advanced against the Resolutions. One was that you were forcing personal displays of heroism, loyalty, honor and self-sacrifice upon millions of the Allied peoples—men and women—who would thereby certainly attain Paradise, whereas if left to themselves multitudes might eventually have found their way to us. Absurd, of course, to those of us who know the stubborn material of these millions, this argument has been speciously attractive to those maliciously inclined.

The other argument was the old one of dangerous competition. It was slyly advanced by the evil proponents of this argument that your ultimate design was to demean and to disrupt old Hell by instituting a new and greater one on Earth. There was a certain false air of credibility about this which might have influenced even the mind of the Prince of Darkness himself had we not been ever at his side, pointing out the tremendous advantage to the older institution in point of time alone, protesting your loyalty, and cunningly suggesting that imitation was ever the sincerest form of flattery.

I pause here to admit that I have a certain foreboding, accompanied with a plan of action, if this phase develops further, which, at the right time, I should like to commit to Your Majesty's private ear.

The brighter side of the picture was the loyal support accorded these Resolutions by your true friends. It is difficult to give them rank, both because of my own modesty and because of their nearly equal deserts.

Certainly I should name Machiavelli *second*, because of the soundness of his argument that your heroic violation of Belgium's neutrality and manly disregard of various Hague conventions set a pace for your conduct of the war which has put it—on your side—beyond all sordid precedents for wickedness and bestiality. Machiavelli commends you especially for the clever Brest-Litovsk peace treaty with the Bolsheviki of Russia. He takes great airs to himself on the argument that you are a deep student of his own nefarious works, and it would certainly do no harm at the appropriate time to confirm him in this silly belief.

Again, Nebuchadnezzar has unflaggingly sung your praises, generously minimizing his own bold feat of carrying Israel into captivity, and pointing out that where he made slaves of thousands, you have driven to the yoke hundreds of thousands of Belgians, Poles, and Northern French. It would surely cement his friendship were you to suggest the smaller populations, and, therefore, the smaller opportunities, of his days.

Captain Kidd has done yeoman service in your cause, to which he was won over after your direction that no more notice be given before the sinking of foolhardy merchantmen, and that survivors be shelled. He now lauds everywhere "*Spurlos Versenkt*" above the Skull and Crossbones as the true motto for all seawolves to sail beneath. These last few days he has been quite beside himself with joy over the heroic sinking of the fully-lighted hospital ship *Llandovery Castle*, and swears that were he to return to Earth he knows not whether he would follow the sea or sail the air, since the Red Cross is now converted by your instinctive good judgment to such a shining mark for those who prey in either element.

It would not do to overlook our Ladies. Lucretia Borgia has valiantly supported your claims since your bold murder of Edith Cavell, while Catherine de Medici, unselfishly belittling her massacre of St. Bartholomew, and her persecution of the Huguenots, praises you to the vaulted roof of Hell for Louvain and the killings of priests and laity. Especially does she cry up your treatment of that forward Belgian Prelate, Cardinal Mercier.

However, I have a complete list of your friends as well as of your enemies, and must draw this letter to a close in revealing to you my own identity and my modest claim for a meed of praise. Your Majesty—like your ancestors—possesses apartments in the old Castle of Nuremberg, and, therefore, well know its famous Iron Maiden. I was its humble artizan and lovingly placed hundreds of shrieking victims in its terrible embrace. How little we then knew of true torture! With Torquemada of Spanish Inquisition fame, also a stanch supporter of Your Majesty here, I often voice regret that we had not in those benighted days the splendid poisonous gases your cunning chemists have compounded for your enemies at your word. Failing them, we at least fell not below your own high standard in mutilation and maiming. That is a crumb of comfort.

Sire, we await with impatience that day when—your wonderful mission on Earth accomplished—it may be our felicity to greet and compliment in person the greatest Benefactor Hell has ever had.

I must have a care here with my words—but you will understand my meaning when I say that if on that day you sound the clarion for your "Place in the Darkness" we shall know and follow unfailingly our true Master.

(Signed) ERTRINK OF NUREMBERG,
Secretary.

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PRUSSIA TRIUMPHANT

The Prussian mask fell slowly. And we saw the cruel, greedy eyes, hard with contempt; the twitching nostrils, scenting blood; and the sneer on the lips, baring wolfish fangs.

Cartoon by Henry Raleigh. See "*The* War of 1938," page 8.

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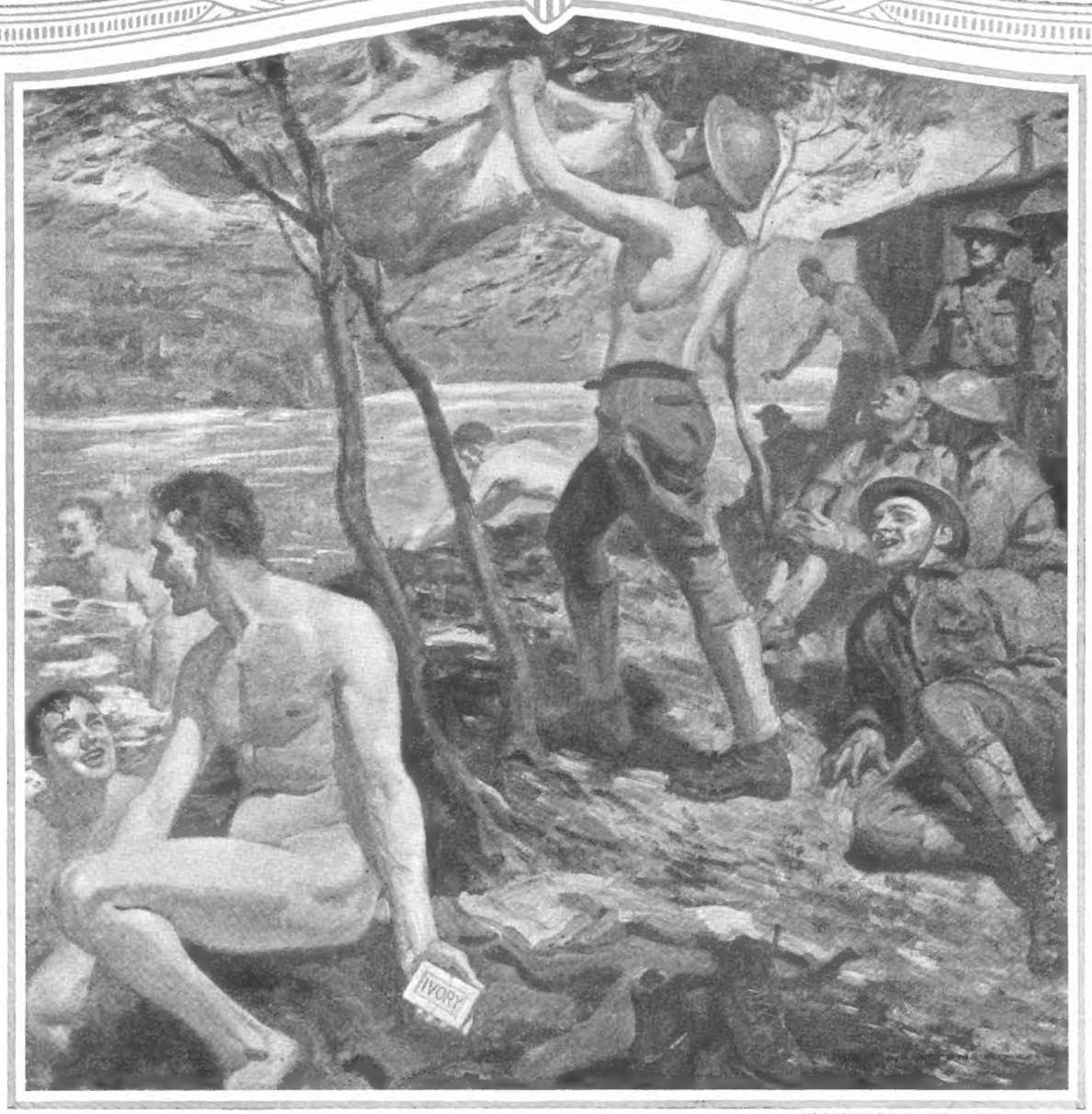

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Everybody's Magazine
NUMBER THREE SEPTEMBER 1918 VOLUME XXXIX

The WAR of 1938

By

Eugene P. Lyle, Jr.

Illustrated by
George Wright
and
Henry Raleigh

"IF WE HAD ONLY SEEN THE THING THROUGH IN 1918!"

THESE are words that with inexorable certainty will be wrung from our agonized lips twenty years from now—if, in these tremendous moments of the world-struggle, we falter, relax, and in weariness fall short of finishing our task now and for all time.

What is written here is not a prophecy; it is not a dream. It is a thought that even now sears the souls of fathers and mothers everywhere and steels them to the ultimate sacrifice NOW, that they and their grandchildren may not face in 1938 the death and downfall Mr. Lyle pictures in this article.

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Why, then, are we in it, we grandfathers of grown men, and this scourge of a new war not yet a month old? The trenches are dug in the soil of old England only partly answers the question, although the frantic rush to stem the invasion caught up all ages, even women and children and the stranger within the gates.

BEING nearly fifty, I was too old to fight in the last war—*the* war, as we have always called it since—yet here I am in the trenches twenty years after, and already I have held home the trigger of an obsolete, rusted automatic rifle and blindly let the stream play on an incoming wave of massed gray human bodies. But my being here is nothing worthy of note. The notable thing, and the significant thing, as gruesome as despair, is that among the million civilians in this sector trying to relieve Dover and save London—vain hope, and we know it!—are hundreds, thousands, who like myself were too old to fight in 1914-1918 and who like myself gave their sons instead.

Why, then, are we in it, we grandfathers of grown men, and this scourge of a new war not yet a month old?

That the trenches are dug in the soil of old England only partly answers the question, although the frantic rush to stem the invasion caught up all ages, even women and children and the stranger within the gates.

Nor is the ghastly thought that we failed to back those boys of ours in 1918, that we let their blood flow for naught, that their children must now face what they did, what they fought to save us from forever—not even is this grisly specter of remorse wholly the thing that harried us here. It was enough, God knows, and I would to God it were all. But the real reason lies deeper yet. It lies like lead on the hear of mankind and may not be denied, yet the pain of dying is easier than the pain of acknowledging so hideous a certainty. So we are here to die, we old men and our children and their children, three generations of men bearing arms, or what antiquated weapons we can lay hand to.

We intend to die. We are resolved to. Men make this decision when life ceases to be endurable, and we know that life can not here after be endurable. Our cause is lost already. It was lost in 1918. The time has passed when we might have kept those things that we hold dearer than life. The hour of opportunity, when we might have secured them for all time, is gone. We can not, because the day is fading out now, so we have come to die with them.

Back in 1918 peace as an actual fact astounded the world hardly less than the outbreak of the war. But it happened simply enough. There had been a psychological moment, a wavering of Allied resolution; and the Germans had boiled through, as they would through a gap in the line. Then—peace!

In these dark days twenty years later, in this hopeless present agony of mankind, that capitulation on the eve of triumph seems the most monstrously incredible thing in history. We see clearly now. It was the forsaking—the betrayal of Humanity.

Still, we to-day of the passing generation were the generation of affairs then, and all had our part, our blame, in it. Twenty years is a short time. We have but to go back to our state of mind in that drear November of 1918 to understand how we lost heart at last and were duped by our crafty foe.

The 1918 campaign just closing had been the most terrible of the war. It

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grown men, and this scourge of a new war not yet a
of old England. The frantic rush to stem the in-
and children and the stranger within the gates.

marked an accelerated cost in lives and treasure compared to which all that had gone before was but preparation for this headlong suicide of the human race. Civilization was dumping into the Flaming Ditch a billion dollars a week of its possessions. And to quench the world on fire, men poured their life-blood, a quarter million here, a half million there, and it was but a skirmish, an episode. And still there had been no decision.

Most perilous to us, though, were times during that terrible summer-long battle, when our hopes ran high, when we eagerly considered victory a logical certainty, practically in sight. Hope as a false stimulant is always perilous. Beware the reaction. Go back to that spring and summer for a moment. You recall the soothing balm of relief when the gap made in the British line by a hundred Hun divisions was stopped by the French. And when the shorter but no less dangerous thrust was blunted in Flanders. And after that, the gallant spurts from a stub-born defense to brilliant offensive strokes. Also the rumbling of revolution and dissolution in Germany and Austria. That bloodiest of all campaigns was spotted with days, and sometimes weeks, when the fortunes of war seemed running our way full and strong. Looking back, we can almost name the hour when the tide reached its highest. On the battle-field we were winning. The enemy was exhausting himself in his weakening blood-bath. Our losses were staggering, too, but hope being with us, we did not think of them, not then. We thought rather of the Americans filling our ranks anew, and of the final overwhelming stroke that we must inevitably deliver.

That bright hour, though, was our worst. It was our fatal hour. It was when we should have been most wary of Fate, most suspicious of Teuton craft. We should have remembered a similar hour of promise in each preceding year of the war. Even in 1914 there was the hour after the Marne and after the blocking of the road to Calais. But, due to Russian defeat at Tannenberg (in its turn due to German corruption of the Russian staff), the invaders remained in possession of the industrial equipment of Belgium and most of that of France, without which Germany could not have gone on with the war. So we faced the first winter with that handicap to overcome.

In 1915, again, our joy over the entrance of Italy was blanketed by autumnal disaster, the same due again not primarily to German fighting but to German intrigue behind the lines. In the spring, Russia was put out of the war for that year because arms were purposely withheld from her troops at the Dunajec. Consequently the western Allies, being hard-pressed, were unable to come in time to the aid of Servia, and we faced that winter with Germany, Austria, Hungary, Bulgaria, and Turkey linked up into a solid and compact phalanx.

But of all those years that passed and were so much alike, it was 1916 that should have been our text-book during that critical hour of promise and that later critical hour of wavering in 1918. What a year was 1916 for the Allies!

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German defeat at Verdun, Franco-British success at the Somme, Russia menacing Lemberg, the splendid Italian thrust at Gorizia, Austria on the brink of panic, Roumania coming in, Hungary invaded! That fall every Allied front seemed pregnant with victory—the western, the Italian, the eastern, the Balkan, and in Mesopotamia. *But*—by Thanksgiving the Germans were closing in on Bucharest! Treacherously the Teuton-corrupted Russians had failed to keep faith with Roumania. By Christmas Attila of Potsdam was dangling peace before a disheartened world. The usual autumnal disaster had blackened the skies of summer for one more hard winter.

The next year, 1917, was startlingly identical. One glorious summer, and then—the deluge of gloom. There was the German retreat on the Somme front, the Hindenburg line dented, the fall of Bagdad and practical certainty that British and Russian armies would put Turkey to a state of collapse, the victories before Ypres and Cambrai. *But*—at a blow (preceded by insidious propaganda)—the Germans changed all that. By only the slightest margin was invaded Italy saved to the Allies. And so there was another winter—always a harder winter—to go through, while tantalizing suggestions of peace assailed the war-weary heart like hosts of whispering imps. And for the future—what? Germany on the offensive with numbers and equipment unprecedented, made possible by Russia, now definitely corrupted and wiped out.

The War-Weariness of 1918

THE 1918 offensive, of course, was but another peace offensive, by the agency of appalling human slaughter. By 1918 the Germans had become experts in "enemy psychology." They now thoroughly understood the reactions of excessive optimism into a gloom entirely unwarranted by the true situation. Purposely they let reports of their own troubles sift through to hearten us, that our hopes might have the farther to drop. When, during that decisive summer of 1918, the prospects of victory and an early peace were brightest, then most of all should we have braced ourselves against the usual autumnal disaster, lest we become fit subjects to grasp at peace and let the victory go.

When by November it appeared that the war must go on into 1919, with victory not certain even then—or so we were told and endlessly told others, if you remember—then the Germans made their real drive, the one they had had in mind from the first. They hoisted again their puppet dove of peace, but this time it was feathered anew with what from a distance looked like the Allies' own terms.

These terms, however, should have convinced the simplest of men that Germany was on her last legs—that it was either concessions or surrender. Even so, yet the old propaganda-nurtured myth that victory was impossible proved now to be a grisly fee-fa-fum that routed reason. The soldiers in the trenches knew better, but we thought them only heroes, not oracles. And there was another thing: All in vain had America performed miracles of preparation for the certain knock-out. War-weary and unnerved, we who waited behind the lines could not, would not, see America's sword unsheathed, flashing and poised for the thrust to the vitals of the Beast. American promises seemed to have failed of adequate fulfilment in 1918. Would they of certainty be fulfilled in 1919? The Allied peoples could not be again persuaded that there was any certainty about it.

Certainty of winter, of horror, of accelerated slaughter—that was all. It was the moment that all German effort during three years had played for. And the German leaped at the bared white throat.

We know now that the peace offensive this time *had* to succeed. Even a Hindenburg will concede much rather than whimper "*Kamerad*." Recall, therefore, the disarming simplicity of the Prussian maneuver. At Potsdam the inner clique of thugs, Crown Prince and all, had been discredited. It was no junker chancellor, not even a fence-straddler, that the Kaiser called to him in the crisis, but a Reichstag chancellor, out and out. This new fellow's first act was to dig out of the scrap-heap those old Reichstag resolutions and piously dust them off. To the two crown jewels in that diadem of Democracy the Reichstag added yet a third: "No annexations, no indemnities, and—no armaments!" Truly, here was the voice of the German people speaking at last. It was the smashing of autocracy, the one essential for which America and the Allies had fought.

Furthermore, everything within the bounds of democratic reason was conceded—or seemed to be. First, Belgium was to be restored. And last, and most astounding, Germany would "negotiate" the question of Alsace-Lorraine. The German people, remember, were doing this—offering the olive-branch in a pathetic wistfulness for fellowship again in the common brotherhood of man.

With realization that peace was possible, on possible terms, the tidal wave of yearning for it that arose among the Allied peoples—in your neighborhood and mine; everywhere—swept over all obstacles and all who dared oppose. So that once the Allies were inveigled to the green table, the rest was a foregone conclusion. Not for the sake of the wording of a clause or two would a sickened humanity go down again into the valley of the shadow of death. At last *Junkerthum* had humanity where *Junkerthum* wanted humanity.

The Germans, nevertheless, played always within the margin of safety. They took care not to goad the Allies into breaking off the negotiations. Adroitly they played the war-weary Allied peoples against the Allied peace commissioners. And the Allied governments, lest they might not have the support of their peoples in a renewal of the war, admitted perforce one brute nigger after another into the Prussian wood-pile. They dared not let the negotiations fail.

The Game at the Green Table

ON THE face of things, it did seem to most of us that everybody ought to be satisfied, or almost. Only let there be peace—blessed peace! That, unhappily, had come to be the main thing; that, and relief from the invader. So from day to day as the peace bickerers bickered, we read that Italy was satisfied with a thin slice of her unredeemed Trentino; Servia with a narrow window on the Adriatic, though she had to leave a gate open from Hungary into Bulgaria, the same being between herself and Roumania; and that Roumania might almost be called lucky to get Bessarabia at the deserved expense of Russia, though she gave up the Dobrudja and the mouth of the Danube.

As for Russia, or what had been Russia, here was a running sore certain to infect the world. Yet to go on fighting solely for the Russians was, at this juncture, too much to expect of the Allies they had deserted. Accordingly, the Russians in their various disintegrations were left to enjoy their "boob freedom" to the utmost.

For Poland, of course, there was real regret, since she was given but the mockery of independence within constricted boundaries that at no point touched salt water. Hers, however, was only the common fate, because, as a matter of cold, practical fact, all Europe east and southeast of Germany was "negotiated" by the peace conference into a state of actual or imminent vassalage to Prussian might.

Even in the case of Alsace-Lorraine, once the Allied peoples were lulled into the narcotic calm of the armistice, it became apparent that if Alsace-Lorraine were the only obstacle to peace, then Alsace-Lorraine could stay with Germany for another twenty years. For such was the German offer; after twenty years the lost provinces were to be restored to France, and as guarantee France was to hold the German colonies in Africa that she had conquered. Twenty years of peace looked better than another year of fighting, and the offer was accepted.

These whittling-down negotiations struck a nail, however, when they struck Belgium. One thing the world could not stomach was a second treachery to Belgium. Yet in the end, Germany's argument—that she offered the Belgians as much as she would do

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by her own people—prevailed. Besides, the Belgians themselves accepted it, so eager were they to be back once again in their own country.

Moreover, if considered as an offer made in good faith by a bankrupt who needed time to pay up, we had to admit that Germany's offer to Belgium was as generous as could be expected. She freely acknowledged the debt owing Belgium; not only the estimated $3,300,000,000 for levies exacted and material stolen, but almost as much again for destruction wrought, or a grand total of six billions. But she was owing her own people more than thirty-five billions on war bonds and nearly five billions for issues of unsecured paper currency. She refused to prefer the Belgians as creditors above her own people, but she would pay the Belgians in bonds and put them on exactly the same basis, to wit: a moratorium for twenty years, interest accruing but non-payable during this time.

It was the policy Germany had decided upon for her own people. Until they could recover economically, at least in some degree, from the war, she would refrain from taxing them to pay for the war. German bondholders, therefore, must wait for their money, but the Belgians could place their bonds among their friends, the Allies, and proceed at once with the restoration of their homes and industries. More African colonies were proffered as security; and, rather than renew the war over a question of cash down, the arrangement was accepted.

Germany kept none of her colonies, indeed. She could not have developed them if she had. With her crushing problem of rehabilitation at home, she was quite content to let others take over the burden of her herd of black elephants, at least until the ivory crop should be ready to harvest.

The Disarmament Bait

IN THE matter of armament she proved as tractable, and for as good a reason. Disarmed, she had naught to fear from democracies disarmed in the same proportion. And for ten years at least she did not want the burden of keeping up armaments. Her people would have revolted, or in any case could never have recovered economically. Like an exhausted prize-fighter, the bully of Europe asked nothing better than to break training in order to build up a shattered constitution. So the world was reassured. I remember personally the deep breath of relief I drew. At last Militarism had come to its senses. And we turned away impatiently when certain men of clear vision exclaimed that the safety of the world would be better served by imposing on Germany the necessity of maintaining vast armies and navies. But instead we gave her every facility to recover strength, since we agreed to the principles of no discriminatory tariff and no embargos.

And so Peace came. And when our soldiers, climbing out of the trenches, said: "God help you if you haven't let us finish our work!" we told them that their work *was* finished—that they had saved Civilization.

The world, indeed, did feel safe; and all the evidence went to justify our comforting sense of security. Yet I recall the flare of impotent anger that swept over the Allied peoples when the curtain was lifted from interior Germany and we beheld the nation of palsied, starving, stinking scarecrows on the verge of bloody revolution to whom we had submitted in a negotiated peace. How much more just, and to these wretched victims most of all, had we let the war go on to a finish! Then, in honest reality, we could have had the voice of the German people in the matter, and our hand would have been held out to them—to help and lift them up.

But, to ease our chagrin for the manner in which we had been tricked, we said to ourselves that these noisome cadavers that still breathed would dream no more dreams of supermen and *Kultur* and *Deutschland Uber Alles*. The reasoning was plausible and did console us.

And then we said, too, that it was better that the war should end in a tie. Had there been a victory, we said, no matter by which side, the world would remember that a victory was possible, and be about the hideous business again sometime.

During those first years after the war, while the Allied nations bound up their wounds, and, with the hope of lasting peace that was itself a healing balm, looked forward to an early convalescence, Germany herself did most to fortify that hope. The grim cauterizing, to all appearances, had done its work, and the sore was clean. Much there was to admire in the way the German people set bravely and patiently to work to make, once again, homes and shops and farms out of what had become a vast desolation, with their apparently repentant government rendering loyal aid.

It is a story of marvels, that rehabilitation of the German people. It had to be rehabilitation in every way, from dish-rags to faith in destiny. Measured by the national debt alone, about one-half of the capital values of the empire had been shot away. Stocks of all kinds were exhausted. Idle machinery in factories had been scrapped to turn into howitzers. It's hard to realize, as we read the daily papers to-day, that the starting-point of the newer Prussian World-Dominion was almost stark destitution, and that, only a short twenty years ago. We know now, when it is too late, that the German way, out and up, was over the economic bars that our peace commissioners let down to them. How they surged through, that famine-mad pack, pouncing ravenously on the world's depleted stocks of raw material!

The man who supplies our grocer with truck ran into this fact when he complained that guano was costing him more than in war times, whereupon he learned from his fertilizer man that the Germans had about corraled the output of Chilean nitrates. Probably that little fact, along with others from the same incubator, accounts for much of the mystery as to why the H. C. of L. hasn't tobogganed noticeably. We reconciled ourselves to high prices while we were trying to beat the Germans, but for twenty years we have continued paying them, still on account of the Germans, yet without the satisfaction of beating them.

"Reconstruction"

AS A matter of fact, while the war was yet raging, agents of this or that German government bureau had been drumming up commercial relations in neutral countries, competing and contracting for available stocks of raw materials; and shipments began with the lifting of the Allied blockade. Germany had begun the war by pressing a button. She entered on peace by pressing another. Her machinery for reorganization was perfected already. Her bottled-up merchant fleets steamed forth. By aid of immense imperial subsidies their tonnage was speedily doubled. The race was for raw material—raw material—raw material.

The monstrous thing was true. Before the one war was done, the masters of Germany had been at work in preparation for the next. They began while the causes of defeat—women crying for bread; soldiers muttering for a heavier barrage—yet rang in their ears. That must not happen another time. Raw material was the answer. Raw material—surplus piled on surplus—was the answer. Before, they had stupidly calculated on a one-year war. Now they calculated on a five—a ten year war. Material and men, fodder and cannon-fodder, were the two essentials; and the certainty of these the peace treaty had given them, in obliging abundance.

By no means did the colossal economic strategy stop with the importations—with Chilean nitrates, Argentine hides, Mexican copper, American cotton, Spanish coal and iron developed by German capital, nickel, tin, rubber, wool, and on through the long list. For immediate reconstruction, importations were imperative, but in the ultimate plan they could be only supplementary, even those that would not be shut off by blockade, such as iron ore and wood pulp from Sweden, foodstuffs from Holland and Denmark, or

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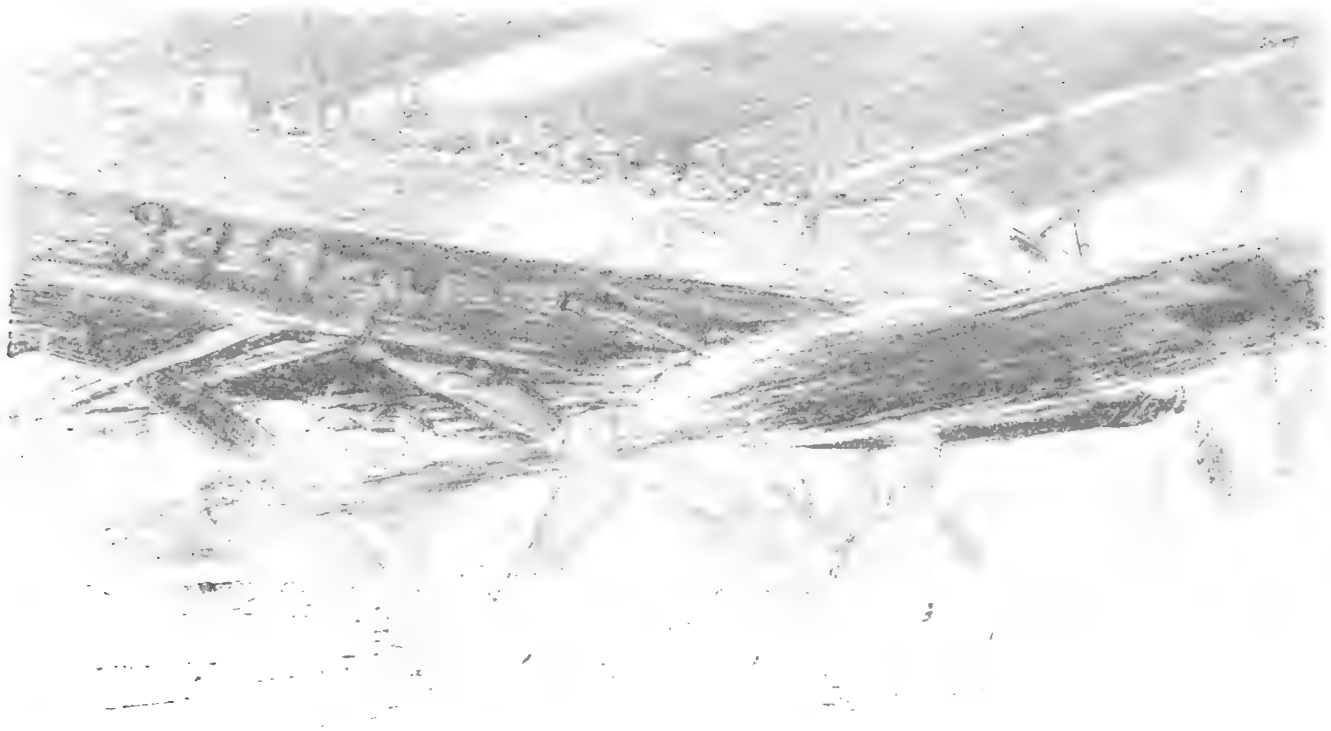


atmospheric acid produced by a German electrical trust from Swiss water power. In the end the war must be won by Germany—by *Mitteleuropa*—out of her own resources.

The old Teuton shibboleth had been "Efficiency." Now there was another on the lips of the worshipers—"Self-Sufficiency!" It was the cure, the preventive, of defeat.

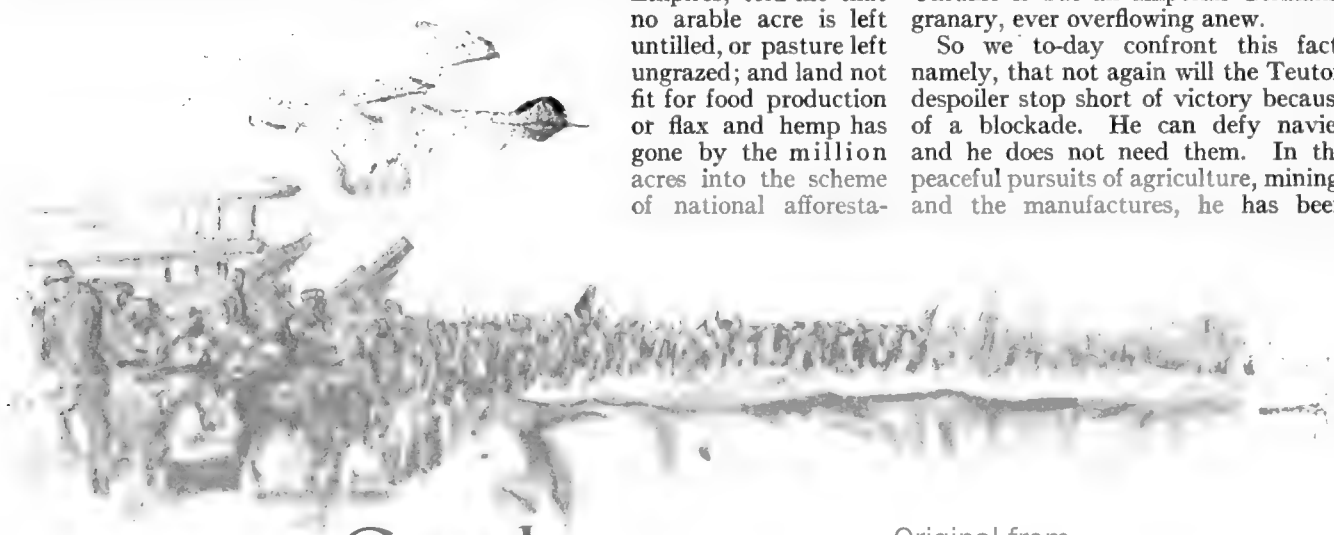
Until 1914 the common type of German, in fact and fancy, was a fat German. But that picture would be lost upon my grandchildren to-day, for there are no more fat Germans—not in Germany. Fat and waste and lost motion are not within the purview of the German state. The people had been kept on rations; not starvation rations, but war rations, nevertheless. They had gotten the habit, and the habit was made a huge national asset. Unbolted wheat meal was used in wheat bread. Close scientific tab was kept on every garbage-pail. War substitutes, when of real economy, were continued. And under this treatment the German people were as children being nursed back to health. Gradually they emerged a hardy people, all to the betterment of the race. If the record might stop here, if one might forget State encouragement of man-breeding in ways not pleasant to think of, then German reconstruction would go down in history as a noble achievement of despotism—almost as an atonement.

One may not cease to marvel, or ever finish the story. Super-intensity in speeding up, digging down, spreading out, was applied to every industry, occupation, individual, in every state and province of *Mitteleuropa*. A customer of mine from Schiedam, whose business takes him over the Central Empires, told me that no arable acre is left untilled, or pasture left ungrazed; and land not fit for food production or flax and hemp has gone by the million acres into the scheme of national afforestation, one item alone that after ten years guaranteed a five-year timber supply for all military purposes, including fiber as a cotton substitute in the manufacture of explosives.

He told me that tremendous resources hitherto scarcely touched have fallen under the Prussian goad: mineral deposits, subterranean lakes of oil, forested hills, hills and plains to be stocked with sheep and goats and cattle; the Balkans, Turkey, and—Russia.

Russia alone—the old Russia—was the planet in miniature. She could supply all things requisite to man's sustenance that the planet supplied elsewhere—even cotton—even platinum. The one thing lacking to this exhaustless treasure-house had been German organization, and now it has that. Muzhiks who hungered are not adverse to having empty stomachs filled from their own pantry. The Ukraine is but an Imperial Germanic granary, ever overflowing anew.

So we to-day confront this fact, namely, that not again will the Teuton despoiler stop short of victory because of a blockade. He can defy navies and he does not need them. In the peaceful pursuits of agriculture, mining, and the manufactures, he has been



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arming as effectively and actually as though he had been building dreadnoughts by the score. And when he does need them, after all of Europe and Africa and Asia are his, he can build them at his leisure, in whatever overwhelming proportion may be required to finish the world job.

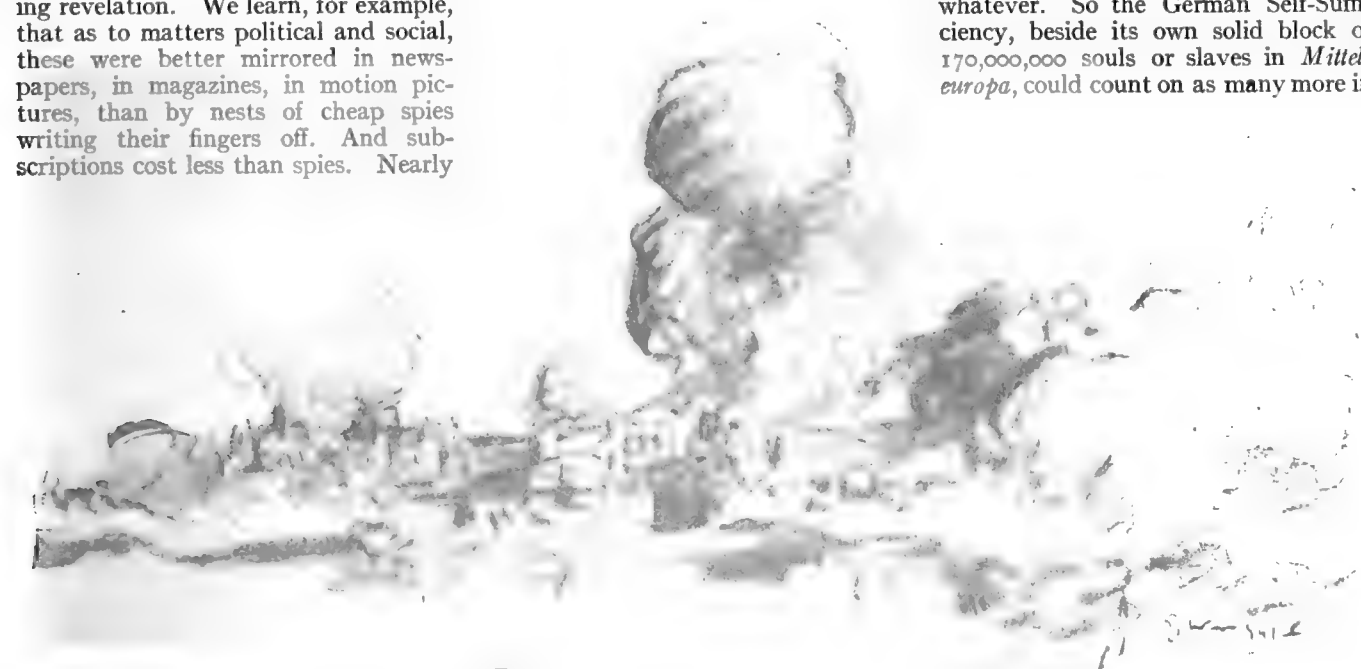
But while calking the leaks in their pirate ship for another tempestuous and bloody venture, the masters of Germany did not forget certain rocks on which they had blundered disastrously during the former cruise. The war had been one long floundering in miscalculations as to how other peoples would react. There had been a lack of accurate data. So all the data must be gathered, and it was gathered; not gathered by spies, however. Germany's old spy system had been a blunder of itself. So we have not been hearing much of German spies any more. They have not been needed—not while purely military information was not needed.

But for some weeks past we have been in an era of revelation—astounding revelation. We learn, for example, that as to matters political and social, these were better mirrored in newspapers, in magazines, in motion pictures, than by nests of cheap spies writing their fingers off. And subscriptions cost less than spies. Nearly everybody in Germany subscribed to something outside of Germany. And each periodical was passed on to its respective bureau in Wilhelmstrasse. Here the Niagara of white paper was boiled down to summaries, which then went to the subtlest brains in the empire for analysis and deductions. The masters of Germany have made no serious mistakes in the reactions of the German people. All mankind, presumably, is but a collection of various insect species under the microscope of these ultra-supermen.

Consider how unerringly to the psychology of the Belgians and the French they have played. It was the considerate and crafty policy of non-contact. Rarely, has a German entered Belgium or France, for pleasure or business, whose features were German, whose manners were German, whose accent had the German taint. Belgians and Frenchmen have lived through almost two decades as if the Germans were a distant people and the peril extinct. But they have been selling into Germany and buying German goods, without the need of knowing that they did. On their books were firms in Switzerland, Holland, Denmark, Sweden, and Spain—German brokers, every one.

And, if thus the ravagers could deal with unreconciled Belgium and France, it stood to reason that they could and did adjust themselves to the less difficult conditions elsewhere.

With Russia—or what was Russia—they went back to the old policy of Bismarck. Departure from that policy had been their first mistake. Friendship with Russia had been the keystone of the old policy; it was also of the new, and easy of attainment. For the great bear lay a carcass; and there were only cubs, easily cowed and coddled and beguiled. Unlike the old bear, these cubs did not hunger for Turkey. The Kaiser was welcome to the bird, for all they cared. There was not a bone of contention. But there was much Germanizing, Prussianizing, in the upbringing of the untutored litter of young nondescripts. Japan, just over the eastern horizon, stirred with growing alarm, but Japan was bidden by a world at peace to mind her own p's and q's and to start nothing—nothing whatever. So the German Self-Sufficiency, beside its own solid block of 170,000,000 souls or slaves in *Mitteleuropa*, could count on as many more in



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the Russias as a reservoir of sustenance during the scheduled years of manslaughter, whereas in the last war these had been the first of Germany's foes.

For a decade and a half after the close of the war, these things went on with scarcely a ripple on the serene surface of world affairs. There was naught in it betokening storm, nothing ominous. With our hard problems of reconstruction, we had a latent sympathy for any people, even the old enemy, confronting the same problems in a harsher degree. Let the Germans qualify for fellowship, then in time, perhaps, we might forget and—trust. We were lulled—drugged, I might say, by adroit suggestion—into just this state of complacent inertia.

Behind the Curtain

THE Prussian mask fell slowly—very, very slowly. Only the few could guess what that wrinkled front portended, and their warning fell on deaf or impatient ears. Peoples at peace are slow to take a passionate interest in foreign affairs. And now years of peace had made what once had seemed impossible seem impossible again.

The truth was not exactly apparent, as yet, to be sure. There was no conscription in Germany, no standing armies, no stupendous naval program—nothing of the old order of armament.

As to submarines, however, we were not so sure. If the parts were already manufactured — and such was the rumor—they could be quickly assembled after a declaration of hostilities. We read, too, of unauthenticated stories of submarine crews being trained, one after another, in a score or more of the old U-boats which were still used as surface revenue patrols. Likewise we read of vast underground arsenals being steadily stocked with arms and munitions of every description, and of new and terrible agencies of destruction being perfected by German science.

At our down-town Lunch Club we jeered our Fire-Alarm Member who stood sponsor for these wild tales, but deep down the stuff was beginning to make us nervous. It was getting harder, too, to laugh away the look in my wife's eyes of an evening when she needed to be convinced all over again that the persistent tales were sheer tommyrot. She was thinking of our grandchildren, of course, and—God help us! I was, too. Yes, and we all were, we grandparents who had known the agony of sending our boys down into that unspeakable hell on earth. And just here a question, corrosive as remorse, bitter as despair, first began to haunt our rest. Had we, perhaps, we asked ourselves, done wrong in not letting those boys of 1918 finish the job according to their own idea of a finish? We were beginning to realize, as we did not at the time, our sacred responsibility back in 1918. We were seeing that the stewardship of our children's children, of posterity, of civilization itself, lay upon our souls in 1918, and we were beginning to sense the call to an accounting—an accounting dreadful beyond the conceptions of finite mind.

What most disturbed our unhonored prophets so long as five years ago was the wild-fire spread in popularity of the Pan-German gun clubs. Rifle clubs they should have been called, because these were no groups of stout gentlemen popping away at clay pigeons, but lean young fellows cracking down on a steel manikin at a hundred yards. Excepting only aeronautics, marksmanship had become the one national sport from the Baltic to the Bosporus. Contests, patterned after the canton shooting tournaments in Switzerland, were the big annual event for every state or province of Middle Europe, until these encampments began to take on proportions almost of a mobilization and the "incidental sports" to resemble annual maneuvers.

In a word—need we recall the awakening and the shock of it?—*Mitteleuropa* was ready with a standing army—equipped and trained and eager—that could not number less than twenty million men!

It was the biological phenomenon of pests over again, like the recurrence of the seven-year locusts. The swarms appear and blanket the fields, devouring every leaf and twig; and men wonder whence they come. But beneath rotted vegetation, life had been fermenting into myriads, and here were the myriads—the Scourge! The filthy grayback pests—the lice crawling over the fair body of Europe—had not been exterminated that last time. And here they were again!

But not all of them crawled. Among them evolution had produced a winged species that filled the air. These were a higher breed, a prouder and a deadlier-Lucifer's bats out of the caverns of hell.

The world might have foreseen, but airplanes everywhere were commoner than horse carriages. They were the couriers of the sky. Fast mail and hurried passengers went by star routes. The young blood had his cloud-skimmer, the plutocrat his enclosed aerolite *de luxe*, the salesman his brisk little wagonette—common as house-flies they were, and nobody noticed them in Germany particularly. Nobody, except the jingo croakers—wise old frogs!—noticed that throughout Middle Europe airplanes were being developed as a direct legacy of the war, as hawks, as vultures, as plague-sowing buzzards. To skill in flying was added sham combat, governed by rules and regulations to make for proficiency in the real thing. And there was even keener zest in bomb-dropping, so that to score an acre bull's-eye at five thousand feet and a hundred miles an hour was no more than entry qualification for an Imperial Tourney.

Those things we know now, since the last few weeks, and we know of the hundreds of thousands of planes in commission, each a multiple-death-carrier-pigeon (to use the long German word) manned by champions. But of the latest devices that assuredly await us—the new explosives, gas capsules, bacteria dust, to spawn destruction, epidemics, crop-blighting fungi—we have had as yet only a foretaste.

This, however, is to anticipate, and bring us all too quickly into the endless night of the present hour. Our real awakening to the peril was of slow growth. That big middle slice of Europe had become the world's insatiable market. It kept up prices. And potash, largely from Alsace, was the corner-stone of every granary in the land. We waxed mirthful when warned that we were literally filling Prussian arsenals with deadly weapons, even when we shipped there our rags and junk. Here were profits, and we smelled no blood on the coin. And as to an embargo, cutting off a bully good customer—certainly not!

The Awakening

BUT the wise old frogs induced a certain wakefulness at last, and when enough folks began to lose sleep, berthless politicians saw psychological utility in it—a new political issue, a new arrangement of mouth-filling words. Middle Europe was an armory, a training-camp! The biggest gang of thugs known to all history were making ready to loot the world! Now was the time to vote right! Vote right, vote right, while we were still free men!

And the professional patriot began to get the votes. Whole peoples got into a chronic state of fidgets. As in France before 1914, the most effective cry against a government was to declare that somebody had sold out to Germany. We worked ourselves into a perpetual spy scare.

But all this was far, far from toeing the scratch for actual preparedness. We were still grinding ourselves to curtail the biggest war bill in history—greater than all other war bills rolled into one. We were adverse to a new crushing taxation, and that reluctance helped us to feel that maybe all this war talk was only bosh, anyway.

But deep down within us we knew that the thing was coming. It was the time when a father's casual caress often changed strangely into a tense straining of the child to his heart as he gazed queerly over the child's head, pain and trouble in his eyes. We knew, we knew! This time the thing would not be denied. We could not hope even for a stalemate. Prussian braggarts mocked us. Democracy had not stood ready before, even when

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And so peace came. And our soldiers, climbing out of the trenches, said: "God help you if you haven't let us finish our work!"

victory was within its grasp, and it would not again.

We questioned if the fabric of a united front to the idolaters of Moloch could again be woven. Or if the tissues would hold. Free peoples had broken down in the last war; and the recollection sapped the reliance of mankind on itself. And none of the peoples could count on loyalty of class to class within its own boundaries. The last war had demonstrated a nation's utter dependence on Labor, and could we be sure that Labor would stand impregnable against the shock? Doubt lay heavy on men's hearts, on the workers themselves. But in Germany Labor was still a beast of burden, and at the same time, a boarhound held in leash—a servile beast, its fangs slavering to bring down easy meat. Democracy had failed in the last war, but autocracy had justified itself. Only autocracy was fit to control the world—and would!

Even frightfulness was paying dividends, a sound investment. For mark the governments who have scurried under the egis of Kultur for immunity. They remember Belgium.

Then the time came when, in cold blood, the Imperial German Government set about manufacturing provocation for the attack. The reason was clear to even ordinary discernment. The twenty-year moratorium was drawing to a close. A date was at hand that might prove inconvenient, or worse—the date when payments on the German war bonds and the Belgian restoration bonds were to begin; when Alsace and Lorraine were to be given back to France.

But anything of the sort meant a staggering additional taxation of the German people. The abrupt imposition of such a burden might well start revolt, especially since the German people had tacitly understood from the first that it would never be imposed. Their very hardships from the war, which according to all calculations should have driven them to revolution, had been artfully employed to bind them closer to the autocracy. For by militarism they should be repaid a thousandfold. The huge indemnities promised in 1914 were merely deferred. Only by a military autocracy would they have reward and revenge for their past sufferings. With the moneyed classes, the German bondholders, the case was the same. They could get their money back, not from taxation at home, but from levies on conquered enemies. Imperial legions would do their collecting for them.

As to the Belgian obligations, a more reptilian jest had never been made in Germany. Thus far those six billions for reparation had not cost Germany more than the printer's bill, for the bonds

(*Continued on page 92*)

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A FAIR EXCHANGE

By
Dorothy Canfield

Illustrated by Albert Sterner

THE energetic, well-dressed man who walked so quickly in spite of his gray hair was quite out of breath from the unusual experience of mounting stairs on foot, when he stepped into the anteroom. There he looked about him with a keenly observant eye. The room had obviously not been intended as the entrance to modern offices. Its dingy, paneled walls and darkened carved ceiling dated at least from the time when the ancestors of the newcomer were hunting Indians in the untracked forests of Massachusetts. It was a forlorn, cheerless apology for a convenient, well-equipped business waiting-room. And yet, the intelligent, keen eyes now looking at it, saw in it—what? Something he could not analyze, something he tried to express. "What the devil is it about their little old holes—" he asked himself with the fresh, vivid curiosity which was his habit about phenomena new to him.

A one-armed young soldier, in a worn blue uniform, with a patch over one eye, rose up from the cane-bottomed chair, took from the white-pine table a small pad of paper and held it out to the newcomer, sketching a bow. The older man looked the other way sedulously. He was a very tender-hearted person (except, of course, for his business competitors) and the constant sight of the maimed wreckage of young manhood made him sick.

On the pad of paper was printed, *Nom du visiteur*, with a blank following it, and underneath, *Objet de la visite*. Mr. Hale's French was limited, but he made out that he was to write down who he was and what his business was, and he generously admired this little detail of office administration which he had never happened to see in an American business office. "That beats sending in a message by the office-boy, all right!" he thought to himself as he wrote. "They are funny people! Just when you get absolute proof that they can't do business any more than a sick cat, you run into something that makes you wonder."

He had written on the pad, "Randolph Metcalf Hale, President of the Illinois Association of Druggists," and underneath that, "On business connected with closer commercial relations of France and the United States." As he handed the slip of paper back to the young soldier, he thought, "I might about as well get a rubber stamp for that last and save writing it over so often."

HERE is another story from France. Not war this time, but war-time business: the American business spirit and the French trying to understand each other. Dorothy Canfield, who has lived much in France, has been over there for the past two years—working for about a year at the Lighthouse in Paris for blinded soldiers, sharing in numerous other activities for war relief, and constantly interpreting French conditions for American readers. Other stories by Dorothy Canfield will appear in later numbers.

The uniformed messenger limped out of the room. "Oh, Lord, and a wooden leg, along with only one eye and one arm," thought Mr. Hale, wincing at the too-familiar sound of the halting gait. He thrust his hands deep into his pockets and stood meditatively looking down at his own vigorous, well-clad legs.

The soldier came back and motioned the visitor to follow him. They went along a narrow corridor with occasional steps up and other steps down, with large old windows looking out through time-dimmed panes upon a stone-paved court with an old gray stone fountain. The American shook his head, "Never anything new! Always cutting their clothes out of their grandfather's left-overs and sewing them up by hand—that's it, everything hand-made!"

He was ushered into an office where a man of about his own age, with a black beard streaked with white, rose up and came toward him with outstretched hand.

"Ninth to-day," noted the American mentally. He amused himself by keeping statistics on the fabulous amount of handshaking accomplished in French business life. Then he explained his presence.

"Like almost everybody else in America, Monsieur Portier, I want to help make up to France for the way she's been having the rough end of all this war. But everybody does best at his own sort of help; and I didn't come over for reconstructing villages or taking care of refugees. That sort of work's got to be done, of course, but there are a lot of our own folks at that already. Anyhow, not knowing your language, or your folks, I'd make a poor job of trying to fix up their personal lives. That's not my specialty. But I have a specialty, and that's the American toilet-preparations business. And it occurred to me out there in Evanston that perhaps getting American business along my line joined up closer with French business would be as good a turn as I could do for France. After all, though it does give you the horrors to see the poor boys with their legs cut off, that doesn't last but one generation. But business now—all the future is there!" His eye kindled. The attentive Frenchman behind the desk nodded, acquiescing in carefully accurate English, "Precisely, Mr. Hale. You had the very same idea which induced my Government to organize this committee of which I am secretary. I am more than at your disposition."

"I know it," said the American without further expression of gratitude than this recognition, "and that's why I am here. I've got to a place where I need some help. It's this way: I've done a lot of straight business, I mean paying business. And I've managed that all right. I've got the rails laid for our sending over drug specialties you don't have here and for shipping to the States the toilet preparation specialties I find here. But now I'm here, I want to do *more* than just regular business. Now that I *see* your country and take in what the war's been, and think what you've been up against—well, Monsieur Portier, I tell you I want to do something for France!"

He said this with a simple, heartfelt sincerity which moved the Frenchman to lean from his chair and give him a silent hand-shake of appreciation. The American forgot to add this to his total for the day, going on earnestly with his story, "And so, I keep my eyes open all the time for little good turns I can do. I don't mean charity—honestly, I think that does about as much harm

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The fluent American was totally at a loss. "Why *should* you?" he said blankly; "I don't believe I understand you." The two exchanged a long, puzzled look across the little table, centuries and worlds apart.

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as good, though of course we have to go through the motions in a time like this. I mean business good-turns, such as I'd like to have anybody do me—look at my concern with a fresh eye and tell me how I could make it better, or else tell me where I could find a bigger market. You understand? Like that. Now, I've been doing business with a big chemical factory out in the country near Paris. The nearest place to it is Versailles—maybe you happen to know Versailles?"

The Frenchman nodded gravely, yes, he had a married sister living in Versailles. "Well, there's a little drug-store out there, one of these peaceful, sleepy-looking, home-and-mother French drug-stores, with a big cat dozing in the window, and somebody in a white apron putting up pills behind the counter, and so far as anybody from *my* part of the world can see, not enough business doing from one week's end to another to buy a postage-stamp."

The Frenchman laughed. "Oh, it's a very good business in France, being a *pharmacien*."

"That's what everybody tells me, and that's what gets me. *One* of the things that gets me! In *our* country when there is any business being done you hear the wheels going round. I can't get used to this smooth European way of doing it and not letting on. Well, my main interest in life being the toilet-preparations business I hardly ever go by one without stepping in. You never know when you're going to run into something worth-while. Well, out there in Versailles, I certainly did. I ran into a genius. Yes, sir, that's not too much to say; a genius! Any man who can make a cold-cream like that!"

HE INTERRUPTED himself to ask, "You don't happen to be up on cold-cream? No? It's a pity, because you can't appreciate what that man is doing. By George, I never saw anything like it, and I've dealt in cold-creams for thirty years! It's got anything in America beaten a mile! The two great faults of cold-cream, you see, are being greasy and being crumbly. This isn't either. And it keeps! He showed me some he'd had for four years in a pot, with just a flat earthenware lid laid on top, and, you wouldn't believe it, Monsieur Portier, but it hadn't changed an atom, not a *natom!* And the fineness of it! The least little pinch between your fingers and it just sinks right into your pores before your eyes! It's *like* cream, thick rich cream of a three-days'-set pan of milk, and yet it don't run! And the perfume! Monsieur Portier, I give you my word for it, and I know what I'm talking about, the perfume that little old druggist out in his dinky little old shop has got into his cold-cream is the only refined cold-cream perfume I ever smelled! It makes all the others smell like a third-rate actress. It's got—it's got—" he hesitated, searching for exactly the right word and brought it out with enthusiasm, "It's got a clean smell, if you get me, like a nice girl after a bath! I've got daughters of my own," he added in whimsical justification.

The Frenchman smiled with the amused, respectful sympathy which men of his race so often feel for their American contemporaries. "Well, and what did you do when you discovered this miraculous cold-cream?"

Mr. Hale laughed, a young, vigorous laugh which made his gray hair seem a paradox: "Well, you've guessed it. I threw a fit, first of all. I was taken off my feet, and I wouldn't be surprised if I acted like a cat over catnip. So I decided I'd better go away and cool off before I did anything rash. I bought a couple of pots and went back to the hotel to sleep on it. That's something I always try to do, Monsieur Portier, before I let myself in for a *big* proposition; and I meant this to be big, all right. I wanted to see if that cold-cream seemed as good after twenty-four hours as it did at first. Well, it did, and *then* some! So I got the Swede porter at my hotel, who can talk some English, to go back with me. And I started in to ask the old fellow all about it. Right there I struck a difference. After the way I'd gone on, an American, when I went back the next day, would have been wondering what I was trying to take away from him; but my old friend was just as pleased as a mother is when you tell her she's got a pretty baby. In fact, he reminded me of that, the way he talked. So glad to tell me all about it. I got the impression before he got through, that it was a member of the family. I don't mean, of course, that he told me how he made it. I wouldn't have let him if he'd started to. But he told me everything else. To begin with, he told me that his folks had been pharmacists right there for more than a hundred years! *A hundred years* in that little shop in that little street in that little town! I tell you, Monsieur Portier, I never can get used to the way your people stay put."

The Frenchman looked grave, "Perhaps too much so, Mr. Hale."

"Anyhow, he said they had the recipe, the first recipe for that cold-cream in his great-grandfather's handwriting. He said there'd been some talk always in the family about its having come from his great-grandfather's father, who had sold toilet specialties to Marie Antoinette, the queen, you know. He said he himself didn't take much stock in that story because everybody in France, more or less, claimed to have a great-grandfather who'd had dealings with Marie Antoinette, but I just thought to myself what a good smart advertising agency could do with that item—you could see it on every billboard between New York and San Francisco—'Marie Antoinette's Own Cold-cream; Rediscovered Recipe. If you've been in America, you can imagine!"

"Yes," said the Frenchman, "I can imagine."

"He said, of course, they had not stuck absolutely to that recipe just as it stood. His grandfather had made some changes, experimented with it all his life, and his father had changed the proportions, just little shadings, with years in between, to think them over and to be sure they were right. But he himself had changed it the most, because modern chemistry had let him substitute for one ingredient that had never been just right, something else that exactly filled the bill. Do you know, Monsieur Portier, as he stood there telling me how, for a hundred years, three generations of the folks had concentrated on that, I said to myself, 'By George, there's a *reason!*' No wonder it's better than any of our get-there-quick products. They've certainly got us beat."

TO THIS handsome tribute the Frenchman replied dubiously, "It's very generous, Mr. Hale, to say such a thing. But since taking over the work on this committee I have had periods of great depression, when it has seemed to me that no power on earth, not even American energy from which I hope a great deal, could ever move our tradespeople from their century-old habits of business inertia and lack of enterprise."

"Well, I understand that, too," agreed the American sympathetically, "I certainly do, because that's just what I've come to see you about. We went on with the confab, my old friend and I, and he showed me his books to show how the sale of the cold-cream had grown since they began on it. It seems they've had quite a lot of their customers for sixty or seventy years. Not Versailles people at all, you know, people from all over, people who had tried it once and never would have another and I don't blame them. He's got quite a lot of aristocrats on his list. He showed me names on his account-book that made it look like a history of France. Well, the sum-total of it came to this: His grandfather sold, on an average, three hundred pots a year, which was good for those days; in his father's time it went up, so he said, astonishingly—to fifteen hundred pots a year; but he had done even better, and in his little factory-laboratory that he'd had to enlarge, he made four thousand pots a year and sold them all. More than ten times what his grandfather had done."

In repeating these statistics he produced with an ironical exactness the tone of self-congratulation of the pharmacist. The man before him fell into the little trap, remarking innocently, "That is indeed making a remarkable enlargement."

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"My wife and I sit down at the other end of the garden where we sat when she came here as a bride. The stars come out. I smoke my pipe and watch them. We talk a little, my wife knits."

The American sat up straight in his chair so suddenly that he gave the effect of having leaped to his feet. "*Remarkable!* Why, it was all I could do to keep from sitting right down and crying for pity. 'Remarkable!' Why, with the article he has there, the family ought to have been millionaires a generation ago! Anybody with a particle of business imagination would have put it on the bathroom shelf of every family in Christendom." He went on, more quietly, "I said something of that to the old fellow and I tried, through that hotel porter, to make him understand what my proposition was, to take up his cold-cream. To take it up strong. I outlined my plan for the advertising campaign, I told him some of the figures of our toilet-preparations market, and I told him I'd guarantee him in less than six months' time to have a demand for fifteen hundred gross pots, and by the end of the first year it would pass the four-thousand-gross mark. I told him just how I could get him credit on the easiest terms for the enlargement of his plant. One of our American Merchants' Associations is prepared to give credit to French and Belgian firms, and

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I was just starting in to explain how it wouldn't be any risk at all for him, and absolute certain big profits for him and his son. He's got a son at the front now, who's passed his pharmacist's examination and is ready to go on with his father's business——"

He stopped short for a moment, staring into space as though recalling the scene.

"Well," prompted the French listener, "what did he say?"

"He said, as near as I could make out from what the hotel porter said, he said *he didn't want to*," said the American, in the carefully restrained voice of one who recounts an enormity so patent that there is no need for emphasis to bring out its monstrousness. "Yes, from what the hotel porter said, I took it, that he said he didn't want to! It wasn't that he was afraid of losing money, or that he suspected a skin deal —at least that was what he *said*—nor that he doubted a single thing I said, it was just that he guessed he didn't feel like it to-day, thank you."

HE REACHED for his hat and stood up. "There, Monsieur Portier, there's where I am. I started to argue, of course. I tried to get at what in hell was the matter, anyhow. But I soon saw I was up against something too big for that hotel porter to manage. So I came to see if you would go back with me, or send somebody who's got good sense and business experience, and help me make that proposition all over again. It must be, of course, that the hotel porter got the thing all balled up, the way he put it. I ought to have known better than to trust it to a Swede, anyhow."

Monsieur Portier looked at the calendar on his desk, "Yes, I will be glad to go out with you; let me see, to-day is Monday; next *Thursday* afternoon."

The visitor's face dropped. "Not till Thursday!" he cried, as though that date were in the next century. "I was hoping you could go right back with me now. I've got a taxi waiting down-stairs."

The Frenchman's face wore for an instant a look of consternation which changed into a rather curious, strained expression. Then he said with the accent of heroism, laughing a little, "Yes, Mr. Hale, there is really no valid reason for my not going with you now, at this instant, *and I will!*" He seemed to regard the resolution as an extraordinary one, adding whimsically, as he put on his overcoat, "Ah, you will never, never understand, my dear Mr. Hale, the awful effort of will it costs a European to do something the moment it is suggested, instead of putting it off till the next week."

"No," said the American heartily, "that's something I never will understand."

As they approached the shining windows of the pharmacy where, as a matter of fact, a big, beautifully cared-for cat was sleeping in the sun, the Frenchman exclaimed, "Oh, it's Monsieur Requine's pharmacy! I've known him for years, ever since my sister came to live in Versailles. I didn't think it could be he because you spoke of him always as old."

"Isn't he?" asked the American.

"Fifty-two! Is that old? I hope not."

"Fifty-two! I'm fifty-four myself! That's one on me!"

"What made you think him old? His hair isn't white. He hasn't many wrinkles. Really, I'm curious to know."

The American stopped on the curb-stone, pondering, his alert mind interested by the little problem in self-analysis "What *did* make me, I wonder?" He glanced in through the open door and said, "Well, just look at him as he stands there, his hands clasped over his stomach; you can see for yourself. It's a kind of settled-down-to-stay look, that I'm not used to seeing unless a man is so old that he can't move on any more."

The Frenchman looked at the druggist and then at the man beside him. "Yes, I see what you mean," he admitted. He said it with a sigh.

They entered the shop. The druggist came forward with a smile, and shook hands heartily with them both. "Eleven," noted the American mentally.

"Monsieur Requine," said the French visitor, "can't we go through into your salon, or perhaps out into your garden for a little talk?" Monsieur Requine glowed with hospitality. "Yes, yes, delighted. I'll just ask my wife to step here to mind the shop."

"*His wife!*" asked the American, "to wait on customers?"

A well-dressed, tall, full-bosomed woman of forty-odd, with elaborately dressed black hair and a much-powdered, intelligent face came in answer to the call and installed herself back of the counter, with her knitting.

"Yes, and knows as much about the business as he does, you may be sure," said the Frenchman as they went through a door at the back of the shop, emerging, not, as the American expected, into a storeroom, but into an attractive parlor. They passed through the salon into an exquisitely kept little dining-room, and out into a walled garden that made the American pass his hand over his eyes and look again. While their host was installing them at the little round, green, iron table under a trellis overgrown by a magnificent grape-vine, Mr. Hale's eyes traveled from one point to another of the small Paradise before him. It could not have been more than a hundred feet wide and three hundred feet long, but like a fabled spot in the "Arabian Nights" it shone resplendent with incredible riches. The stone walls, ten feet high, were carpeted to the top with a mantle of glistening green leaves, among which hung peaches and pears, glorious to the view, rank on rank, such fruit as the American had never thought could exist. On each side of the graveled path down the center, were flowering plants, each like a great bouquet. Back of them were more fruit-trees, none more than eight feet tall, bearing each a dozen or more of amazing apples, as brightly colored as the flowers. Around the trees were vegetables, carrots, salads, cabbages, every specimen as floridly full-leafed and perfect as the incredible pictures Mr. Hale had seen and disbelieved in on the front of seed catalogs.

From the other end of the garden, drenched in sunshine, came the humming of bees. Above their heads a climbing rose covering the end of the house, sent down a clear, delicate perfume from its hundred flowers.

The American's eyes came back from their inspection of all this and rested with a new expression on his rather snuffy, rather stout and undistinguished host. "Will you please tell M. Requine from me," he said to his companion, "that I never saw such a garden in my life?"

Monsieur Requine waved the tribute away with sincere humility. "Oh, it's nothing compared to those all about me. I can't give it the time I would like to. Later on, when I am retired, and my son has the business—" his gesture seemed to indicate wider horizons of horticultural excellence before which the American's imagination recoiled breathless.

The liqueur had been poured out, straw-colored, into the glasses, which were, so Mr. Hale noticed, of extremely fine and delicate workmanship— "and his wife tending shop!" The two Frenchmen drank with ceremonious bowings and murmured salutations. Mr. Hale consumed his fiery draft silently but with a not ungraceful self-possession. He was at his ease with all kinds of ways of taking a drink.

THEN, drawing a long breath, taking off his hat and putting his elbows on the table, he began to expound and the French official with him to translate. The bees hummed a queer, unsuitable accompaniment to his resonant, forceful staccato.

He talked a long time. The patches of sunlight which fell through the vines over their heads had shifted their places perceptibly when he stopped, his head high, his gray eagle's eyes flashing.

The elderly Frenchman opposite him had listened intently, his fat, wrinkled hands crossed on his waistcoat, an expression of thoughtful consideration on his broad face and in his small, very intelligent brown eyes. When the American finished speaking, he bent his head courteously and said: "Mr. Hale,

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Famous Players-Lasky.

Marguerite Clark in "Prunella."

A True Fairy-Story

ONCE upon a time there was a little girl and her name was Marguerite Clark. She had curly golden hair and blue eyes and a little mouth (big enough to eat comfortably with). She was very beautiful and very good, and she spent her days doing things that made other people happy. If you were a six-foot policeman the top of her head would about reach your heart. She lived in a great city in a beautiful house with her kind older sister. She had three beautiful motor-cars (and, I think, a pony). Every morning she sat up in her rose-and-gold bed and counted out her motor-cars like this, "My-sister-told-me-to choose-this-one," and when she had chosen, she climbed into it and drove over a river and up a mountain and began what she called a day's work. This was pretending to be all kinds of other little girls—*Little Eva*, and *Snow White*, and sometimes even a little boy like the *Prince* in "The Prince and the Pauper." In this picture she pretended to be *Prunella*, a little girl who lived in a garden with a high wall around it with her three strict aunts. After a while *Prunella* climbed over the wall and ran away with *Pierrot* and a sort of circus and learned to dance under the moon in fluffy white skirts. Everybody who saw *Prunella*, knew right away it was Marguerite. And they loved her very much for her sweetness and wrote her fifteen hundred letters a week.

I met her the other day at the big studio where she does most of her pretending. And I shook hands with her and found that she was real. And I watched her eating bread and butter and tea and rhubarb and saw that she was alive. And she gave some rhubarb to another girl who was hungry, and I knew that she was as kind as she was lovely. And she smiled at me, and I thought that she was happy.

And that is all, except that after I had been looking at Marguerite five minutes, her director took out his watch and said, "Fourteen seventy-two."

And I said, "I beg your pardon?"

And he said, "That is the value of Miss Clark's time that you have used up."

And when I got home, I multiplied it up and found that she earns seventy-five hundred dollars every week.

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By courtesy of "The Vigilantes."

For "Treason in Time of War." Cartoon by Wallace Morgan.

BELGIUM

By Brand Whitlock

United States Minister to Belgium

The FRONTIER *of* FRIGHTFULNESS

THIS is the eighth instalment of the story of Belgium, told by the American Minister to Belgium, who was in the stricken country from December, 1913, until our entry into the war, and witnessed its suffering from the beginning.

The story opens with an enthralling picture of the idyllic life of Brussels in the spring before the deluge—a picture of the peace, the simple happiness that filled the little Belgian capital with a golden glory as radiant as the sunshine of the season.

Then, in July, come the first faint, foreboding omens of the world drama; the storm breaks with stupendous suddenness; the German ultimatum; the Belgian defiance; the invasion.

And with it the heavy cloud of horror rolling on from the scenes of blood and fire that mark the trail of the invader through Louvain, Liège and Dinant. From the unending stream of refugees that flows into the capital, from the official sources, from all the evidence, Mr. Whitlock pieces together the first complete—and final—story of the atrocities of that reign of terror.

The wave of flame and murder passes on, but behind it the iron weight of military and bureaucratic oppression settles down; and in the mute agony of a people under that remorseless yoke begins the real story of Belgium and its deeper significance for the world.

From the first day of that world-rousing crime down to the day when the Stars and Stripes grimly and decisively vanished from the American Legation at Brussels, it is a story of outrage piled upon outrage, in a demented and futile effort to crush the indomitable soul of a free people between the wheels of a soulless machine.

In this instalment Mr. Whitlock gives a deeply impressive account of his visit to the German trenches.

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IT WAS indeed difficult even for that hope which is an element in the phenomenon of spring, working mysteriously in man as a part of nature, to keep itself alive in such an atmosphere. It was not only the constant outrage of that sense of justice which lives in most men who have known liberty, but every day brought some concrete instance of injustice, or, if not that, of some indelicacy which is worse than crime.

Nothing was too small, too petty, for the official notice of the Government of occupation. It had the notion, everywhere the mark of immature development, that every inexact statement, no matter how trivial, must be pursued and hunted down. It spent much time in denials and explanations; long, elaborate, puerile discussions were posted on the walls and published in the censored press. *Qui s'excuse, s'accuse.* When the American newspapers published a story to the effect that a German officer in a Brussels restaurant had objected to my speaking English, and that I had risen and with a bow and a flourish handed him my card, precisely, of course, as it would be done in the cinema, the authorities asked me to issue a formal denial and were nonplussed when I declined to do so.

Some such adventure indeed had befallen the American Consul at Ghent, and I told them that ministers were sometimes confused with consuls, especially in my country, that in any event it was not worth denying, and that

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in four days it would be forgotten in the new interest that would be taken in a later inexactitude, and that a denial would only serve to introduce it to all those who had not seen the original.

They found it difficult indeed to regulate the American press; they frequently asked me if something could not be done, and could not in the least understand it when I explained to them that our press knew no censorship whatever.

"Freedom!" said Count H. one day, with a laugh at the word and a sneer. "It's not our way; and as for democracy—we want none of it."

One of the members of the Rockefeller Commission, after returning to America, had reported in an interview that at Dinant the Germans had shot the director or cashier of the *Banque Nationale de Belgique*, and his two sons, because they refused to open the safe at the bank. The German authorities were very much distressed and reproached me with the inaccuracy of the statement and wished me to have it denied. I declined, and they proceeded to the denial themselves, proceeded in their methodical way. A certain German official summoned a responsible official of the *Banque Nationale* before him and asked:

"Is it true that the Director of the *Banque Nationale* at Dinant and his two sons were shot by the German soldiers for having refused to open the safe?"

Now, the fact was, as all Belgium knew, M. Wasseige and his two sons had been shot by German soldiers at Dinant for having refused to open the safe, not of a branch of the *Banque Nationale*, but of a branch of the *Société Générale*, of which M. Wasseige was cashier; the *Banque Nationale* had no branch at Dinant, and the official under interrogation began to explain this fact and to say that it was the Director of the branch of the *Société Générale* who, with his two sons, had been shot, when the German official interrupted him, refused to accept this response, and said that he was not to reply beside the question, but was simply to answer, yes or no, the question whether the Director of the *Banque Nationale* at Dinant, and his sons, had been killed. The bank official could only say, of course, that limiting the answer to the question in that form he would have to say no, and the German authorities thereupon sent out this statement to contradict the story that had been published as coming from the Rockefeller Commission.

The German censor seemed to read all the letters in the post. The Political Department complained to me of a letter which the Legation had posted; it was the most innocent thing imaginable, a response to some inquiry concerning the health of an old lady. And one day an officer actually brought to me a letter written in the Legation to a man in Liège, with the objection that there was a statement in the letter that they could not approve! It was done with apologies, to be sure, but—"*ce sont les militaires qui l'exigent*" (It is the military who demand it), he explained. The censor for the C. R. B.'s correspondence, Count von Somebody, delivering to Mr. Crosby, the Director, a letter which Mr. Crosby's daughter had written to him from Rome, observed:

"That is a very interesting letter of your daughter's; I enjoyed reading it."

My friend Mr. Edward Riley went to the *Pass-Zentrale* to reclaim a pocketbook which he had inadvertently left there the day before, and, in asking if it had been found, remarked:

"There is a letter in it that I prize."

The officer said, politely:

"Oh, yes, I know; I read it."

These were trivialities and amusing, but there were others with more formidable consequences. Thus a young girl, the Countess Hélène de Jonghe, who lived across the street from us, a young girl of sixteen, with her hair still down her back, a mere "flapper," as the English would say, was walking with some of her young girl companions along the Avenue de Regent, "*près des écuries de mon Roi!*" (near the stables of my King) as she said with a proud and defiant toss of her head before a court martial a few days later, when she saw two German officers. One of them, the Count M., the scion of an old family, had often been in Brussels and had been a guest in the home of the girl. Seeing him, she said to her companions:

Paul Thompson.

Crown Prince Rupprecht of Bavaria, who commanded the part of the German lines which Mr. Whitlock visited.

"*Voilà encore un sale Prussien!*"

(There's another dirty Prussian!)

The officer heard the remark, as doubtless it was intended he should, turned, seized the girl by the arm and took her to the *Kommandantur*, where she was interrogated and then released. The next day she was again summoned to the *Kommandantur;* a great affair was made of it, and when she went home from the *Kommandantur* and related her adventure, the old Countess, her grandmother, flamed up and wrote a letter, in no gentle terms, to the German authorities. Then she too was ordered to appear, and, with her granddaughter—the Countess was seventy-seven, the girl sixteen—haled before a court martial of I know not how many officers, all in uniform and decorations, and there tried.

"Stand up!" they ordered the old Countess. She refused. There was no lawyer to defend them. The young officer was there as an accuser. He stood behind them, as was the custom for accusing witnesses before the courts martial, and the old Countess reproached him for not facing them. He testified that the girl had called him "*un cochon allemand*" (a German pig).

"You lie!" said the spirited girl.

The old Countess was indeed terrible at the trial. When the German officers arose, solemnly held up their right hands to take the oath, she laughed in derision:

"Ha! Ha!" she said. "The German oath!"

They were, of course, furious. She continued to taunt them throughout the trial. When they asked her name she replied:

"I should like to know yours." And then she said to them:

"Send me your Bissing."

One can imagine the scene. A bench of German officers in uniforms and decorations, and the old Countess, whose husband had been Minister at Vienna in his time, sitting there taunting them, and the little girl, the cause of it all, troubled but courageous, and the young nobleman bearing the ancient name much embarrassed by his situation.

Hermancito, who always had all the gossip, had heard that he had not meant to carry the thing so far; that he had regretted the whole incident and indeed tried to have the Countess and the little girl released, but that von Bissing was furious; the German uniform had been insulted, it was necessary to make an example, and if he did not prosecute the business to a conclusion he would be expelled from the officers' club. It was the fetish of militarism; "the uniform had been insulted;" it was as though an altar had been violated.

And so when the trial was over, the girl was condemned to three months

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imprisonment in Germany, and her grandmother, the old Countess, to four months.

"It's monstrous, inconceivable!" exclaimed an old Belgian nobleman who had once been a friend of the German nobleman. His eyes flashed with indignation. The affair was the talk of all Brussels, and was in the newspapers outside. It threatened indeed to take on even more formidable proportions, for a Belgian nobleman wrote a letter to the Count M——, forbidding him ever to salute him again in the street, and declaring that any Belgian who would hereafter shake his hand would be guilty of *lèse-patriotisme*, and furthermore, that if he himself was too old to fight for his country, as his sons were doing, he was not too old to say to Count M —— that if he were too cowardly to go down on the firing-line and fight, he might do better than to play the spy on little girls and old ladies in Brussels.

The defiant letter was sent by a messenger, and the two Countesses, the old and the young, were taken off to Germany. It was supposed that the affair was at an end, but no, nothing was ever at an end. A German officer came to notify the Belgian nobleman that he had committed a very grave offense in writing as he did to the Count M——. The *État-Major*, he said, had tried the Count to determine whether he had conducted himself as an officer should, and had decided that he had; therefore, in criticising him the Belgian nobleman had reflected on the infallibility, the sacredness, or I know not what divine attribute, of the General Staff—and therefore must go to Germany as a prisoner. In the end he did not go, because, I think, though I do not know—such things are profound and complex in their mystery—because when it came to the test the rank of the Belgian nobleman was too high for the Germans.

Madame Carton de Wiart, the wife of the Belgian Minister of Justice, had not gone to Antwerp with her husband and the other members of the Government but had remained behind with her six children and the servants, living on in the ministerial residence, when all the other ministries were occupied by Germans. This charming woman with the white hair and the blue eyes in the dark skin was to give an example of the fine courage of which women are capable. She used to come occasionally to see us; in the deep interest she had in social amelioration of all sorts she had visited America; she was fond of it and had much of its spirit; she found, to use a phrase of Ibsen's, that "there a freer air blows over the people" and she had been so impressed with our system of juvenile courts that, with the infinite toil and patience required to inculcate any new idea anywhere, she had induced their adoption in Belgium.

Of indomitable energy, and of great social sympathies, Madame Carton de Wiart had worked incessantly among the poor, and especially among the children of the poor, and after the German occupation she found not only a human but a patriotic solace in these good deeds. She had little time then for social visits, and formal calls were no longer in fashion in Brussels, but she came to the Legation, generally in the evening after her day's work was done. She used to wear a long black cape, which enveloped her like the cloak of a conspirator. We used, indeed, to joke with her about it, and assure her that a garment so mysterious and conspiratorial in appearance would surely bring her to trouble.

In the first days of the war, before the German occupation, she, at the risk

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Officers' quarters behind the German front.

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of unpopularity, had organized a charity for the women and children of the Germans in Belgium. She had come to distribute food and warm drinks to the refugees there in the Cirque those nights we were shipping off the German refugees to Holland. She had organized soup-kitchens for the poor. Under the occupation she continued to go about in her charitable work, traveling, sometimes on foot, all over Belgium, visiting the poor in the stricken districts, bearing clothing and comforts to them, and what no doubt was more, out of her inexhaustible sympathy, her presence in the only one of the imposing block of ministries there in the Rue de la Loi that they had taken over, and they tried in every way to induce her to quit it, but she was oblivious to suggestions, invitations and even more pointed observations, and continued to come and go as though there were no Germans, though there was, always, a guard of thirty men at her door, and now and then companies of them quartered in her home, sleeping even on the floor of the dining-room. They sent old Grabowsky, *conseiller aulique*, but Madame Carton de Wiart, her home to the Rue de la Loi. On the fourth of May a perquisition was made at the Ministry of Justice, all her papers seized and translated and studied. The same day she was subjected in the Senate Chamber to an interrogation lasting four hours; the next day she was subjected to another interrogation lasting four hours. She was allowed to return then to her home, but forbidden to leave Brussels, and when she went for a promenade in the Bois she was followed by the police. A few days later she was again interrogated, this time in her own salon, and

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German efficiency in the Argonne

This and the opposite photograph were taken by an American photographer with the German army in the year 1915, a few months before Mr. Whitlock's visit to the trenches.

heartening them and keeping up their spirit of passive resistance, a resistance no less to despair than to the invaders and despoilers of the land. She set them an example by her courageous and cheerful attitude. "Good humor," says an old French adage, "is one of the most beautiful forms of courage."

Every one who entered or left the Ministry was harassed by having to show a *Passierschein;* spies followed her everywhere she went; three of her children were arrested and taken to the *Kommandantur* because they wore little medals bearing the portraits of the King and Queen.

The Germans naturally did not relish who knew the protocol, would not receive him, told them to send some one of her own rank if they wished to communicate with her. Then they sent Count d'Ortenburg, of the German General Staff, who was exceedingly polite, but she told him that she would leave her home only as the result of the employment of force.

It was no surprise then to Brussels when one morning early in May we heard that the Ministry of Justice was surrounded by soldiers, and that Madame Carton de Wiart was detained at the *Kommandantur*. She had been at our house only the evening before—the third of May—and I had escorted on the eighteenth of May she was formally arrested and confined in the *Kommandantur* and during nine mortal hours again subjected to an interrogation. The next day there was another interrogation in the Senate Chamber, lasting five hours. The day following she was taken to the Ministry of Foreign Affairs to hear the reading of the formal charges; the next day there was another interrogation lasting three hours, this time in another place, and at six o'clock in the evening of the eighteenth she was condemned to deportation. The day following she was taken to Berlin and confined in a common prison for female criminals.

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We saw Madame Carton de Wiart only once after the proceedings and that was one afternoon at the Palais de Glace, in the Rue du Marché aux Herbes Potagères, where there was an exposition, and the Burgomaster presented to Villalobar, to van Vollenhausen and to me, medals of St. Michel; a little girl recited a poem written by George Garner for the occasion, in presenting to my wife, on the part of the school children of Brussels, a souvenir that recalled the Christmas gifts sent by the American school children to the Belgians. Madame Carton de Wiart was very calm and smiling, but her eyes showed the excitement of her dangerous adventure, and she did not converse long with any one, fearing, in her knowledge of the presence of spies, that she might compromise her friends.

We did not indeed know of her departure until a few days after she had been deported, and I did not know the details of the reason of it until long afterward. She had never, to us, referred in any way to her patriotic activities. It was a bit of the charming humor characteristic of Madame Carton de Wiart that she had somehow arranged to have "p. p. c." (leaving for the country) cards left on us at the Legation.

Among the published arrests of the German authorities the day following was one announcing the condemnation and deportation; it took pains to refer to Madame Carton de Wiart as the wife of the *former* Belgian Minister of Justice. She was condemned to three months and two weeks imprisonment. The Pope himself made a personal request of the German Emperor to liberate Madame Carton de Wiart, and it was intimated to her that she might go free if she would ask for pardon.

"Ask pardon for what?" demanded the spirited woman. She would not, and she remained in a common prison at Berlin until the expiration of her sentence. She was allowed to take little with her, though she did have a little box containing a bit of the soil of Belgium, and one of my books, which, during her imprisonment, she did me the honor to translate into French; at the end of the time she was released and sent to the neutral soil of Switzerland, whence she rejoined her husband at Havre, where he was still Belgian Minister of Justice.

LXVII

DURING all that month of May we had lived under the shadow which the tragedy of the *Lusitania* had lowered over the civilized portions of mankind, and in the anxiety and the uncertainty it caused us over our own situation. We were so certain that it meant war, and so it did, even if we miscalculated the length of time that would elapse before we entered the war. We felt then that we would enter it so soon that we packed up many things and were ready to start at any moment.

We lived for days in uncertainty, which no other agony is quite like. We had no news; the German authorities, as always in times of crisis, forbade the entrance of the Dutch newspapers, the only neutral source of information that we had. The only newspapers published in Brussels were under the German censorship and control. I trust that I have made my opinion of them clear, but if there is any doubt I should like to observe that they were miserable, intellectually immoral rags in which one could place no confidence and for which one could have nothing but loathing and contempt. The German newspapers, even with their censorship, were not nearly so bad, for they made no pretense of being anything but German; we had them from Cologne and Düsseldorf every day, and just then they were filled with an almost maniacal gloating over the deed of the submarine.

I DID not go over to the Rue Lambermont the day after the catastrophe, nor for several days, but I heard that it had been said there that Germany was not responsible for the loss of American lives because every one had been warned not to go aboard the *Lusitania*. When I did go there again, some days later, every one was affable, the word *Lusitania* was not spoken, no reference was, at that time, made to the event. There had been, however, for a long time, much feeling among the military against America, due partly to the old complaint about munitions, and partly to the conviction that there was no longer any chance of winning American sentiment and sympathy. We had felt it rather than heard it, for nothing of the sort was ever said to me, though the young men of the Commission, especially those in Northern France, were often, I might almost say constantly, made to suffer by a feeling the officers there were at no pains to conceal, but more often indeed quite frank to express to men whom they were always reminding were there as their "guests."

The subject of munitions was mentioned to me only two or three times, I believe, once at that time and again later. It was a young German officer, a Count, of a well-known family, who mentioned it to me the first time. He was in my office and, noticing the photograph of President Wilson on the mantel, said:

"Is it Mr. Wilson?"

"Yes," I replied. "Take a good look at it."

He studied it a long time, very attentively.

"Study the lower jaw," I said.

"Yes," he said, "but he ought to forbid the sale of munitions to our enemies."

"But they are not *our* enemies," I replied, and tried to explain it to him, showing him that under the conventions it was not part of the duty of our Government to forbid its own citizens from selling munitions of war to any one they pleased, that this was recognized by the Hague Convention, and that when an effort was made to change it some years ago, it was the influence of Germany that defeated it; that Germany could buy goods on the same terms with others in America, that all she had to do was to get ships across the Atlantic, and this of course she could not do. He seemed not to understand. They seemed always incapable of understanding. That which is known to Englishmen and to Americans as the sporting sense, the sense of fair play, playing the game, was unknown to them, because, I suppose, there were no sports in Germany, except war, and they did not play at that as sportsmen. The higher officers at Antwerp were always particularly offensive in their attitude toward America, and in their comments at and after the time of the crime of the *Lusitania* the military men at Brussels were in the same mood. One of them, speaking on the subject one day, after advancing the usual excuse that it was all England's fault, said that they had done all they could to enlist American sympathy, and had failed. "We are resigned to it." He spread out his arms wide, grew red in the sudden gust of passion that swept him, and cried: "If we have to fight the whole world we will do it!"

It was nearly a week before any public official reference to the *Lusitania* was permitted in Brussels, and then there was posted on the walls an *affiche*. Nothing perhaps could any better have set forth the immaturity of the German mind than this piece of special pleading, with its illogic, its lack of the most rudimentary understanding of the laws of evidence and of the rules by which enlightened men fix responsibility. It ended, as the officer's statement had ended, with the statement that they "now had proved that it was all England's fault."

Meantime, while the President was bearing the greatest burden that any American had borne since Lincoln, and bearing it, as we were so proud to feel, as Lincoln would have borne it, we could only live on in uncertainty from day to day, and try to appear unconcerned in public and to discourage the rumors that we were all packed and ready to leave. The opinion in Brussels was that if the incident did not bring our countries to war it would at least result in a rupture of diplomatic relations. Brussels indeed was torn

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between a great desire and a great fear; the one to have a new and powerful ally ranged at her side, the other that the relief-work would cease. It was pathetic to note the people who passed the Legation many times a day, and looked up at the balcony to see if the flag was still there; they would glance up half fearfully and then, beholding it on its staff, turn away satisfied.

We were, in fact, packed and ready to leave, as was our embassy at Berlin. We had sent all our important documents to The Hague. Mr. Hoover had given orders that as much food as possible be shipped to Rotterdam and into Brussels, and we waited. Then one morning de Leval came up to my room, quite early, with a copy of the *Kölnische Zeitung* and read to me a dispatch, saying that Count Bernstorff and Mr. Bryan had opened discussion in hope of settling the whole matter, and that meanwhile the submarines would abstain from torpedoing Americans. There was a visible relaxation. The German newspapers suddenly sang small, lowered their tones, ceased to revile America. Brussels breathed more easily, and admired, with us, the President's note, when it finally made its way into Belgium; for when *La Belgique* published the President's note, it presented it with certain passages omitted, and others so distorted that the Belgians thought the President had paid compliments to Germany.

The suspense was wearing off; but it was a suspense to which we were to grow accustomed, so far as we can grow accustomed to suspense, for we were to live thereafter for nearly two years literally from day to day, expecting each morning to usher in the day we were certain was inevitable. The Germans, of course, must have their final fling, the last word, and it was a last word characteristic of those who put their faith in the puerile principle of the last word. They blazoned on all the walls of Brussels an *affiche* announcing that all the passengers on board the *Lusitania* were warned in time that the ship carried not only munitions but soldiers as well, and that just before sailing the passengers in fear had all gone ashore, but that when Captain Turner announced that he would accord a reduction of ten dollars in the passage money, all the timid passengers, save twelve, finding the lure irresistible, had returned on board.

While all Brussels with upturned eyes was watching the staff on the American Legation in the hope of seeing that the red, white and blue flag was still there, it was also watching the Italian Legation, over in the Boulevard Bischoffsheim, in the hope of seeing that the red, white and green flag had come down. The interest in Italy had been for weeks exceedingly keen. Crowds stood all day long before the Italian Legation, and before the residence of Baron Reseis, the Italian Chargé d'Affaires, waiting for the moment when the absence of the flag would indicate that Italy had joined forces with the Allies.

"Will Italy enter the dance?" was the question that men put to each other when they met. The gossips could tell you of Reseis's every movement, how often he went to see von der Lancken, or how seldom, how he looked when he came away, whether pleased or ill-pleased, whether his monocle was coolly in his eye or dangling nervously by its cord, how von der Lancken had treated him, and all that. And they watched with eager interest the movement of the drama toward its climax; now the signs were growing more and more decisive, and with Italy in the line they felt the war to be all but over, the victorious end in sight, the King coming home. There was something pathetic in the constant reassurance which they fostered, as there is something tragic in the retrospect of their repeated deceptions and cruel disappointments.

But at last the day came; the flag was down. Italy had broken off diplomatic relations; Reseis was packed and ready to go; he had applied for his passports.

Then Italy declared war. The news came on Pentecost, when every man was out of doors along the boulevards, in the Bois, in the Forêt de Soignes, great crowds in summer clothes—of a former summer, to be sure, but summer clothes nevertheless, and their wearers all happy in the assurance of early victory and peace. The people were not allowed to celebrate the new alliance, of course; they were not allowed to express their gratitude and their sympathy with the Italians by displaying the Italian colors, as they would have liked to do; so, as the latest expression of *la zwanze bruxelloise*, in all shop-windows there were exposed quantities of macaroni! There were those who were dreaming of new summer clothes, and St. Moritz for August, for it was said that the Germans would now fall back along the line of the Meuse, and abandon Brussels.

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An artillery field telephone in operation.
German officers giving an exhibition of their efficiency for an American photographer.

The Germans posted a great blue *affiche*, complaining of Italy for breaking her treaties; they were shocked by such immorality and enumerated all the advantages, in the way of territory belonging to Austria, that Germany had offered her not to break them. But they showed no signs of falling back along the Meuse. Over at German Headquarters one of the officers told Villalobar that they had not decided yet where to have their *Kommandantur* in Italy, whether at Florence or Venice.

"If I were in your place," said the Marquis, who saw the humor in every situation, "I should put it rather at Naples."

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Then Brussels began to talk about Rumania.

"Rumania," they would say, "is she going to enter the dance?"

And it was in the high hope which the joining of the new ally inspired in them, and the prospect of another new ally in Rumania, that Brussels entered upon the summer.

The lovely chestnut-trees which we could see from our window across the green of the garden and over the tiles of the roofs, had shed their pink bloom. The white façades of the closed houses glared in the sun. At the Palais des Academies there were German convalescents basking in the sun, looking like zanies in their costumes of blue and white ticking. At a certain maternity home extensive preparations were being made to receive the nuns from the convents in the eastern provinces of Belgium—victims of German soldiers; their hour was approaching. When I met an acquaintance, a melancholy, young German doctor of philosophy who was so unappreciated at German headquarters, walking moodily along the Rue Ducal, and stopped and asked him how he was, he shook his head sadly and said: "*Çà ne va pas bien. On se tue partout—le monde est devenu fou.*" (Nothing is going right. Everywhere people are being killed. The world has become mad.)

The Governor-General, who all the spring had been seeking a château, had found one at last, the château of Orbans, "Trois Fontaines," near Vilvorde, and when the owner refused to rent it, had requisitioned it.

The story ran in Brussels that when the Governor-General offered the owner of the château one thousand francs a month as rental, the owner replied: "I can accept no money from you. If you want it you can, of course, take it by force."

"Then," said the Governor-General, "I shall turn that amount over to the village of Vilvorde for the poor."

"But they will not accept it either."

Von Bissing then asked that he be assured that there would be no interference with the water, with the electric lights, etc.

"I can give no such assurances," said the gentleman. "You must take your chances—I am a Belgian; I'm your enemy. If you don't like it, send me to Germany."

And so the Governor-General turned over the amount of the rental to the poor of Vilvorde—I do not know whether it was accepted or not—and retired to the "Trois Fontaines" for the summer.

LXVIII

THERE were those in Brussels who did not hesitate to affirm that the city would be compelled to pay heavy fines as punishment for the raids of the Allied airmen which took place with increasing frequency, and while the cases were not alike, they could point to Malines as a precedent and as an example of how a whole community could be punished. For a week Malines had been *incommunicado*, blockaded, the population shut up within the city walls and cut off from all communication with the outside world. This had been done because the workmen, five hundred or more, employed in the Malines arsenal, had refused to work for the German authorities. The arsenal was not an arsenal in the military sense, but the machine shops, where the locomotives operating the railways, which in Belgium belong to the state, were repaired. The Germans had of course seized the railways and were operating them, and when the locomotives needed repairs they called on the workmen to effect them. This the workmen unanimously refused to do on the ground that the railways were used by the German military authorities to transport troops, and that as patriotic Belgians they could not aid the Germans in this. They could invoke the Hague Convention in support of their position, but the Government of occupation insisted that the work was not at all in the interest of the German army, but in the interest of the commercial traffic and of the Belgian population, and to make this distinction clear, the Governor-General issued a statement which insisted that "if the population of Malines is cut off from the world, it owes it to the strike of the workers. By such a machination, the origin of which may be easily discovered, the intentions of His Excellency the Governor-General to revive the economic life of Belgium are called into question in the most criminal manner, to the detriment of the entire Belgian population."

This solicitude, however, with the veiled allusion to the Cardinal by which it was accompanied, was all lost on the stiff-necked Belgian workmen, and on June sixth the Governor-General proclaimed an edict, stating that "in view of the fact, which any unprejudiced person could recognize from the edict of May twenty-fifth, that the German Administration had not the slightest intention of forcing the laborers to work for the German army, and that the work in question was solely in the interest of the Belgian population," he was obliged to punish the city of Malines and its environs by arresting all economic traffic so long as a sufficient number of workmen in the arsenal shall not have resumed their labors.

And so all traffic and all travel from the four railway stations in Malines was prohibited; no civilian was allowed even to approach the stations; all circulation of vehicles, bicycles, automobiles, interurban trams and canal-boats was forbidden; even the rails of the interurban tramways were taken up, and the office for passports closed.

"If the economic life of Malines and its environs," the statement concluded, "which I have endeavored especially to favor, must suffer gravely from the above-mentioned measures, the fault and responsibility will be due to the lack of foresight on the part of the workers in the arsenal in allowing themselves to be influenced by their ringleaders."

And so the gates were closed, and the city with its sixty thousand inhabitants shut off from the rest of Belgium. The *Comité National* even was forbidden to send any clothing; the one exception made was that in favor of the C. R. B., which was still permitted to send in food.

There were protests on the part of the Cardinal and the Burgomaster, but the Germans were deaf, and persistent in their determination to punish the whole community. The workmen stood firm and the citizens of Malines made it a point of honor to stand with them. There were no disorders, simply a firm, silent, dignified, patriotic resistance. The situation lasted two weeks. Then the Germans themselves began to suffer; they could not carry on their affairs; they brought in German workmen, announced that the work was resumed, and threw open the gates of the city.

And thus ended one of the most singular strikes ever undertaken. Not a single Belgian had worked for the Germans, and a German official at the Political Department paid a reluctant tribute to their character when he said bitterly:

"The Belgians are indomitable; the Cardinal has shown that."

LXIX

AT ANY moment, indeed, the reflective mind could find in Brussels scenes and subjects to moralize upon. Strolling out of a morning there were always to be observed, for instance, the strings of horses going down the Rue Belliard, led by a cavalry under-officer who rode arrogantly along. They went by every day in an endless procession, every one of the patient beasts the symbol of a little tragedy in some life of toil, some humble peasant home from which it had been taken. Every day at noon there was guard mount before the Houses of Parliament; a battalion marched from the Palais de Justice, which had been turned into barracks down the Rue Royal to the Place de la Nation; they were led by a band that brayed "*Die Wacht am Rhein*," and other German patriotic tunes. The Belgians in the street affected generally not to see them; even the familiar spectacle of small boys trotting along beside the bandmen was lacking. Frequently, too, there was a

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NUMÉRO 62 DEUXIÈME ANNÉE FÉVRIER 1916

PRIX DU NUMÉRO — élastique, de zéro à l'infini (prière aux revendeurs de ne pas dépasser cette limite)

LA LIBRE BELGIQUE

J'ai foi dans nos destinées; un Pays qui se défend s'impose au respect de tous; ce pays ne périt pas! Dieu sera avec nous dans cette cause juste. ALBERT, Roi des Belges (4 août 1914).

Acceptons provisoirement les sacrifices qui nous sont imposés..... et attendons patiemment l'heure de la réparation. A. MAX

FONDÉE LE 1er FÉVRIER 1915

Sauvons les personnes qui dominent par la force militaire notre pays, ayons les égards que commande l'intérêt général. Respectons les règlements qu'elles nous imposent aussi longtemps qu'ils ne portent atteinte ni à la liberté de nos consciences chrétiennes ni à notre *Dignité Patriotique* Mgr MERCIER.

CHAGRIN D'AMOUR

Composition de G. Lafrouste — Portrait extrait du *Die Weltkrieg-Album* — Dessin de E. Papeur

Depuis un an déjà je te cherche nuit et jour,
Petite abhorrée, tu m'échappes toujours.

The front page of the first anniversary number of *La Libre Belgique*, the daring outlaw journal secretly published and distributed by patriotic Belgians under the very nose of Governor-General von Bissing, who is here lampooned. The couplet underneath may be freely translated:

"For a year I've sought thee, sought thee night and day.
Abhorrent little monster, you always get away."

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morning parade of troops in the Avenue Louise along the boulevard; the troops had music at their head when they did not have a machine gun. Standing on the sidewalk one morning was a young man who, looking at the soldiers, laughed. Instantly two soldiers sprang out of the column and seized him. The poor lad wildly protested in terror:

"*Je n'ai rien fait! Je n'ai rien fait!*" (I have done nothing! I have done nothing!) he cried.

One of the Germans significantly touched his gun and they dragged him off behind the soldiers.

There were always such morally sickening scenes to be witnessed, and always the latest *affiche* giving the names of the victims of the firing-squad: "*Ont été fusillés aujourd'hui en vertu de l'arrêt du Conseil de Guerre—*" (Put to death to-day by virtue of the decision of the Council of War), and then the tragic list, half a dozen or more, of those martyrs to liberty whose only monument was the red *affiche* that recorded their sacrifice, the *affiche* so soon to be moistened by the rains and torn by the winds, until it was covered over with another just like it, save that the names were of other martyrs who had helped boys across the frontier, or "counted trains," or in some other way resisted or offended the Germans.

There were the names of women as well as of men, and no distinctions were made in applying the last penalty. And they had their effect in the hatred which they intensified in every heart; they must have had their effect on unborn children as well. I shall never forget the expression of the face, nor the tone of the voice, nor even the peculiar contour of the lips, of one of the scholars of Belgium, an eminent critic in letters and in art, who, one day, at some such sight, burst forth:

"*Que Dieu me prête encore la vie pour savourer la revanche!*" (May God lend me the life still to relish the revenge!)

God, whose ways are past finding out, did not lend him the life to relish the revenge he so confidently anticipated, for he died soon after, as died so many others whose hearts could not endure the strain daily put upon them, and were overwhelmed at last by the preposterous injustice that poisoned all the air. They were overladen, as the Flemish say when some one dies.

The hatred grew, as the terror grew, and the resistance with both. It was a resistance that was kept up in countless ways, difficult to describe; there was something occult and mysterious about it; it was all about in the very air. There was the blood of the martyrs, and the courageous denunciations and appeals of patriots like the Cardinal and Maître Théodor. But the only organ it had was that remarkable publication, *La Libre Belgique*, a little sheet that people found in their letter-boxes from time to time. They knew not how it got there; von Bissing himself did not know how it got to him, but there it was punctually, without missing a number, so it was said, on his table at each publication. He tried by all the means at his command to find out, but he never succeeded. It was a small sheet of four pages, with three or four columns of observations the Governor-General could not have liked to read. No one knew who edited or published it, no one knew where or by whom it was printed. It was, as its announcement said, "A Bulletin of Patriotic Propaganda, Irregularly Regular," in appearance; the price of a number was "elastic, from zero to infinity," and those who resold it were "requested not to go beyond this limit." As to its editorial rooms, it was stated that as it had been unable to find a "peaceful location," it was "installed in an automobile cellar." As to advertisements, "Business being dead under the German domination, we have suppressed the advertising page and we advise our clients to save their money for better times." Its telegraph address was "*Kommandantur, Brussels.*"

We knew nothing of its secrets then, nor cared to know. From time to time it was dropped in the letter-box at the Legation. Then for a long time it would come no more; after a while the clandestine distribution would be renewed. People used to discuss its contents and applaud the temerity of its editor, but prudence advised every one to show no familiarity with his methods. I used to think of its unknown editor and recall Lowell's words:

"He had a dauntless spirit—and a press."

The German police tried every device known to them; they made raids and perquisitions; they offered rewards; but they never discovered the editors and publishers—*La Libre Belgique* continued to appear with its announced irregular regularity on von Bissing's table. Probably nothing in all that the Belgians did irritated the Germans more, and they were incapable of seeing that their desperate and intense enmity only made it the more powerful. Now and then they did succeed in arresting some luckless person who was distributing it, or who had a copy, but even those who had it could not tell whence it came. Women spies, dressed as nuns, were sent about soliciting subscriptions; they went to every door behind which they suspected some one of knowing about the paper and asked for odd numbers to complete thir files; but all to no avail; neither editor nor printer was ever discovered.

LXX

I HAD seen one side, and a hideous side of the war, but that was the side behind the scenes; but I was always regretting or reminding myself that one day I should regret that I had not seen the other side, of martial glory and splendor and heroism, of which we had only the echoes in the distant thud and boom of the cannonading there from the trenches so far to the south of us, the sound that could be heard always, when day by day one was away from the noises of the city or when by night they were stilled. I had often reproached Lancken with inhospitality in not taking Villalobar and me to see the great spectacle and finally one afternoon he asked me if I was really in earnest, and when I said that of course I was, he forthwith arranged the excursion for the next day—the twentieth of July—and we drove away in the afternoon, Lancken, Villalobar, Count Harrach and I, in Lancken's big gray automobile. We took the familiar road to Hal, and driving rapidly with the muffler off, as German motors always drove, by Enghein and Ath, we came to Tourney by tea-time. Then after inspecting the cathedral with its famous five towers, a noble specimen of medieval architecture dating from the eleventh century, we went to a little *pâtisserie* for tea. The proprietress, a bright, talkative little woman, was full of curiosity as to who we were, and what we were about, and when von der Lancken said:

"We have just visited your beautiful cathedral," the woman replied:

"Yes, and since you have destroyed the beautiful cathedral at Rheims, I hope that you will spare ours."

The Baron turned as red as the band on his cap and the lining of the collar of his bluish-gray cape—and we sought the motor.

The road to Lille was a descent into Avernus, with destruction and desolation more and more apparent as we passed on. One could almost mark the frontier between Belgium and France by the changed aspect of the population, and once in France a change came over the scene; instead of the bustling, gossiping groups, now we saw old and hobbling men, but not a strong man or a man in middle years; all were off to the front. It was a depressing sight and I felt a sorrow settle over me that was not lifted during all our stay; it is not lifted yet, nor ever will be. I can not forget those tragic faces, that expression of humiliation, the degradation of living under a conqueror. We entered Lille toward evening with an airplane flying high above us amid the bursting shrapnel with which the Germans were trying to bring it down, and from that moment on we were not once beyond the sound of guns.

Lille is an industrial center, very much like any one of a dozen small cities in the Middle West. In times of peace it is dirty enough, but then,

(*Continued on page 66*)

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Chicken Logan *and the* Flag

by Thomas Addison

Illustrated by C. B. Falls

IT WAS Chicken Logan's resurrection morn. He had been dead and buried, as he accounted it, for three years, seven months, and ten days. Now, without sound of trump or voice of bell, he was arisen and habited for the grand adventure of life again.

Chicken was under a delusion, however. It was natural, perhaps, in the circumstances of his limited mental horizon. He had only a very muddy conception of the changed world he was about to step into from his tomb in Auburn Prison on this clear, rime-ribbed Thursday morning in late November of the year 1917—a world in process of a violent making over in which old alinements had been rudely shattered and cast into the discard.

True, he had been registered with others of military age in the prison, and fragmentary tidings of the war had reached him through an occasional newspaper or magazine, and by way of brief digressions from the set order of Sunday services in chapel; but the living actuality of the mighty conflict failed of embodiment in Chicken's understanding—it was a thing too remote, vague, and illusory for him to visualize.

And now he was to be catapulted into this changed world, as strange to it as a dog to a new kennel. Major Reynolds, the warden, handed him his quittance money and said: "Tom Logan, you've made a clean slate here. Keep it up outside. Enlist. It will make a man of you."

Chicken received the admonition without enthusiasm. He directed a cold blue eye at the official, and remarked: "Clean slate! Say, Warden, a guy's a coot for stayin' in stir a minnit longer'n he's gotta." He grinned. "They gimme a five-leg stretch down there for cracking that crib, but I fooled 'em. Knocked off pretty near a third of me time just by sawin' an' sayin' nuthin'. Huh, guess I know how to take me medicine without gaggin' over it."

"That's soldierly at least," commented the warden kindly. "Now you do as I tell you, Logan. Enlist! It will open up a future for you—something you didn't have the way you were headed. There's a recruiting office on Main Street. Hunt it up."

"Are they fightin' now?" A transient gleam illumined the cobalt eyes.

"Not yet. But we are getting ready to. And we are needing husky lads like you in France."

Chicken's wide mouth curled at the corners. "Aw, beans! 'Gettin' ready to!' Eight months and nothin' doin'. What sort of a scrap is it, anyway? An' France! Me? I guess not. Li'l' old New York is good enough for me to drill around in. They ain't made a train yet fast enough to get me there."

"That's all right, but, Tom, think it over, what I've said," persisted the gray-haired warden warmly. "You might come out with the shoulder-straps. In this war anything is possible."

"There's one thing I'm damn sure ain't," asserted Chicken. "No country that's buried me forty-three months in hell is goin' to get me to stand up an' be shot for it. Not while I got me nut screwed on straight."

"If you dance you've got to pay the piper, Tom."

"Uh? Oh, sure. Well, I've paid, ain't I? The country ain't got no claim on me. I don't owe it nuthin'. An' I ain't got nuthin' pertickler against the Dutchies. There's some I know in New York that's ace high. Well, so long, Major. Here's hopin' me an' you'll be strangers evermore."

With this, Chicken Logan departed from the place without further ado.

Logan's sobriquet was altogether misleading. It was born of no faint-hearted default in hardy criminal enterprise; Rickey Slade, a humorist among his intimates, had bestowed it upon him after a doughty performance with trencher-tools at a "chicken dinner" Tim Healey, the ward leader, had given at Coney back in the summer of 1911.

Logan had good-naturedly accepted it as a well-earned and complimentary tribute to his gastronomic powers, and it had stuck.

And, likewise, Chicken Logan's appearance was misleading. He did not meet the current physical specifications of the professional crook. There was nothing slinking or evasive about him; no furtive, hangdog look to mark him as the devil's own.

He might, rather, have been taken for the hero of a Wild West movie drama. He stood five feet ten in his unsocked soles, compact and muscular throughout; his manner was assertive, and his eye hard and bold.

Chicken confidently expected—after, of course, a period of frolicsome expansion—to resume his former business activities without any special friction in setting the wheels to going again. But he was not an hour out of quad when he became conscious of a curious "lost" feeling creeping over him.

It began on the train. Not that he could detect any startling material changes anywhere; it was indefinable, something he failed to grasp. He felt it in the men around him. It was not so much in what they said and did; it was the way they looked.

It had to do with the war, Chicken finally decided. There were men in khaki everywhere; not bodies of them, but small groups, and individuals. They were in the smoker with him, on station platforms, in the streets of the towns he passed through, even in

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the flashing glimpses he got of quiet village squares and country roads. Soldiers home on furloughs—coming and going—everywhere!

And in the windows of houses were cards with a crimson cross on them, and in some were little oblong textile banners emblazoned with a star on a white field, though now and again there were two stars, and even three.

Chicken stared at these. Dim memories awaking in him accounted partly for the cards, memories of clanging bells clearing the way through crowded streets for hurrying noiseless wheels. But these others—they conjured up no associations he could bring to mind. He turned at last to the man immersed in a newspaper at his side.

"Say," he put forth, "what's these things I see in the winders wit' a star on 'em? What they for?"

The other cast an astonished glance at him. "Service flags! Shows somebody's gone from there into the army. Where have you been all this time?"

"Me? Oh, I been workin' back in the woods," said Chicken carelessly, and resumed his watch of the passing view.

The man ran his eye over him. He noted the pallor of the cheek, the whiteness of the hands, and remembered the train had come from Auburn. He got up and found another seat. Chicken chuckled quietly. A little thing like that couldn't ruffle him. What t'ell! He was on his way to li'l' old New York.

Along in the afternoon a boy in khaki with a corporal's chevrons came in and sat down by him, a straight, clean, earnest-looking young fellow. Chicken studied him from the corner of his eye. The train butcher slouched by, and Chicken stopped him and bought some cigarets. He lighted one, and casually extended the package to the soldier. "Have a spike, pal?"

The "non-com" accepted the courtesy with easy friendliness. "Why, yes, thanks, I will. I've been up the line seeing friends," he confided. "First long leave I've had."

"Good time?"

"Great!"

They smoked companionably for a few minutes. Then the boy said: "You weren't called the first time, I suppose?"

"Uh? What?" Chicken did not understand.

"The draft," explained the other. "You registered, of course."

"Oh, sure. Yeh, I got a number."

The young fellow scanned him appraisingly, and being unworldly wise in many things failed to perceive the symptoms that to the late occupant of his seat were plain as Holy Writ.

"Guess you couldn't claim exemption if you wanted to," he laughed. "And you don't look like a slacker."

Chicken withheld a reply. He wasn't in on this sort of patter, and must feel his way.

"How d'ye like it—sogerin?" he advanced warily.

"Fine!" A glow came into the boy's eyes. "I'm at Camp Dix. Bulliest camp in the country. Bulliest lot o' fellows, from the C. O. down. We're just aching to get over there at Fritz. Won't be long now, I guess," he added hopefully.

"In a heluva hurry to get himself shot," thought Chicken. But his curiosity was stirred. He wanted to fathom the source of this soldier guy's enthusiasm. What was it that made him so eager to leave his home to fight the Germans? What was there in it for him? In his own life everything hinged on where Number One would get off in any definite undertaking; it was the gospel of his kind. He said to the boy: "I been out o' things quite some while. Just gettin' round again. I ain't up in all what's goin' on——"

"Been sick?" put in his companion with quick sympathy.

"Yeh. An' not much chance to read. Eyes bad. Gimme a line on what's been doin' lately."

Thus urged, the corporal, cunningly steered by Chicken, poured forth war information from the limited treasury of his knowledge. It was vividly colored with his personal views, framed in his camp experience, and it was done with a fine artlessness that was lost on his audience. From all the convict could gather this kid was making a beggarly thirty-odd dollars a month, digging trenches mostly, it appeared, and hopping around at somebody's word from daybreak to dark. Yet there must be some sort of personal punch about it, a private rakeoff. What was it? Chicken couldn't seem to get it. It missed him somehow.

The train was whistling for Rhinecliff.

"I'm leaving here," said the soldier. "Got an uncle I'm going to bunk with overnight. Then back to my folks at Englewood. I'm due at camp Monday. What's your name, old man?"

"Tom," said Chicken blandly.

"Harry's mine," smiled the other. "Say, Tom, what's the use of waiting for the draft? I didn't. Beat 'em to it, and enlist; you can choose your own arm of service then."

First the warden, and now this chap! Chicken's mouth twisted humorously. "I ain't so keen about gettin' shot up as you are, pal."

"I'm not keen about it either," said Harry soberly. "I've thought about it aplenty. But—" again that mystic glow in his eyes—"a fellow's got to fight for his flag, you know. You can't let the Germans spit on it and sit still.

"If it's that easy, why ain't it been done before?" demanded Chicken, seriously.

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It's worth fighting for, worth dying for, Tom. Only a sneaking slacker without a spark of patriotism in his skin thinks different, and you're not that kind." He flushed, and held out his hand. "Sounds sort of stagey, doesn't it? Good-by, Tom. We may meet over there somewhere."

"No tellin'!" Chicken chuckled inwardly at the absurdity. "Good-by, Harry. Here's luck!"

He leaned back in his seat when he was alone and drew at his cigaret. The chuckle had died away. In its place a frown creased his forehead. He muttered to himself, "There ain't nuthin' in it for him, far as I can see, 'cept to get his bean busted in with a chunk o' lead. Huh, not for me!"

The train stopped again. As it chanced, up the street from the station a large new American flag, suspended from house to house, crinkled in the crisp air. Chicken stared at it unemotionally. Its symbolism did not penetrate him. It was an abstraction that was beyond him. He saw in it only a piece of bunting used for decorative purposes. Yet, that, so Harry had said, was the thing men should be willing to die for. And if they weren't willing they were slackers. Chicken had at last construed the word: it meant, boiled down, a flat coward. That was something, by God, nobody had ever dared call him to his face. The gang knew it, and they walked around him carefully for fear of stepping on his toes.

But this other thing—where did it come in, where did it touch him? "Patri'tism!" Oh, sure. Guff to get you to stand up and be shot while the big mugs lay back in their cushioned chairs at home and read the news of it in the papers.

He could imagine Tim Healey winking at the thought. Thirty dollars a month! Tim had spent that much many a night when out with the boys on a bat.

The train bore him out of sight of the flag, and he put it and all that pertained to it from his mind. He fished in his pocket for a letter that had come to him the day before. It had passed the prison censor all right; old Heine Gobel was up in the game. Chicken could picture him humped up over the table in the room back of the bar writing it, one pop-eye drawn down, and his great jelly jowls quivering as he grunted, hog-like, in his efforts to find the blameless words he wanted. It read:

DEAR THOMAS—I got the letter you made teling yote time was up and I hope you cum back better as you wuz befoar, thare was a jobb waitin' for you to go and soones you beginn soones I tke sum stok moar in you agane.

UNKLE HENRY.

Chicken pondered this epistle for a while, returned it to his pocket with a queer grin, then pulled his hat over his eyes and dropped comfortably off to sleep.

HEINE GOBEL'S beer saloon was tucked away in a by-street on the Lower East Side. The six transcendent stinks of the world abode in the neighborhood, and six times six different dialects poured their gibberish upon the tolerant winds of heaven. To doubt Heine Gobel's moral rectitude in this atmosphere would have been but little less uncharitable than to doubt his single-hearted Americanism; and he had been a naturalized citizen for lo, these many years!

Heine was talking with Chicken in the room back of the bar. Their simple greetings were long over. "Hello, Heine, how they comin'?" Chicken had casually observed when he sauntered in from the train. And Heine had rumbled in response, "Putty fair. Vot'll you haf on me, Chick?"

This, and a nod of recognition from certain old habitués of the place, marked the extent of the jubilation over the prodigal's return. It would have been deemed indelicate to indicate by word or look that his absence from their midst had been unduly remarked.

Chicken had supped as Heine's guest, and they were seated now across the denuded round-table with a fresh pitcher of beer between them. Heine, in his slow Teutonic way, had worked up sketchily to the subject that was uppermost in his thoughts.

"Der safe idt iss a choke," he rambled on. "An iron door in der wall. You don't need no soup. Mit your fingernails almost you could open idt. Dere vas only left to put der blueprints in your pocket undt light oudt."

"If it's that easy why ain't it been done before?" demanded Chicken seriously.

"Because der drawings was not gompleted yet till now alretty. Der Chief he don't know idt till yestiddy. He waits for dot, undt it makes for me der chance to let you in on idt. Fife hundert dollars in your pants, Chick. Dot's vot!"

Chicken deliberated a moment, and shook his head. "Nuthin' doin', Mister. I'm just out of the big stir. I gotta have a fling first. I ain't goin' to buck no bulls till I settle down."

Heine indulged in a meditative sip from his glass. Then he said plaintively: "Ten years dey would haf gif you, Chick, if idt vasn't for me. I fixed idt mit der inspector for you. Undt now you go back on me!"

This was reprobation that a game guy must not allow to stand. Chicken growled a denial. "I ain't gone back on you. But I gotta have me whirl, I tell you. I gotta look the town over, an' see what's been doin' since they put me away. There's others you can get."

"Dere issn't none like you, Chick. Butchers, all of 'em. A barn door, *ja!* Dey could break idt down mit an ax, undt carry off der hay mit a wagon. But dis vas a workman's chob—quiet undt genteel. Undt idt's not till Sattidy you'll be wanted, Chick. You got two nights to dake your whirl in. Gott! Vot you like—a year?" A laugh rumbled up from Heine's depths.

"Where's this crib anyway?" inquired Chicken with a slight show of interest. The German had known how to touch his vanity.

Big Annie, he learned, was dead!

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"You called my name. Take that thing from your eyes and let me see your face."

"Chust over in Chersey. Oudt of Englewood. In der country like. A house mit ground aroundt idt. I been by it mit der Chief. I haf for you a drawing of idt, undt Satiddy night we takes you dere in a masheen."

Englewood! Chicken scowled reflectively at the beer-pitcher. The upstanding figure of young Corporal Harry rose before him. But he dismissed it, and directed a boring look into the pale pop-eyes across the table.

"Blue-prints—what's them?" he desired to know.

"Plans, like of a building, or a ship, or anydings you vas going to make yet," explained Heine.

"An' what's these pertickler plans of?"

Mr. Gobel spread out his palms in deprecation of the confession he must make. "Ach, dot I don't know, Chick. Der Chief he haf not said idt to me."

"You're a liar," Chicken observed without heat. He kept his gaze intently fixed on the flabby face. "This guy you call the Chief. Is he German, like you?"

"Like me?" Heine repeated the question with an air of intense surprise. "I vas Cherman born, but—undt you know idt, Chick—I vas more as ten years a voter in dis one ward. Der Chief iss American, der same as me undt you. Vot's eating you, anyway?"

"Nuthin'," said Chicken shortly. "Only I got no use for any damn furriner what makes a livin' here, an' gives the place the double-cross."

"*Ja!* Dot vas righdt, Chick," interjected Heine softly.

"An'," concluded Chicken, "I gotta know somethin' 'bout this Chief before I jump in on the job. I gotta know his lay from deuce to ace. Straight! Now spiel."

As Heine told it the man in Englewood was a mechanical engineer. He posed as an American, but in reality he was a Swede in the pay of the German Government, and working on an invention that would be of invaluable service to German arms. The little band of patriots, over which the Chief presided, had discovered this and managed to place a woman servant in the house to keep them informed of developments. The plans were at last completed, so the woman reported, and the man was to go away on Saturday—to Boston—taking his original drawings with him; but she knew that he had made several blue-prints of them, and it was reasonable to believe he would leave a set in the safe. It was these prints the Chief was resolved to secure and hand over to the authorities at Washington.

No real risk attached to the job, Heine carefully explained. The family was small—only the man and his daughter; and on Saturday the man would be away. The servant would leave a window unlatched, and the rest was simple to an expert.

Logan listened attentively. There was a point that remained obscure.

"Why," he asked, "have you gotta have a peter-man for this job? If it's for the Guv'ment, why don't you send a coupla dicks over there an' pull the joint?"

Heine regarded him with patient tolerance. "Undt let dem get der credit of it! Chick, your bit in stir ain't done mit your mindt no harm, iss idt?"

"Aw, go chase yourself," Chicked snarled at him. "Who's the fall-guy in this plant? What's he puttin' up five hundred for when there ain't no tickle in it for nobody 'cept the Guv'ment? Where do you come in, Heine—your rakeoff?"

"You aind't got idt yet, Chick," said the saloon-keeper in a voice of sorrow. "Dere vasn't no rakeoff in dis chob. Idt vos batriotism vot we got, Chick. You hellup der Guv'ment. Der Chief he puts up der money for der chob chust to hellup der Guv'ment. Dot's all!"

"Huh," grunted Chicken, "I met a bird on the train to-day that gimme a spiel 'long that line, but I'm damned if I thought I'd get it here." He pushed back his chair and stood up. "Well, I'm on, Heine, an' I'll nick you for a coupla ten-spots now. I ain't got nuthin' under a thousand-dollar bill in me kick."

As he was going, a moment later, he stopped to make an inquiry.

"Tim Healey—does he still hang out at Mike's?" He grinned. "Maybe I'll drop in there if the grass ain't growed too high about the door since I been gone."

Heine hunched his great larded shoulders. He took his cigar from between his teeth, spat out a sliver of the wrapper that had worked off, and said:

"Tim Healey? He went undt got enlisted mit der Naval Rezerve. In Chuly idt vas, or mebbe idt vas Chune. Anyway, he is went by the sea in a boat some blace."

Logan stared at him for ten seconds without a sound. Then—"The hell you say!" he muttered, and strode out by the side door into the street.

In the following two days Chicken came to an acute realization of the changes that had taken place in the world he had known. Familiar forms were missing from his old haunts. Some of them, it is true, had been rudely removed by process of the courts, and others by disease or sanguinary personal dissensions; this was to be expected. But what shocked Chicken to the point of positive dismay was the discovery that his own particular pal, Rickey Slade, had

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volunteered months ago, and was now in France. Four others of the gang had been drafted, but Rickey Slade of his own free will had shouldered a gun and gone overseas. Rickey! The slickest second-story worker in the business, and with two bits in stir to his record. What, in the devil's name, had got into him? What was the punch back of it all?

But the crowning blow at Chicken's philosophy of life was to come. Big Annie, he learned, was "dead." To the initiated the term carried no mortuary significance. It meant simply that Big Annie had "squared it"; in other words, that she had turned straight and quit the game. Paralyzing as this information was, it was yet not so benumbing as the cause adduced for Annie's reformation: she wanted to help win the war, and had gone into training for a Red Cross nurse.

It was Peg Morris, in the bar off Pop Whingee's dance hall, who delivered the blow. Peg was so called by reason of a wooden leg acquired in his youthful days in a smashup on the railroad while "riding the rattlin's." He was now, and had been for years, a street-news vender, with a side-line of panhandling.

"An'," he concluded his astonishing tale, "I runs acrost her in Secunt Avenoo not long after, an' I gives her de office, same as you'd of done, an' wot happens? She stops, an' she says to me: 'I'm square, an' if you so much as bat a lamp at me again,' she says, 'I'll yank dat peg o' your'n offen you an' beat yer knob in.' Mebbe she didn't say it just like dat, but it's wot she meant; an' she drills on wit' her head in de air, an' her eyes like blue coals o' fire. I ain't never lamped her since."

Chicken cogitated this in dull amazement. "What I can't make," he said at last, "is how she done it—got by the horspitals you say she's in. Annie's gotta record."

"Huh," sniffed Peg. "I heard she told 'em straight wot she was, an' wot she wanted to be, an' dey took her in on probashun. Dis war's turned t'ings inside out fer fair, Chicken. Dey ain't askin' wot yer *did* do—it's wot yer *will* do. Look at Rickey. He gets first to goin' to dese ballyhoos in de parks. Den one day he flags Flatty McCloskey, an' says he wants to 'list. Wot do de bulls do but square it fer him all down de line; and de next we know he's jumped de pond an' is wit' de Frenchies. Kin yer beat it!"

"What did Rickey give out that made him do it? What was eatin' him?" Chicken desired very greatly to know. It all simmered down to this with him.

"Bugs!" exclaimed Peg energetically. "Gawd! Wit' de drums beatin' an' de flags flyin', an' wit de spielin' in de parks, an' de marchin' up and down, an' de hoorawin' night an' day, it's got ev'body bugs. Dere's times," he added morosely, "dat if I had two live props un'er me dey'd get me goin' wit' de rest of 'em. Wot t'ell! Is dis a free country, or is de Dutchies goin' to run it? Yer got the price of a skee on yer, Tom?"

Logan threw him a quarter and left the place. His anticipated "whirl" had flattened out to a companionless round of old resorts that failed somehow to hold him. And everywhere he turned, in windows and on walls, he found a finger pointing at him—the finger of a lean, stern-faced, quaintly habited old gentleman who compellingly announced: *"I Want You!"*

Tim Healey had heard the summons and answered. And Rickey Slade. And Big Annie. And—yes—Dutch Heine, in his way; he wanted to help the Government. It occurred to

"Here's the bus you're hunting for, Sergeant," he sang out cheerfully. "I'm Tom Logan."

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Chicken, with a slow, insetting tide of self-complacency, that he, too, would be lending a helping hand in pulling off his job in Englewood. And, what was agreeably to the point, he would be well paid for it. This was patriotism with nourishment in it, something tangible and worth while.

It was on Friday night that Chicken happened by the Y. M. C. A. branch in the Bowery. He had passed it many a time in former days, and always with a sneer. "The Sissy Shop," he stigmatized it. But to-night he paused before the door, glowering at the ubiquitous poster of Uncle Sam and his call to arms displayed in the window. Nothing sissified about that. And on the bulletin board, in broad, slashing letters was a militant invitation.

WHY WE ARE AT WAR?
If You Want to Know
Come In And Find Out

Here was promised the elucidation of a problem that had been subtly nagging at Chicken since the night before. None of his acquaintances had been able to furnish him with a specific answer. The Germans had sunk American ships, and America was going to whip them for it. Chicken was no logician, but the solution did not satisfy him. It lacked something; it did not account for the urge that had made Rickey square it and go to France. He hung irresolutely on his heel a moment, then with a defiant lift of his head passed in through the door.

When he issued into the street, an hour later, a smoldering fire was in his eyes. An American officer, fresh from the front, had talked to them. Chicken had received the answer to his problem, and at last he could understand why Tim and Rickey had enlisted. And Big Annie, why she had turned straight.

"The damn Dutch baby-killers!" he gritted as he walked along. And suddenly he burst out, to the fear and wonderment of a passing trull, "Rickey squared it, and, by God, so will I!"

FROM somewhere in the distance the faint adagio note of a tower clock heralding the first hour of the new day stole through the heavily curtained windows of the study in the sleeping house in Englewood.

It found Chicken at the opened door of the safe. The job had been a ridiculously easy one. It was child's play for Chicken.

He flashed his torch into the receptacle. It revealed a long, loose roll which, even to his inexperienced eye, proclaimed itself a blue-print. He seized it and drew it forth. A pricking curiosity caused him to pause to examine it. It was a clumsy thing to manage, and he knelt down on the floor and spread it open before him, pushing his eye-mask up on his forehead for a better view. His torch played futilely over the white tracings, and he grumbled his defeat. "Can't make nuthin' of it. Looks like one of them puzzles you take a pin an' try to foller——"

A snap, and the room sprang into light. Chicken did not budge a hair's breadth from his position; but with a motion swift, almost, as the light itself, his mask was down and a gun leveled at the door. The young man standing there in his stocking feet, a bathrobe hastily caught around him, had, in synchrony with Chicken's lightning play, brought to bear an automatic on him. For an electric second it was pitch and toss whether two reports would ring out as one. But neither gun spoke. Instead, Chicken's pistol hand wavered and fell inertly to his side. His voice broke from him in a baffled whisper: "Why—my God—it's Harry!"

The other did not abate his watchfulness; his weapon still covered the kneeling figure. But his look showed the impact of startled surprise. Back of him, in the hall, the pink-draped form of a girl was drawn up against the wall afraid, yet constrained by a greater force to hold her ground.

"Drop that gun. Throw it from you. Quick about it!"

The mandate brooked no delay. Chicken, in the thrall of the riddle thrust upon him, tossed the revolver negligently to one side. It could be of no service to him now. With the action he rose from the floor. The girl in the hall edged nearer the door. Her companion heard the movement, but he spoke to her over his shoulder. "Go back, Edith. Keep out of this." He turned a grim face to Chicken. "You called my name. Take that thing from your eyes, and let me see your face."

Chicken hesitated. To reveal himself to this soldier boy who had chummed with him in the train was, he discovered, a difficult performance. And before this girl who would not go away! His hand, half-raised to the mask, went outward in a gesture totally at variance with his nature. It was entreaty.

"Tell me somethin' first," he sued. "Tell me if you belong in this crib—this house?"

"I'm the son of the master of it. He's not here to-night. Now show yourself. I'm tired of this."

Chicken, unheedful of the command, pointed to the blue-print. It had curled itself up again like a sentient being permitted to resume an interrupted doze.

"Did your guv'nor make that?" he asked.

"Yes."

"For the Germans?"

"What!"

"For the Germans. That's what I gotta know. I *gotta know*, I tell you!"

Into Chicken's voice had leaped an insistent note that would not be denied. It fixed his captor's attention. There was something beneath this, other than common burglary.

"My father," he replied, "is American to the marrow of his bones. Henry Lee is his name—of the Virginia Lees, back to Light Horse Harry." He advanced the information with proud gravity. "Now," he went on sharply, "take away that fool thing, and tell me what you're doing here mussing over my father's drawings. Speak up, or I will call the police first."

THE response was bewildering. Chicken tore the black strip from his face, dashed it down, stamped on it, and strangled the venomous imprecation the sight of the terrified girl in the doorway choked back in his throat.

Corporal Harry Lee's mouth dropped ajar. For the moment he could only stare. Then, slowly, his will asserted itself. He moved forward a pace.

"You—you are Tom, the man I rode with on the train," he articulated painfully. "This is a shock."

Chicken swallowed, and with an effort clamped down the riot clamoring in him for profane expression.

"You got nuthin' on me," he exclaimed bitterly, and continued in a hard, brittle voice, "I'm gettin' wise to this. It's a plant they put up on me. They told me it was a Swede what lived here. That he was doin' work for the Germans, plans of somethin' they wanted bad. An' they told me if I'd cop 'em out it would help the Guv'ment—the U. S. A. I fell for it, an' that's why I'm here."

He flung out a passionate hand as Harry would have spoken. "Hold on! I ain't through. I want me say. I want you to get me straight; then you can call in the bulls, an' be damned to 'em. Say, you didn't know I was just out o' stir—prison—when I flagged you in the smoker. Maybe you wouldn't of been so free wit' me if you had. But that ain't cuttin' no ice now. You set me right on some things I'd missed. Me dates was mixed, you see. The war. Things wasn't like they used to be. It didn't take no great hold on me then, what you said—'bout the flag, an' slackers, an' ev'rything. But when I gets to buzzin' 'bout the town, there's things that'd happened while I was away what got me goin'. And this job Heine Gobel puts up to me—coppin' out these plans for the Guv'ment—looked like straight goods—patri'tism—so I took it on. I was quittin' this line o' work. There was a pal o' mine what had squared it, an' 'listed in the Army. It got me headed for it too, only I thought I'd do this job first—patri'tism——"

He tailled off hopelessly, feeling all

(*Continued on page 93*)

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AFTER THE WAR —?

An open forum devoted to the problems of world reconstruction

WHAT is coming?
What will the war do to man?
What kind of world will it leave us, and our children, and theirs?
What changes will it bring—in our work, our life, our thought—specifically, in industry, trade, business, finance; in social organization, domestic life, religion, education, science, art, philosophy, and in the spirit and attitude of man toward life; in government, and in international relations?

Here, as a first cross-section of after-the-war opinion, we present the views of a manufacturer, a banker and a student. Mr. Mason, representing hundreds of large American manufacturers, gives an interesting straight-from-the-shoulder opinion on what is perhaps the nearest home of all the tremendous questions of after the war—the question: What about wages? Mr. Sabin, a representative figure in the new financial world, of which New York has become the center, gives a comprehensive sketch of the main features of the situation after the war, with special emphasis upon the big financial problems the world will face.

The letters we are getting show a public opinion about the problems of reconstruction that is intense and widespread. Next month we shall print others, and we urge every one who has anything to say on this matter to put it on paper and mail it to us. This is an open forum. We want you to use it.

To the Editor of EVERYBODY'S:

A vital question confronting both wage-earners and wage-payers is the matter of wage-scales after the war. Even the most optimistic can not be so fatuous as to imagine that the present rate of pay in industry will continue when millions of fighting men return to industrial pursuits, and when the competition for world markets will make low production costs indispensable for American manufacturers.

How the present high level of wages came to exist is readily apparent. The supply of labor has been constantly decreased by volunteering and the draft; our great war preparations have caused the demand for labor in every line of industry to be increased enormously; and employers are bidding against each other for the available supply of man-power. Labor has not been slow to grasp the possibilities of the situation and to take advantage of it by making exorbitant demands, regardless of their effect upon the national welfare.

That the abnormally high wage-scale works unfairness to the workers themselves is a truth that those making the demands frequently overlook. Under normal conditions it is customary to pay the efficient skilled worker a higher compensation than the less efficient, but when the average wage jumps to an abnormally high level the manufacturer can no longer afford to pay an extra amount to the superior worker. He soon loses interest in his work when he feels that his extra effort is not rewarded; soon your efficient worker relaxes his effort and comes down to the level of the average. To maintain efficiency in the face of this situation is one of the most serious problems the manufacturer now has to meet.

In the present period of inflation the chief gain has been to the wage-earner; and unless proper preparation is made for the after-war readjustment, the wage-earner is likely to be the chief sufferer. That portion of labor which presents a string of ever-growing demands ignores the fact that upon the conclusion of peace millions of fighting men will be ready to return to their former occupations. The supply of labor will then equal and likely exceed the demand, and those groups now in a position to make exorbitant demands will find their power gone. Once more wages will drop to a normal and reasonable level.

Brown Brothers

Stephen C. Mason
President, National Association of Manufacturers.

The present period is one of abnormal prosperity for the wage-earner. Mechanics who formerly earned four to five dollars a day have increased their earnings to eight and nine dollars a day, and the standards of living have been keyed up to this income. The big question to consider is: will the people who have been enjoying the advance due to war conditions be able to adjust their standards of living rapidly to meet new conditions? It will mean a serious readjustment in many cases and the sudden change is likely to cause hardship unless proper preparations are made.

It is unfair to workers to let them imagine that the present scale of wages can continue, for, under this delusion, the proper measures of economy and thrift are likely to be ignored. Far better to consider the situation at once and plan ways to meet it.

It is a duty to wage-earners to make them understand the situation that is likely to confront them, so that they will not have to face it totally unprepared. No better antidote to the hardships of such readjustments exists than widespread thrift and economy, and if wage-earners understand the situation they will be called upon to face, it will be but one more argument in favor of the economy urged by the Government.

The producer and manufacturer must make every preparation to conduct his business as economically as possible to meet the keen foreign competition for world markets which will begin upon the cessation of hostilities. In order that the American manufacturer may hold his own in foreign trade and in the home markets, in competition with foreign-made goods, it will be essential that his production costs be as low as possible; consequently, he can not afford to disregard the important item of the pay-roll.

STEPHEN C. MASON
President, National Association of Manufacturers.

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Young America.

The STUFF *that makes our* FIGHTING FORCE

Photographs for EVERYBODY'S by Lewis W. Hine

An American soldier of English blood.

A descendant of the Norsemen.

Irish—and the company "thrush."

A "Pennsylvania Dutchman."

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An American tar from sunny Italy.

In his veins flows the fighting blood of France.

The spirit of his French and English ancestry

A machine-gunner of Scotch and American-Indian stock

A naval recruit of Scandinavian blood

The pure Yankee type.

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Three *of* Them

By

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle

Illustrated by Gordon Ross

Laddie.

NO, THERE is no Sherlock Holmes in these pages. No detectuff whatever. And no war history. These little sketches reveal another side to the master weaver of mysteries. They give us a glimpse behind the scenes into his own life. One can imagine that in the stress of war it was a relief to Sir Arthur Conan Doyle to write these gay little sketches; and we believe that our readers, too, will welcome this chance to turn for a moment from war.

A Chat about Snakes and Zebus

THESE little sketches are called "Three of Them," but there are really five, on and off the stage. There is Daddy, a lumpish person, with some gift for playing Indian games when he is in the mood. He is then known as "The Great Chief of the Leatherskin Tribe." Then there is My Lady Sunshine, who is—my Lady Sunshine. These are the grown-ups, and don't really count. There remain the three children, who need some differentiating upon paper, though their little spirits are as different in reality as spirits could be—all beautiful and all quite different. The eldest is a boy of eight whom we shall call "Laddie." If ever there was a little cavalier sent down ready made, it is he. His soul is the most gallant, unselfish, innocent thing that ever God sent out to get an extra polish upon earth. It dwells in a tall, slight, well-formed body, graceful and agile, with a head and face as clean-cut as if an old Greek cameo had come to life, and a pair of innocent and yet wise gray eyes that win the heart. He is shy, and does not shine before strangers. I have said that he is unselfish and brave. When there is the usual wrangle about going to bed, up gets Laddie in his sedate way: "I will go first," says he, and off he goes, the eldest, that the others may have the few extra minutes while he is in his bath. As to his courage, he is absolutely lion-hearted where he can help or defend any one else. On one occasion Daddy lost his temper with Dimples (boy number two), and, not without very good provocation, gave him a tap on the side of the head. Next instant he felt a butt down somewhere in the region of his waist-belt, and there was an angry little red face looking up at him, which turned suddenly to a brown mop of hair as the butt was repeated. No one, not even Daddy, should hit his little brother. Such was Laddie, the gentle and the fearless.

Then there is Dimples. Dimples is nearly seven, and you never saw a rounder, softer, dimpler face, with two great roguish, mischievous eyes of wood-pigeon gray, which are sparkling with fun for the most part, though they can look sad and solemn enough at times. Dimples has the making of a great man in him. He has depth and reserves in his tiny soul. But on the surface he is a boy of boys, always in innocent mischief. "I will now do mischuff," he occasionally announces, and is usually as good as his word. He has a love and understanding of all living creatures, the uglier and more slimy the better, treating them all in a tender, fairy-like fashion which seems to come from some inner knowledge. He has been found holding a buttercup under the mouth of a slug "to see if he likes butter." He finds creatures in an astonishing way. Put him in the fairest garden lawn and presently he will approach you with a newt, a toad, or a huge snail in his custody. Nothing would ever induce him to hurt them, but he gives them what he imagines to be a little treat and then restores them to their homes. He has been known to speak bitterly to the Lady when she has given orders that caterpillars be killed if found upon the cabbages, and even the explanation that the caterpillars were doing work of what he calls "the Jarmans" did not reconcile him to their fate.

He has an advantage over Laddie, in that he suffers from no trace of shyness and is perfectly friendly in an instant with any one of every class of life, plunging straight into conversation with some such remark as, "Can your daddy give a war-whoop?" or "Were you ever chased by a bear?" He is a sunny creature, but combative sometimes, when he draws down his brows, sets his eyes, his chubby cheeks flush and his lips go back from his almond-white teeth. "I am Swankie the Boorserker," says he, quoting out of his favorite "Erling the Bold," which Daddy reads aloud at bedtime. When he is in this fighting mood he can even drive back Laddie, chiefly because the elder is far too chivalrous to hurt him. If you want to see what Laddie can really do, put the small gloves on him and let him go for Daddy. Some of those hurricane rallies of his would stop Daddy grinning if they could get home, and he has to fall back off his stool in order to get away from them.

If that latent greatness of Dimples should ever come out, how will it be manifest? Surely in his imagination.

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Tell him a story and the boy is lost. He sits with his little round rosy face immovable and fixed, while his eyes never budge from those of the speaker. He sucks in everything that is weird or adventurous or wild. Laddie is a rather restless soul, eager to be up and doing, but Dimples is absorbed in the present if there be something worth hearing to be heard. In height he is half a head shorter than his brother, but rather more sturdy in build. The power of his voice is one of his noticeable characteristics. If Dimples is coming, you know it well in advance. With that physical gift, upon the top of his audacity and his loquacity, he fairly takes command of any place in which he may find himself, while Laddie, his soul too noble for jealousy, becomes one of his laughing and admiring audience.

Then there is Baby, a dainty elf in Dresden china, a little creature of five, as fair as an angel and as deep as a well. The boys are but shallow, sparkling pools compared with this little girl with her self-repression and dainty aloofness. We know the boys, we never feel that we quite know the girl. Something very strong and forceful seems to be at the back of that wee body. Her will is tremendous. Nothing can break or even bend it. Only kind guidance and friendly reasoning can modify it. The boys are helpless if she has really made up her mind. But this is only when she asserts herself, and those are rare occasions. As a rule, she sits quiet, aloof, affable, keenly alive to all that passes and yet taking no part in it save for some subtle smile or glance. And then suddenly the wonderful gray-blue eyes under the long lashes will gleam like coy diamonds and such a hearty little chuckle will come from her that every one else is bound to laugh out of sympathy. She and Dimples are great allies and yet have continual lovers' quarrels. One night she would not even include his name in her prayers. "God bless" every one else, but not a word of Dimples. "Come, come, you must!" urged the Lady. "Well, then, God bless horrid Dimples!" said she at last, after she had named the cat, the goat, her dolls and her Wriggly.

That is a strange trait, the love for the Wriggly. It would repay thought from some scientific brain. It is an old, faded, disused downy from her cot. Yet go where she will she must take Wriggly with her. All her toys put together would not console her for the absence of Wriggly. If the family go to the seaside, Wriggly must come too. She will not sleep without the absurd bundle in her arms. If she goes to a party, she insists upon dragging its disreputable folds along with her, one end always projecting, "to give it fresh air." Every phase of childhood represents to the philosopher something in the history of the race. From the new-born baby which can hang easily by one hand from a broomstick with its legs drawn up under it, the whole evolution of mankind is reenacted. You can trace clearly the cave-dweller, the hunter, the scout. What, then, does Wriggly represent? Fetish worship—nothing else. The savage chooses some most unlikely thing and adores it. This dear little savage adores her Wriggly.

Dimples.

So now we have our three little figures drawn as clearly as a clumsy pen can follow such subtle, elusive creatures of mood and fancy. We will suppose now that it is a summer evening, that Daddy is seated smoking in his chair, that the Lady is listening somewhere near, and that the three are in a tumbled heap upon the bearskin before the empty fireplace trying to puzzle out the little problems of their tiny lives. When three children play with a new thought it is like three kittens with a ball, one giving it a pat and another a pat, as they chase it from point to point. Daddy would interfere as little as possible save when he was called upon to explain or to deny. It was usually wiser for him to pretend to be doing something else. Then their talk was the more natural. On this occasion, however, he was directly appealed to.

"Daddy!" asked Dimples.

"Yes, boy?"

"Do you think that the roses know us?"

Dimples, in spite of his impish naughtiness, has a way of looking such a perfectly innocent and delightfully kissable little person that one feels he really might be a good deal nearer to the sweet secrets of nature than his elders. However, Daddy was in a material mood.

"No, boy, how could the roses know us?"

"The big yellow rose at the corner of the gate knows *me*."

"How do you know that?"

"'Cause it nodded to me yesterday."

Laddie roared with laughter.

"That was just the wind, Dimples."

"No, it wasn't," said Dimples with conviction. "There was no wind. Baby was there. Weren't you, Baby?"

"The wose knew us!" said Baby gravely.

"Beasts know us," said Laddie. "But then beasts run round and make noises. Roses don't make noises."

"Yes, they do. They rustle."

"Woses wustle," said Baby.

"That's not a living noise. That's an all-the-same noise. Different to Roy, who barks and makes different noises all the time. Fancy the roses all barkin' at you. Daddy, will you tell us about animals?"

That is one of the child stages which takes us back to the old tribe life—their inexhaustible interest in animals—some distant echo of those long nights when wild men sat round the fires and peered out into the darkness, and whispered about all the strange and deadly creatures who fought with them for the lordship of the earth. Children love caves, and they love fires and meals out-of-doors, and they love animal talk—all relics of the far-distant past.

"What is the biggest animal in South America, Daddy?"

Daddy, wearily, "Oh, I don't know."

"I s'pose an elephant would be the biggest."

"No, boy, there are none in South America."

Baby.

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Some distant echo of those long nights when wild men sat around the fires and peered out into the darkness.

"Well, then, a rhinoceros?"

"No, there are none."

"Well, what is there, Daddy?"

"Well, dear, there are jaguars. I suppose a jaguar is the biggest."

"Then it must be thirty-six feet long."

"Oh, no, boy, about eight or nine feet with his tail."

"But there are boa-constrictors in South America thirty-six feet long."

"That's different."

"Do you fink," asked Dimples, with his big solemn, gray eyes wide open, "there was ever a boa-'strictor forty-five feet long?"

"No, dear, I never heard of one."

"Perhaps there was one, but you never heard of it. Do you fink you would have heard of a boa-'strictor forty-five feet long if there was one in South America?"

"Well, there may have been one."

"Daddy," said Laddie, carrying on the cross-examination with the intense earnestness of a child, "could a boa-constrictor swallow any small animal?"

"Yes, of course he could."

"Could he swallow a jaguar?"

"Well, I don't know that. A jaguar is a very large animal."

"Well, then," asked Dimples, "could a jaguar swallow a boa-'strictor?"

"Silly ass," said Laddie. "If the jaguar was only nine feet long and the boa-constrictor was thirty-five feet long, then there would be a lot sticking out of the jaguar's mouth. How could he swallow that?"

"He'd bite it off," said Dimples; "and then another slice for supper and another for breakfast—but I say, Daddy, a 'strictor couldn't swallow a porkpine, could he? He would have a sore throat all the way down."

Shrieks of laughter and a rest for Daddy, who turned to his paper.

"Daddy!"

He put down his paper with an air of conscious virtue and lit his pipe.

"Well, dear?"

"What's the biggest snake you ever saw?"

"Oh, bother the snakes! I am tired of them."

But the children were never tired of them. Heredity again, for the snake was the worst enemy of arboreal man.

"Daddy made soup out of a snake," said Laddie. "Tell us about that snake, Daddy."

Children like a story best the fourth or fifth time, so it is never any use to tell them that they know all about it. The story which they can check and correct is their favorite.

"Well, dear, we got a viper and we killed it. Then we wanted the skeleton to keep and we didn't know how to get it. At first we thought we would bury it, but that seemed too slow. Then I had the idea to boil all the viper's flesh off its bones, and I got an old meat-tin and we put the viper and some water into it, and put it above the fire."

"You hung it on a hook, Daddy."

"Yes, we hung it on the hook that they put the porridge-pot on in Scotland. Then, just as it was turning brown, in came the farmer's wife, and ran up to see what we were cooking. When she saw the viper, she thought we were going to eat it. 'Oh, you dirty divils!' she cried, and caught up the tin in her apron and threw it out of the window."

Fresh shrieks of laughter from the children, and Dimples repeated, "You d i r t y divil!" until Daddy had to clump him playfully on the head.

"Tell us some more about snakes!" cried Laddie. "Did you ever see a really dreadful snake?"

"One that would turn you black and dead you in five minutes?" said Dimples. It was always the most awful thing that appealed to Dimples.

"Yes, I have seen some beastly creatures. Once in the Sudan I was dozing on the sand when I opened my eyes and there was a horrid creature like a big slug with horns, short and thick, about a foot long, moving away in front of me."

"What was it, Daddy?" Six eager eyes turned up to him.

"It was a death-adder. I expect that would dead you in five minutes, Dimples, if it got a bite at you."

"Did you kill it?"

"No, it was lost before I could get to it."

"Which is the horridest, Daddy—a snake or a shark?"

"I'm not very fond of either!"

"Did you ever see a man eaten by sharks?"

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"No, my dear, but I was not so far off from being eaten myself."

"Oo!" from all three of them.

"I did a silly thing, for I swam round the ship in water where there are many sharks. As I was drying myself on the deck, I saw the high fin of a shark above the water a little way off. It had heard the splashing and come up to look for me."

"Weren't you frightened, Daddy?"

"Yes; it made me feel rather cold." There was silence while Daddy saw once more the golden sand of the African beach and the snow-white roaring surf, with the long, smooth swell of the bar.

Children don't like silences.

"Daddy," said Laddie; "do zebus bite?"

"Zebus! Why, they are cows. No, of course not."

"But a zebu could butt with its horns."

"Oh, yes, it could butt."

"Do you think a zebu could fight a crocodile?"

"Well, I should back the crocodile."

"Why?"

"Well, dear, the crocodile has great teeth and would eat the zebu."

"But suppose the zebu came up when the crocodile was not looking and butted it?"

"Well, that would be one up for the zebu. But one butt wouldn't hurt a crocodile."

"No, one wouldn't, would it? But the zebu would keep on. Crocodiles live on sand-banks, don't they? Well, then, the zebu would come and live near the sand-bank too—just so far as the crocodile would never see him. Then every time the crocodile wasn't looking, the zebu would butt him. Don't you think he would beat the crocodile?"

"Well, perhaps he would."

"How long do you think it would take the zebu to beat the crocodile?"

"Well, it would depend upon how often he got in his butt."

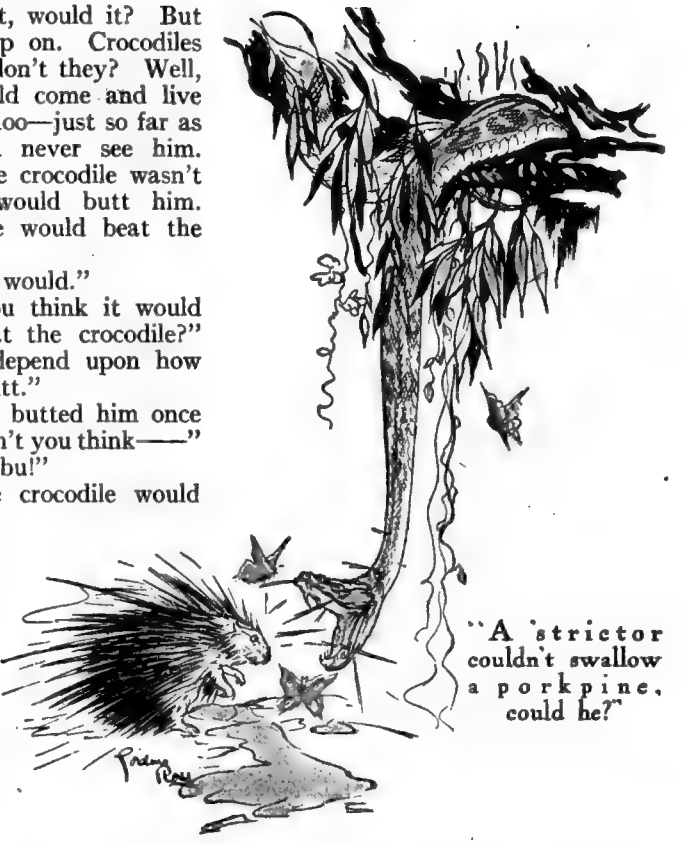
"Well, suppose he butted him once every three hours, don't you think——"

"Oh, bother the zebu!"

"That's what the crocodile would say!" cried Laddie, clapping his hands.

"Well, I agree with the crocodile," said Daddy.

"And it's time all good children were in bed," said the Lady, as the glimmer of the nurse's apron was seen in the gloom.



"A strictor couldn't swallow a porkpine, could he?"

"Every time the crocodile wasn't looking, the zebu would butt him."

Speculations

THE three children were sitting together in a bunch upon the rug in the gloaming. Baby was talking, so Daddy, behind his newspaper, pricked up his ears, for the young lady was silent as a rule, and every glimpse of her little mind was of interest. She was nursing the disreputable little downy quilt which she called Wriggly, and much preferred to any of her dolls.

"I wonder if they will let Wriggly into heaven," she said.

The boys laughed. They generally laughed at what Baby said.

"If they won't, I won't go in, either," she added.

"Nor me, neither, if they don't let in my Teddy-bear," said Dimples.

"I'll tell them it is a nice, clean, blue Wriggly," said Baby. "I love my Wriggly." She cooed over it and hugged it.

"What about that, Daddy?" asked Laddie in his earnest fashion. "Are there toys in Heaven, do you think?"

"Of course there are. Everything that can make children happy."

"As many toys as in Hamley's shop?" asked Dimples.

"More," said Daddy, stoutly.

"Oo!" from all three.

"Daddy dear," said Laddie, "I've been wondering about the deluge."

"Yes, dear. What was it?"

"Well, the story about the ark. All those animals were in the ark, just two of each, for forty days. Wasn't that so?"

"That is the story."

"Well, then, what did the carnivorous animals eat?"

One should be honest with children and not put them off with ridiculous explanations. Their questions about such matters are generally much more sensible than their parents' replies.

"Well, dear," said Daddy, weighing his words, "these stories are very, very old. The Jews put them in the Bible, but they got them from the people in Babylon, and the people in Babylon probably got them from some one else away back in the beginning of things. If a story gets passed down like that, one person adds a little and another adds a little, and so you never get things quite as they happened. The Jews put it in the Bible exactly as they heard it, but it had been going about for thousands of years before then."

"So it was not true?"

"Yes, I think it was true. I think

(*Continued on page 94*)

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"TOC EMMAS"

Trench-Mortars of the Dreary Past and Cheery Present

By Captain T. Barrow-Green
Royal Naval Division

IAN HAY, who was serving with the first ten thousand, describes wittily, and with a good deal of truth, the position of a trench-mortar battery and its commander in the early days of the war.

From the chrysalis stage of the 3.7 Jam-Tin Mortar of those days to the butterfly stage of the rapid-firing "Stokes," from the sad little procession of pariahs to the present well-organized unit, known as such a No. — Trench-Mortar Battery, is a significant transformation. If, after reading this, you don't believe it, send a post-card to "Fritz" and ask him.

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The old-fashioned "jam-tin" trench-mortar used by the British in the early stages of the war.

I have just mentioned the 3.7 Jam-Tin, and I dare say a good many of you have had at least a nodding acquaintance with her. I speak of the 3.7 as feminine because one really never quite understood her. I have seen her behave in her very nastiest fashion on a beautiful sunny day in Gallipoli, and have seen her as docile and obedient as one could wish on a day when the rain was coming down like—well! just as rain used to come down in Gallipoli. We used to invite her up (about tea-time, as a rule) to the "Worcester Barricade." Her "supposed" range was worked out by a "supposed" angle of elevation, a cordite cartridge, and a wisp or two of guncotton. Her "innards" consisted chiefly of bits of old iron, the explosive being detonated by a fuse, which was lit by the action of firing. When ready for firing, the unfortunate people in her vicinity were warned. Dugouts not being available, they assumed an expression of abject misery, at the same time (as one man) dropping their heads back and directing a baleful glance at the unoffending heavens. This position was maintained until a slight "plonk" was heard, and her ladyship went sailing coquettishly through the air. When she had reached the apex of her height she used to falter as much as to say, "I don't want to go and see 'Abdullah' at all," and as often as not she didn't. Given the slighest puff of wind in our direction, she would "about turn," and whistling cheerily as she came, land usually within a few yards of where she was fired from.

After the crash was over, and the stretcher-bearers had departed with those dilatory onlookers who had not been able to get out of her way, two individuals would crawl out of whatever cover they might have been able to find, and rather sheepishly approach the still-smoking mortar. One would then invariably turn to the other and in a puzzled tone say, "I wonder why she did that, Bill?" The other's reply would invariably be "Dunno! Give her five degrees more!" These two well-informed gentlemen (they came from the artillery) were the "experts" in charge of the 3.7 trench-mortar.

Then, in those days, there was also that work of art called "the Garland grenade." When this so-called T. M. was requisitioned a large party of men, carrying innumerable boxes and the mortar, would arrive at the desired spot. It usually took about five men to assemble one of the bombs, it being the earnest desire of the inventor to make the bomb as much like a "jigsaw" puzzle as possible. After many hours of preparation, the N. C. O. in charge of this particular part of trench warfare, would report "all ready for firing," and would, with justifiable pride, add "Ten rounds prepared, sir!" Now this was a very different weapon from the 3.7, and was rather a pet in the front line. Even Abdullah did not object to it to any great extent; for, you see, first of all, when it was fired it carried a long streamer which showed very nicely where it was going and where it came from; secondly, when it got there it *never, never* exploded. His ten rounds of duds fired, the N. C. O., after gazing vainly round for an approving glance, would gather his tinsmiths, engineers and watchmakers around him, and, carrying the now empty boxes, would disappear in the direction whence he came.

These experts (save the mark) were also kindly lent by the artillery. An "expert" once explained to me quite seriously, when I asked him if he liked the job, that on the whole he did. It was very like fishing. Sometimes one fished all day and caught nothing, but when one did! Sometimes one fired the d—d things all day with little or no success. But when one did! He was the only philosopher I ever met in the artillery.

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The heavy T. M. we used on the Peninsula was the "Dumisil" or "Aerial Torpedo," some batteries of which we took over from the French. This was really an excellent weapon, firing bombs of two sizes; thirty-eight pounds the small, and about one hundred and fifty pounds the large, with a range of approximately seven hundred and thirty yards. The bombs contained an explosive named "Melinite," which was detonated by an instantaneous or delayed action detonator; the resulting "bust" was all that could be desired.

Our friend, Johnny Turk, used to make use of lamentable language, interspersed with appeals to Allah, as soon as he heard the shrill whistle and, looking upward, saw the jolly little chap in the air. His observations were very often heard and much appreciated by our chaps in the trenches opposite. Its effectiveness was chiefly its ear-splitting discharge, combined with its erratic movement through the air; it seemed to dart from side to side, making it extremely difficult to dodge, as Johnny used to find to his cost. Its great drawback was that, owing to some contrary streak in its composition, it was apt to have a premature firing. It was fired by the number one of the gun, who, when it was ready for firing, and the remainder of the gun's crew were safely under cover, would light a five-second fuse leading through a touch-hole (as in the old-fashioned cannon) to the charge. He would then render an imitation of Charlie Chaplin falling down a mine shaft; in other words, he would in the shortest time at his disposal disappear into his dugout. After the "plonk," denoting that the bomb was on its way, was heard, the gun's crew would brighten up considerably, and clambering somewhat shakily into the gun-pit would, with pardonable pride, watch it sailing over to Johnny. I was told that a naval commander of ours had seen eight Turks in the air at one time after a one hundred and fifty-pounder had gone off in their front-line trench. If this was so it probably accounts for the dislike which was felt for it by Abdullah and Co.

Poor old 3.7! Poor old Garland! Now you are relegated to the ash-heap, and no more will one hear the whispered words of a timid onlooker: "She's coming back on us!" or the defiant "Wait and see!" of the expert. Guesswork is at an end. The T. M. of to-day has come into her own. A friend once remarked to me while watching a small "show" with the 3.7, that it reminded him of a cross-eyed boy with a three-pronged catapult trying to hit the second hand on Big Ben. When I said I didn't think there was a second hand, he replied, "that's the point." My one deep regret is that we never had the three-inch Stokes trench-mortar with us in Gallipoli. The ground was admirably suited for it, and if we had had only just one battery, what a delightful time we could have had. I know a place in the "Rue de Paris" which I think must have been intended by nature for a double-gun emplacement (for a couple of Stokes) and yet being Stoke-less, I was never able to entertain Abdullah as I could have wished. It is a sad and bitter war, but things such as that make it ultra-galling to one as hospitable as I. The only redeeming feature about it is, that if we had had the Stokes on the Peninsula I might have got "pipped" there and thus not be able to annoy "Fritz" in France.

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The modern rapid-firing "Stokes" trench-mortar.

Now note the difference between the old obsolete T. M.'s and the rapid-fire Stokes of to-day. The "Skipper" of the battery, somewhere in France, is reclining somewhat ungracefully on a wire mattress, his second in command perched on another facing him, while on either side, on upturned boxes, are two more of his officers; in the center a table of sorts, a "peg" of that well-known brand of "Red and Blue" rests coyly by the right hand of each. One of the "Subs" is busy shuffling a pack of very disreputable cards; the cellar in which they have their being is dimly lit by a couple of candles. Outside an occasional "brmmp" shows that the war is still continuing. The atmosphere is redolent of a mixture of wet clothes, bad tobacco and an East End chiropodist's. "Your deal, Holly," says the Skipper (they have been up all night fixing new emplacements, and strafing a Boche post situated in a shell-hole). They now mean to have a game of bridge for an hour, and then to bed—

"Orderly, sir," yells the voice of the cook from somewhere "topside."

"Damn!" says the T. M. O. "Come in," and an orderly covered with mud and soft-drifting snow enters.

"T. M. O., sir?" he inquires, stretching out the small envelope with its "Urgent" that the T. M. O.'s knows so well.

"Thanks, no answer!" The orderly attempts to salute, knocks his hand on the curving brick ceiling, thinks better of it and disappears.

British Pictorial Service.

British Tommies fusing "Stokes" trench bombs.

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"What's up?" comes the chorus. The T. M. O. silently passes the message across.

To Captain Brown:
The Brigadier wishes to see the C. O. 9999th T. M. B. at Brigade Headquarters.
(Signed.) Brigade Major.

"And the whole blessed road up to the Brigade H. Q. being shelled like the dickens," says the T. M. O. wearily. "Give us another peg and my hat. Back in a bit, you chaps," and tramps stolidly out into the snow and mud, that unholy mixture of the Somme. After numerous uncomfortable experiences, during which the orderly, who is a coal miner, wishes he was back at his old job and down the deepest shaft on the Tyne, they arrive at Brigade H. Q.; leaving the orderly talking about rabbiting with one of the H. Q. signallers, the T. M. O. goes down numberless dark steps, knocks on a door and enters.

The brigadier turns round, nods and says, "Hello, Brown, got your maps with you?" The brigade-major remarks, "that was a good show of yours last night." The T. M. O. answers, a trifle complacently, "Not much of the shell-hole left this morning, sir."

"How many shells did you give it?"

"Four minutes rapid from two guns, sir."

"About a ton and a half of bombs," mutters the brigade-major. "Decidedly *bon*," says the brigadier beaming (he has seven children, which is proof that, though savage in every other respect, he does "not" devour his young, as rumor has it in the brigade).

"Now, let's see your map," he says, pushing away some papers and reports from in front of him. "H'm; now, you see this spot here?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, at H_2 SO_4 the Boche are digging a sap—they started last night."

He is interrupted by the T. M. O. "We saw that on our way down this morning, sir," and on the heels of this explosion the T. M. O. blurts out: "I'd like to strafe it, sir. I told numbers three and four guns' crews to take advantage of the artillery strafe this morning, and register twenty-nine yards either side of it, and at its junction with their front-line trench."

The brigadier seems pleased. "Go ahead and blow it up, but wait until Fritz is working on it."

The T. M. O. salutes, "Thank you, sir," picks up his hat and departs gleefully, returning to his cellar without more than the usual discomforts, goes over the reports that have come in since he went out, writes his operation orders for the forthcoming "hate," sees the working parties for detonating the bombs and sends an officer with written orders to join the officer who is already up in the line on duty, to explain to him the night's work that is to take place.

The T. M. O., leaving his second in command in the odoriferous cellar, to carry on in his absence, makes his way up to the front-line trench, visiting his gun positions on the way. No need to strafe any of the gun's crews for slackness; this is an old battery, and the men are picked men; a joke here and there, perhaps a tender inquiry about the rum ration, and he arrives at the H. Q. of the company in charge of that part of the line immediately opposite to H_2 SO_4.

"Is Captain Smith in?" he asks a runner, who is sitting with his back to the rear side of the trench, busily engaged in scratching.

"Down below, sir," says the runner, ceasing his engrossing occupation for a moment to answer.

The T. M. O. descends the steps of a recently captured Boche dugout, very deep and very safe. On reaching the bottom, for a moment he can not see, then a voice calls out, "Hello, Skipper! Welcome to our ancestral hall," while another voice in high falsetto says, "I do hope you wiped your feet before you came in, dearie."

The "Skipper" takes off his tin hat, mops his brow with a tunic sleeve, thereby removing most of the mud from the sleeve, and sits down on the floor.

"Hello, Smithy. Hello, Hawky. Got a peg?"

"I can give you a tot of rum, old dear," says the company commander. The T. M. O. drinks it, sighs and murmurs, "'Tis not such a bad old war after all, Smith!"

The T. M. O. then explains his program to the company commander, who in turn promises to let him know as soon as the Boche working party commence their sap digging.

The T. M. O. then plods across to the dugout where his two officers are going over his written orders for the "show."

"Hello, you chaps," he says. "Come along and I'll show you where I want the two extra guns put to-night." The position of the guns settled, one of the officers goes off to bring along the T. Ms. and their crews, and get them established before dark; the other sees to the ammunition. Six hundred rounds has to be got up, detonated and ready for firing.

About two A.M. the following morning, a rapid series of "thumps" accompanied by a flickering flash is heard in our line, while a deafening explosion, which lasts for four minutes to the second, seems to be taking place at H_2 SO_4. For four minutes that sap is an inferno, with blinding-red glare and shrieks of riven metal, while in a patch of opaque smoke cloud can be seen bits of trench boards, and lumps of what once were the diggers of that unlucky sap. Four minutes to the second and over three tons of high explosive has obliterated that foolhardy attempt of Fritz to indulge in sap digging without permission of his Trench Majesty, the "Stokes."

The T. M. O., who, with one of his officers, has been watching the display, says briefly, "Blinking good show. Carry on, Willie! I'm going to stop up here and have a look at her when it's light."

Two minutes later guns and crews have departed, and he is alone, except for his orderly and runner. He makes his way to the company H. Q., grins as he sees them all peacefully sleeping, writes a short report to brigade, sends it off by runner, and, telling the sentry outside to call him just before light, rests his head on the step of the dugout and joins the others in peaceful slumber.

At dawn, both by looking over the top and by the aid of a powerful prismatic periscope, he examines foot by foot the place where Fritz had once commenced to dig his sap. He gives a sigh of sheer happiness. There is no sap; only a mass of tortured and twisted earth. Turning to a sentry he says, gravely, "The Bing Boys *are* here!" and, before that puzzled individual has time to reply, is on his way to Battery H. Q. to write a full report *re* H_2 SO_4, and the sap that used to jut therefrom.

The brigadier, on being handed the report, reads it carefully, and without comment turns it over to the brigade-major. He then turns to the T. M. O. and in a regretful tone remarks, "I suppose some of 'em probably got out before they were done in?"

"I don't think so, sir," says the T. M. O. "You see, sir, I opened up with number one gun, on the junction of the sap, and their front line; they couldn't get through thirty odd shells a minute, and number two was on the head of their sap, while three and four filled the sap up. They were pretty well bottled."

"Oh, well," says the brigadier, "it's quite all right as long as they didn't get away," and the bloodthirsty old man's face again relaxes into its customary good humor.

"You're looking very tired, Brown, have a whisky?"

"Thanks very much, sir."

"A slightly different day's work to the old 3.7, etc."

"I should think so!"

The following translations may help the non-military reader: "Toc. Emmas." The Morse code pronunciation of T. M., or trench-mortar. "Duds." Tommy's name for shells that do not explode and people he does not like. "Rue de Paris." A trench in the front line system at Gallipoli. "Pipped." Wounded or killed. "Skipper." A captain is usually called the "Skipper" (and worse) by his subalterns. "T. M. O." Official designation, Trench-Mortar Officer. "The Bing Boys Are Here." The name of London's most popular revue. After the Canadians who were commanded by General Byng.

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The EYES *of the* BLIND

By Arthur Somers Roche

Illustrated by Frederic Dorr Steele

WITHIN twenty-four hours, Robert Deems, reporter, unconscious of the reasons why, has the following strange experiences:

A man knocks at his door at midnight, and falls dead across its threshold. A few hours later, he wakes to find a beautiful woman searching his rooms. The next morning a man, calling himself Wilder, makes Deems an offer, which he refuses, of one hundred thousand dollars to absent himself in South America. Deems starts for his office and narrowly escapes being run down by an automobile. At the office, a visitor is announced, who shoots a man he mistakes for Deems, and then kills himself.

Deems is given an assignment to attend the dinner of the Anti-War Society and instructed to report it personally to the owner of the *Record*, a pacifist named Gryce. There he meets de Grecque, an alleged French diplomat, and Gryce's daughter Lydia, whom he recognizes by her voice as his beautiful visitor of the previous night.

He has an interview with her before he leaves the house, and she accuses him of having conspired with Rogan—the dead man—to deceive her about a piece of paper which she claims Rogan had left with Deems. She also tells him that Wilder is de Grecque, and ends by herself offering Deems one hundred thousand dollars and immunity.

Very much mystified, Deems returns to his home to find the man who had "died" there the night before, sitting in an easy chair.

Rogan discloses the fact that he belongs to the Secret Service, that he has lost a mysterious and valuable paper wanted by a band of spies, and that he suspects Gryce and his daughter of treason. He induces Deems to join him in the Secret Service and Deems, as "Curtiss," attends a meeting of the "Booklovers Club" where he finds an innocent-appearing gathering mysteriously suggestive of intrigue. He applies for membership and is accepted through his friendship with Heinrich Graffe—an *alias* of Rogan. Among the club's members is de Grecque, then absent. After reporting the meeting to Rogan, Deems goes to the room on Irving Place he has engaged under the name of Curtiss, to find that Lydia has been there and has again searched his effects. He goes off to tell this to Rogan, and as he nears the book-shop—where Rogan does business as Graffe—he sees a woman resembling Lydia emerge. A few seconds later the German woman clerk of the book-shop becomes hysterical over a bomb that has been left there, apparently, by Lydia. It does not explode, but one left later at Deems's new quarters blows that house to ruins.

CHAPTER NINE
Tangled Threads

ONE looks in the mirror to behold, sometimes, the real image of oneself. Lydia Gryce, elbows on her dressing-table, and chin cupped in her palms, beheld the semblance of a charming girl, whose charm was abated not in the least by the present gravity of her expression. She was not vain, but she had common sense, and common sense enabled her to recognize the fact that she was personable. The difference between vanity and common sense, with relation to one's personal appearance, is that the vain person stresses beauty; while the sane individual appraises it for its actual worth. And the worth of physical beauty, though not so great as the poets profess to believe, nevertheless is not inconsiderable.

Lydia, looking at herself, suddenly colored. In the mirror, beside her own face had appeared the face of Bob Deems. This was one of those truthful mirrors that reflect the soul as well as the body. And the real image of Lydia Gryce was not complete unless there was something of Deems in it. Petulantly she turned the mirror away. To be mooning like a love-sick schoolgirl! She started as a servant knocked on the door.

"A—person—to see you, Miss Lydia. He is most insistent."

Something in the servant's tone made Lydia look at him sharply.

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"Did he give any name, Ferguson?"

The man shook his head. "He looks like the sort to be ashamed of any name he might have, Miss Lydia. He looks like a tramp. I'd have sent him away, only he talked so queer-like; said if you didn't want to see him to tell you that he'd just been down to Irving Place and Lexington Avenue."

Had the man-servant been more acute he would have noticed the sudden alarm in the girl's eyes.

"I'll be right down," she told him. She looked into the mirror again as the door closed behind Ferguson. There was nothing of Deems in the reflection that she saw now; only the frightened features of a terrified girl. "Irving Place and Lexington Avenue!" So Ferguson had quoted the man down-stairs. And then as she stared at her reflection the mirrored features smoothed themselves. She was complete mistress of herself when she entered the little reception-room down-stairs.

"You wish to see me?" she asked coolly.

"Yes, Miss Gryce." There was something of insolence in his manner, yet there was also something ashamed; it was as though, having determined on a certain course, the man hated himself for his determination.

Lydia met his look calmly. After all, whatever knowledge the man thought himself possessed of, he was not the sort of person of whom she could possibly be afraid. Not his clothing alone, though the lack of care bestowed on it showed him to be one without personal pride, but the weak chin, the shifty eyes, the tremulous lips, all proclaimed him one to whom the more decent things are dead. A strong man may, through circumstances, wear soiled clothing, but the stains are not those acquired in debauch; only the weak man goes forth in garments stained with the dregs from a bar-room. And yet the rat, meanest of all vermin, will on occasion fight. It was just as well to temporize with the human rodent before her.

"Won't you sit down?" she asked.

"I guess I might as well," he replied with a leer. "I certainly never thought I'd see the day when old man Gryce's daughter would invite me to have a chair."

She was anything in the world but a snob; nevertheless her father had raised himself from poverty to wealth and power by his own efforts, and that there should be in the tone of this weak drunkard a sneer for her father angered her. But she veiled her anger.

"What did you want from me?"

"What do you think I want? What do you suppose a man like me *would* want from a rich girl like you?" he demanded.

"Money?"

His discolored teeth showed in a smile. "I might've known Steve Gryce's daughter would be business-like. Money! You said it! Kind of a joke on your father, who fired me personally"—he said this with a certain pride in the recollection—"to have his daughter stake me for the rest of my life."

"What do you think I want? What do you suppose a man like me *would* want from a rich girl like you?"

"Wouldn't it?" she said.

He looked at her suspiciously. "Sounds as though you think I'm kidding. Still, if I were a business man, which, thank God, I'm not, I'd expect to show my wares before I'd sold them. I don't suppose you have the least idea of what I meant by the message I sent you by your butler? Can't even guess, can you?"

"Suppose you explain for me," she suggested.

"Fair enough. A man named Johann Lauber is your groom. He kills a reporter named Clancy down in the *Record* office. Your father's newspaper! According to what I read, he mistook Clancy for another *Record* man named Deems. To-day, this very evening, you make a trip to where young Deems is living on Irving Place; likewise you visit a book-shop on Lexington Avenue. They find a bomb in the book-shop. They don't find the bomb in Deems's lodging-house, because it explodes. They just know it was there. That enough?"

"Suppose you continue," she said.

"No trouble at all," he replied impudently. "Your groom Lauber tried to kill Deems; he didn't succeed, so you tried it yourself."

"And because of this you want money from me?"

"Well, I used to be a newspaper man. I know that the newspapers will pay for news just as willingly now as they would before your father fired me from the *Record*. But I'd just as lief sell to you as to a paper. It's simply a matter of price."

"And the price is——"

He spread his hands wide. "My cards are on the table, Miss Gryce; you know what I have. What's the electric chair mean to you? Is it worth ten thousand dollars to keep out of it?"

She shook her head. "Suppose that I don't know what you're talking about?" she said.

His weak eyes, rheumy, glittered. "You're a good player, Miss Gryce, and a good player knows when she's lost. But sometimes a good player, who knows that she's lost, wants to be convinced that the other fellow knows it, too. All right; I've been living over a saloon on Bleecker Street. A German saloon. The people that run it know that I used to be a newspaper man. They know that I worked on the *Record*. So Lauber, who worked for you and used to drop in there occasionally, was pointed out to me. That's why, seeing him help a girl into the saddle one day in Central Park, I knew who the girl was. That's why I was kind of interested when you got into a taxicab at Madison Square and drove to a house on Irving Place. I was interested enough to go back there later on, and also to the book-shop on Lexington Avenue where you went after you visited the Irving Place house."

"You could prove, of course, that it *was* I who rode to those two places?"

"I guess I could," he told her. "I drove the taxi you rode in. Of course, a girl like you wouldn't notice a chauffeur, but a cat may look at a king, and a chauffeur may notice a girl, even if she is the daughter of Stephen Gryce."

She nodded thoughtfully. "But why were you so interested in what I did?" she asked.

"Some guys are born lucky," he grinned. "My luck's been a long time reaching me, but I always knew it would come sooner or later. I wouldn't have gone back there only I happened to know that young Deems occasionally

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dropped into Graffe's book-shop. Once in a while, when driving a taxicab hasn't paid very well, I sell a book to Graffe. You know, until your father got so damned high-flown that he refused liquor advertisements and wouldn't keep a man who drank on the paper, I had quite a collection of books. I let 'em go now. I thought that it was pretty tough luck having to sell them; that only shows how little a man knows about his luck. For if I hadn't gone into Graffe's, I wouldn't have seen young Deems there. He doesn't remember me; I don't look quite as spruce as I did when I worked on the *Record*. Anyway, I wasn't there very long after he joined the paper. But I know him all right.

"A good newspaper man doesn't forget, as long as he lives, how to put two and two together. I leave you uptown to-day. Less than an hour later I read on the *Times* bulletin about a bomb explosion on Irving Place and how another bomb was left in Graffe's book-store. I can't make it, right off, but by and by I begin to think. I take a trip down to Irving Place. I get some dope from the cop there; cops are always friendly to taxi drivers, you know. They never can tell when they'll want a free ride. And this cop, gossiping, says that the landlady has told about a young woman paying a visit to the room of one of her lodgers. That lodger, according to the cop, was named Curtiss; but from the description the cop gave me, I guess Curtiss would answer if you called him Deems. Then, after I'd called up the *Record* office, and found out that Deems hadn't been to work in some time, and when I find out, at the address the *Record* telephone girl gave me, that Deems hasn't been home in some time—Well, do I go to the papers or don't I, Miss Gryce?"

She looked at him; before the contempt in her eyes his glance wavered. But his weak mouth set in the obstinacy that is a part, sometimes, of weakness.

"What I've been saying to you wouldn't do you a lot of good if I said it to a jury," he said.

"Ten thousand dollars is a lot of money," she told him.

"Ten years in jail—you'd get that, anyway, even if you didn't get the chair—is a long time," he reminded her.

She looked at him thoughtfully. "Granting that there is something in what you have told me, how do I know that you won't go from here to the police?" she asked.

"You don't know; you only hope; that's the trouble with getting in bad, Miss Gryce. You haven't any choice at all; you just have to trust me."

"And if I didn't?"

He shrugged his shoulders. "I suppose I'd go to see your father," he told her, "before I went to headquarters."

She nodded. "Of course you know that I haven't any such sum of money as you mention in the house."

"I'd take a check," he said.

"Wait here," she told him.

Five minutes later, a check for ten thousand dollars in his pocket, Randolph Fallon, erstwhile newspaper man, and taxi chauffeur, but at the moment a successful blackmailer, walked down the steps of the Gryce mansion. He was so engrossed in thoughts of the future that he did not recognize the man who mounted the steps as he descended them.

The servant had hardly closed the door upon Fallon, when he opened it upon Deems. "Miss Gryce'll see you, sir."

In the same room in which she had just given Fallon her check Lydia faced the man who had been occupying so much of her thought of late, the man whom her heart told her to love but her head to hate. Somehow or other one does not conceive of merry-souled people as being criminal. And Lydia's mental picture of Deems never lacked twinkling eyes and a smile. But there was no smile upon the lips of Deems now, no twinkle in his eye.

"You've brought me that paper?" she asked.

He shook his head slowly; wonderment was in his eyes. "Miss Gryce, I'm laboring under a curious obsession. Perhaps you can explain it away."

Her eyes invited him to continue.

"That obsession," he went on, "is that you have had that paper all along."

She inclined her head. "In briefer words, I lie?"

He shrugged his shoulders. "You phrase it well," he told her. Amazed anger came into his voice. "Miss Gryce, a servant of yours tries to kill me. You encourage me in the belief that the Comte de Grecque was responsible for the attempt upon me. You sneered at my professed loyalty to my country. To-day you went to my room. Later on a bomb exploded there. You went to the book-store of a friend of mine; fortunately there was no

"The *Record* wants to know something about the passenger you carried to-day," said Deems gently.

"What passenger? How can I remember any particular person?"

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explosion there. But in my room—it is simply by the mercy of God that harmless, inoffensive people were not killed. Miss Gryce, I give you my word of honor that I do not know what were the contents of that paper. I only tell you this, in the hope that when you next cause an attempt to be made upon my life, you will not jeopardize the lives of other people."

"I congratulate you, Mr. Deems. You evidently have no fear for yourself."

He stared at her. "I have a healthy regard for my own skin," he told her. "But that I have so far, luckily, been able to preserve. I feel confident that I shall be able to protect myself in the future."

"From me?"

"From you," he said.

"Would it be useless to tell you that you are quite mistaken about me?" she asked.

"I think it would be," he answered.

"Then why have you come here?" she asked.

He fought against the fascination that she had held for him from the first moment when, in the gloom of his apartment, he had heard her voice. Her voice alone had struck an hitherto unresponsive chord upon his heart-strings; each sight of her caused new chords to chime. Gray-eyed, with the unwavering glance that, when it comes from beneath a broad forehead, seems candid and honest, he could not conceive of Lydia Gryce as being capable of falsehood. Yet the evidence was convincing; not only was she capable of untruth, but of murder.

HAD she been of some exotic type, he would have found it easier to give credence to the evidence he held. He had met no murderesses in his newspaper career, but mentally he always pictured them as being flashing-eyed creatures who carried with them the subtle suggestion of intrigue. Lydia Gryce seemed as frank as a summer morning.

"To warn you," he told her. "I do not fully know the reasons for your activities. But I do know where those activities will lead you, Miss Gryce. A woman was executed for treason in France quite recently."

"For treason? You tell this to me, Mr. Deems?"

"We always seem to be fencing, don't we?" he said.

"Then why not come out into the open," she countered. "You speak to me of treason. You dare to threaten me with its consequences. I warned you some time ago of what the consequences of disloyalty might be to you, Mr. Deems."

He smiled. "And yet I never guessed that those consequences might be visited upon me by you. I did not then conceive you in the rôle of a placer of bombs."

"I had not conceived of myself in such a rôle," she told him.

There was something incredible in her nonchalance. "I wonder," she said, "that you dare to come here knowing how dangerous I am."

"It's because I wanted you to explain."

"And yet a moment ago you told me that it would be useless for me to tell you that you are mistaken."

"To tell me, yes; but to explain——"

"And if I ask you to explain?" Fire shone now from the eyes that had been so cool. "You who have lied to me; who pretended that the man Rogan was dead; that he had been all the time a stranger to you! You, who under an assumed name have hidden away from your old associates; who have been conspiring with the man Rogan, who calls himself Graffe now, his real name, against your own country!"

"You know that Graffe is Rogan?"

She laughed. "I know a great many things, Mr. Deems. I know a great deal of what you and Rogan and others have been doing. When I know a little more about your doings I shall cease fencing, Mr. Deems. In the meantime give me credit for being as well able to take care of myself as you seem to think you are. And I beg of you not to waste more of my time and your own in silly threats. Blackmail is not quite worthy, even of a traitor."

"Neither is attempted murder," he said.

Her brows grew closer together. "Are you really serious in your belief that I left a bomb in your room?" she asked.

"Will you give me your word of honor that you did not do so?" he countered.

"Certainly."

"Then why did you go to my room?"

"Because I was a fool," she told him. "Because I had some faith in your decency; because I thought I had been mistaken in you; because I thought that possibly we were both misled."

Cautiously he weighed his next words. There was the matter of a certain pledge made to Rogan that stood in the way of that absolute frankness that her scornful tone urged upon him. "I might perhaps convince you that those thoughts were right," he said.

Forgotten for the moment was all the evidence against her; everything that his own eyes, that the mouth of Rogan had told him, he was prepared to dismiss.

"Convince me!" He could hardly believe that a dimple had ever been in the cheek of her; that the clear voice had ever sounded mirthful. "You are not as careful a scoundrel as your friend, Rogan, Mr. Deems. I wonder that under his tuition you have not acquired caution. To leave in one's room the written evidence of one's guilt!"

He smiled. Then his smile faded as he remembered again his pledge to Rogan.

"That written evidence is the reason for your distrust of me?"

The laugh this time was impatient. "Either you are a very great fool, Mr. Deems, or you think that I am. In either case discussion brings us nowhere. Neither threat of blackmail nor attempt against my father will stop me."

"I don't seem to remember having mentioned your father, Miss Gryce," he said.

She shrugged her shoulders. "I'm tired of talking with you, Mr. Deems. Have you any other silly accusations that you care to make?"

"None," he said.

She rose from the chair in which she had been seated. Like a whipped schoolboy Deems walked out of the house.

CHAPTER TEN

Incriminating Evidence

ROGAN'S face was grave. "You aren't telling me this with the hope that I will pat you on the back, Deems?" he asked.

Deems shook his head. "Not quite that; but you don't blame me, either, do you?"

"I surely do," replied Rogan. "This isn't a game of chess, Deems. It's serious business. It's more than that—it's the life of America. That sounds pretty biggity and up-stage, but I mean it. You know what de Grecque and Gryce are trying to do and yet you let a pretty face bewilder you. You didn't by any chance happen to tell her that you were in the Secret Service, did you?"

Deems flushed. "I'm not an ass," he snapped.

"You bray uncommonly like one," said Rogan. "I don't mind a man falling for a pretty doll; I fall for them myself outside of business hours. But if you watch me closely, keeping your eyes glued to what a college professor might call peregrinations, you'll notice that my business hours take twenty-four hours a day these times. A man who gives up government secrets to anybody is playing with fire, and that fire goes by the name of treason."

"I didn't tell her anything," Deems defended himself.

Rogan sneered. "You just asked her why she tried to blow you to kingdom-come; that's all. I suppose you expected her to reply that inside the bomb there was a little note—'Yours with love'—something like that, eh?"

Deems's flush became deeper. "I went to her because I'm quite certain that she didn't plant those bombs."

"You were pretty sure of it when we talked it over a little while ago," jeered Rogan.

Deems lowered his eyes; he was

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"Who is it?" she asked sleepily. "Ferguson, Miss Lydia. There's some men down-stairs insist on seeing you, ma'am."

furiously ashamed of the red upon his cheeks. "If you would talk with her, Rogan, you'd change your mind about her."

Rogan eyed the younger man; into his glance crept sympathy. "You're not a fool, Deems. In fact, you're a mighty bright youngster. That's why I have patience with you. Besides, this war is changing things a whole lot. A lot of people that six months ago, or six weeks ago even, would have died before doing anything dishonorable, have become perverted in their views. They've let an idea, an insane, dishonorable idea, get the better of them. This country has grown to greatness because we stuck to the correct principle: let the majority rule. And the majority has been right so far. But now, in the biggest crisis that the country has ever faced, a comparatively few people have become obsessed with the idea that the majority is wrong. The last ten years seem to have bred a gang of professional 'antis.' Your girl and her father belong to this group. I don't say that either of them are consciously pro-German; but any one who is anti-war just now is pro-German, whether he knows it or not. I don't think I need to talk to Miss Gryce. I realize that you need more evidence than I. That's natural; you're in love with her. But even you must be convinced now."

Deems shook his head. Rogan stared at him.

"But she admitted that she'd been to your room. And didn't Minna see her leave the bomb here?"

"Minna saw the bomb on the floor after she had left," corrected Deems. "According to what Minna says, she was busy with some books when a young woman entered and asked for Mr. Graffe. When Minna told her that you were out, the young woman left. Then Minna saw the thing on the floor. She didn't *see* Miss Gryce put it there."

"What are you driving at?" demanded Rogan.

Deems's jaw set stubbornly. "There are other people just as anxious as Miss Gryce could possibly be to read our obituaries. Isn't it quite possible that de Grecque and the Booklovers Club crowd tumbled to me this afternoon? And they aren't the kind to let the grass grow under their feet. Minna hasn't the best eyes in the world. Some one else might have slipped in and left the bomb."

"Yes, and Hughes might be president—but he isn't," jeered Rogan. "As for Minna's eyes—she got the number of the taxi in which the girl drove away. Thank God she didn't tell it to the policeman. She got her nerve back before she had time to do that."

Deems looked curiously at the Secret Service man. "Where'd have been the harm in her telling?"

"You haven't seen the advertisements in the newspapers telling my business, have you?" said Rogan sarcastically. "This is my own little affair. I hardly care to advertise that there are reasons why pro-Germans should wish to put poor old Heinrich Graffe out of business."

"What did you tell the police?" asked Deems.

"That I couldn't understand the reason for the bomb being placed there. But I gave them the name of a young German whom I happen to know has been in Germany three months. I shouldn't wonder if the police get the idea that I've been a bit of a rake in my day. I think they imagine that the young lady despaired of dragging me to the altar. They'll be a month tracing her from address to address, and when they've decided I'm a liar I'll be able to tell them the truth!"

"And in the meantime? If it was Lydia Gryce who tried to kill us both, why won't de Grecque and his gang know that Graffe is Rogan, and that Curtiss is Deems?"

Rogan's eyes grew puzzled. "That's one of the chances we take, young feller," he said. "Gryce is with de

(*Continued on page 84*)

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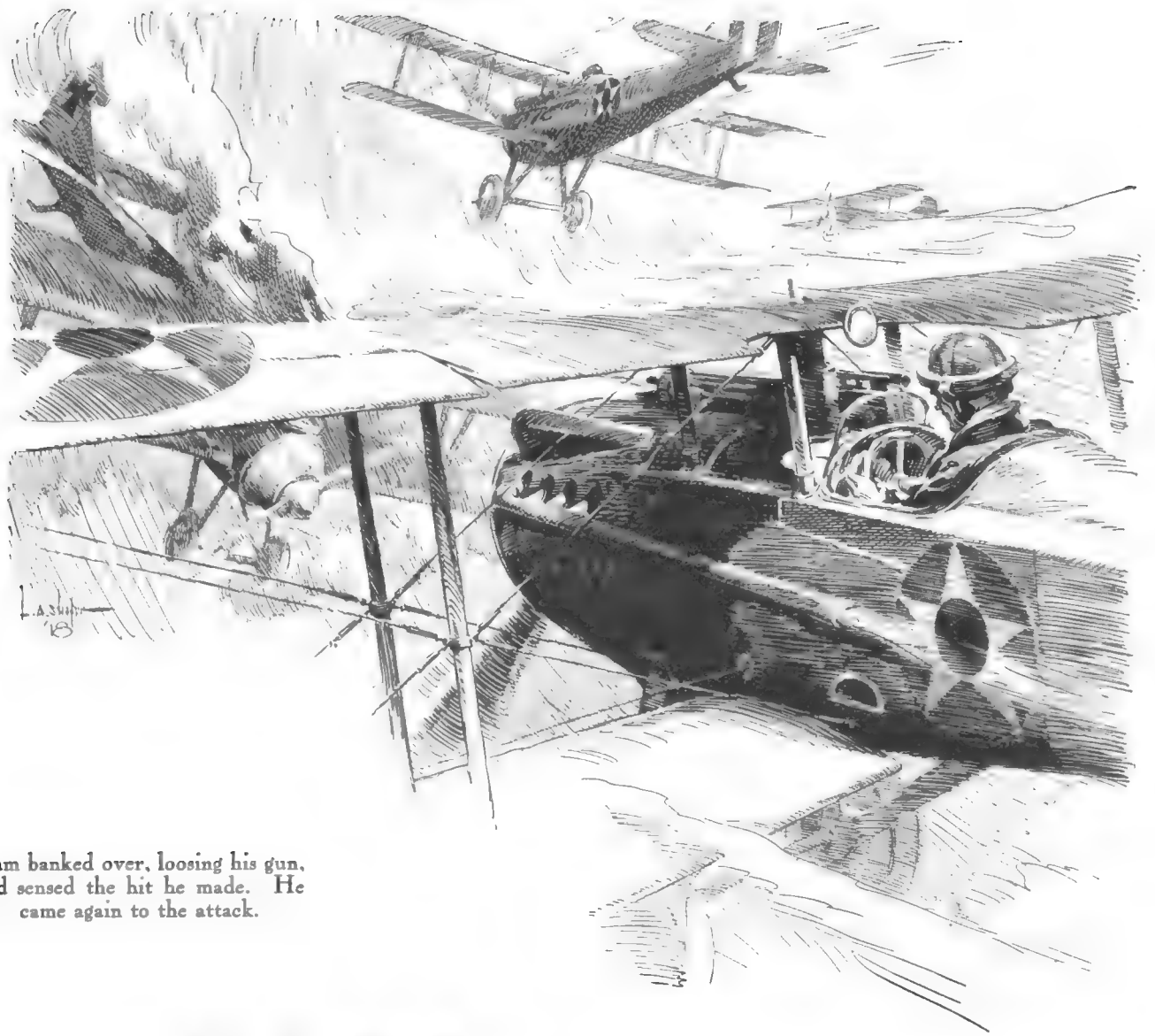

Tam banked over, loosing his gun, and sensed the hit he made. He came again to the attack.

TAM *o' the* SCOOTS

The Duke's Museum

By Edgar Wallace

Illustrated by L. A. Shafer

WHEN the Grand Duke of Friesruhe, son of a Most Exalted and Princely House, heir to Wilhelm XXVI. of Friesruhe, beloved nephew of a Kaiser and a Czar and Colonel of the Third Regiment of the Prussian Guard, expressed his august desire to become a flying officer, permission was immediately given and instructions were issued to the Commander of the Sixty-fourth Corps District (wherein the Duke was stationed) that his Serene Highness was to be allowed to enroll himself a member of the Flying Service, might be photographed in the uniform, might indeed accompany a considerably experienced and trustworthy expert on a ground trial, providing (*a*) the weather were propitious, (*b*) the reliability of the machine had been thoroughly tested, (*c*) staff photographers were present, but that he must not be allowed to fly.

Whereupon the Grand Duke of Friesruhe, who was quite a nice youth, lay low, mastered the technique of the airplane with great assiduity, and on a certain day which was not propitious in the matter of weather, and in a borrowed machine which was notoriously unreliable, climbed to twelve thousand feet alone and unaided in the full view of a pallid staff, which alternately prayed and swore. In the language of court circles it was an "escapade" and the matter did not become serious until the Duke insisted upon becoming a real pilot, whereupon he was summoned to Grand Headquarters and was lectured on obedience by the Most All Highest and Then Some.

He listened to the lecture in silence, standing rigidly at attention, and went

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back to his principality. Within three days the socialistic *Arbeiter-Zeitung* published in his city began a violent agitation for Peace at Almost Any Price, and since the Grand Duke was known to be behind the Friesruhe *Arbeiter-Zeitung*, and the succession to the throne was secure, Grand Headquarters reversed its decision, gave him full authority to break his neck and requested that the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* should be subjected to Preventive Censorship.

So the Duke went joyously to the front, and the *Arbeiter-Zeitung* explained that what it really craved for was a Peace with Annexations and Very Large Indemnities.

That is the true story of how Colonel, the Grand Duke of Friesruhe came to be an air fighter and eventually leader of what was known on the British, French and American fronts as "The Duke's Museum."

It differed from the recognized circuses in this respect: It consisted of two flights of five machines each, and those machines were more or less freakish. All the new types of airplane that ever came to the German army were first tried out by the Museum—and in the most freakish of all it was certain that the Duke himself would be found. The Duke was the first to fly a Fokker, the first to handle a Gotha; he was the very father-in-law of the Friedrichshafen, and the comparatively successful and the comparatively useless types he handled were legion.

The cry of, "Here's the blinkin' Museum comin'!" was sufficient to empty the dugouts and bring even battalion headquarters recklessly into the open to watch twelve "machines—assorted," twelve different types of different speed and varying military values, come staggering across the sky—aerial infants learning to walk.

They were protected. High above drove the jealous scouts, buzzing like bees and relatively as large.

Many and fierce were the battles fought and many were the specimens from the Museum that crashed behind the German lines. But the Duke remained, and presently, on some fine day, our scouts would see him at the head of a straggling line of new and even more eccentric machines.

This new interest had come during the absence in England of Second Lieutenant Tam of the Scouts, and his first acquaintance with the Museum was when, returning from a reconnaissance, he barged into the ragged formation and was greeted (from the ground) by a protective barrage of "flaming onions"—the onion being a highly inflammable rocket which it is unpleasant to meet. He did not stop to investigate, having certain photographic plates which needed urgent development.

"'Twas no' a sense of duty that brought me oot a' ma coorse," reported Tam to his chief as they sat in the mess that night. "'Twas no' the quickenin' pulse of ma fichtin' ancestors—'twas the instinct that makes a wee boy push his way into the crood that surroun's a lad in a fit. Mon! but A'm keen on gettin' a squaint at the Airchduke."

"Grand Duke," corrected Blackie; "Archdukes are Austrian."

"'Tis the same, Major Blackie, sir," said Tam calmly; "Airchdukes are the grandest dukes in Austria—A'm studyin' the subject of dukes the noo. There's a bonnie book just come to me frae ma—frae a friend o' mine" (he never spoke, save in this cautious fashion, of the pretty and vivacious little American girl he had married, and who was now living in Devonshire and watching with apprehension every messenger-boy who carried a telgram); "'tis a wonderful book an' must have cost twa dollars."

"Eight shillings," corrected the youthful "ace" Bagley.

"Twa dollars, ma friend," said Tam, "an' less than eight shillin's, for the currency of ma adopted country is fine an' healthy. Well, noo, why do you interrupt me? This book is aboot war in the days before flyin' machines. They were gay times. When a commander led his flight o'er the enemy's line, he just cranked up his one-seated chairger, filled his petrol-tank wi' beer and whusky—accordin' to whether he was a squire mechanic or a knight obsairver—took a good grip of a ten-foot joy-stick an' said to his wee page—'Contact—let her rip, Alec;' an' off he'd zoom across the wai'ld, not carin' whether it snowed. An' when he met a Hun he'd ficht and ficht till he crashed him an' cut off his heid. Then by rights all the golden airmor of the Hun was his. Or, if he just brought him doon oot of control, he'd put him in a cage an' say, 'Yon feller's ma pairsonal property—his relations can buy him back for ten thousand rose-nobles.'"

"You could buy the earth and Paris if you held your prisoners to ransom, Tam," said Blackie.

"A'm no' so sure," said Tam, shaking his head; "'tis only the men-at-airms an' the young squires A've pinched, wi' an occasional baron—but barons are nothin' in Gairmany. Every Hun A've brought doon so far A've called 'Baron,' an' the only mistake A've made was when A ought to have said 'Coont' or 'Prince.' There are more barons in Gairmany than there are second loots in the British Army—they're as plentiful as Very Lights on a strafe night. Suppose A held a baron to ransom, an' suppose A got through a letter to his family slosh oa achloss, sayin'—'Dear Sair or Madame: A have found a baron bearin' your name an' address. Kindly send ransom for same in strictest confidence.' What d'ye think A'd get? A ten-cent postal stamp?"

"Get the Duke, Tam, and earn promotion," said Blackie, "he smokes the finest cigars of any man in Germany and his pockets are usually filled with them."

"He's a deid mon!" said Tam.

But a grand duke takes a lot of killing.

Tam, patrolling from Gx. 971. A. to Tm. 141 Q (you will search in vain for this hideous disguise of the limits of the Saarville district), came into contact with a flying formation which he at first identified as von Bissing's circus, usually to be found in this region. Closer inspection, however, revealed the fact that the formation was made up of "job lots" and Tam disappeared into the base of a cumulus and circled through the thick mist to pass the time which must elapse before the Museum came within fighting distance. It had been heading his way and so also had the overhead escort—five famous air-fighters formed the guard of honor.

"Land there and get into the hangar as well as you can. You will destroy the machine."

Tam skimmed lower and lower until only the thinnest veil of mist separated

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him from the Grand Ducal Squadron. He judged them to be fifteen hundred feet beneath when he dived straight into the center of the formation.

Airplanes do not emit a startled squeal or roll up the whites of their eyes or shriek for help, but they have a way of illustrating emotion. They scattered and dived, some to the east, some to the north—all except, one, a new Alto-Albatross that pushed its nose up to meet the droning fury.

It was to this machine that Tam directed his attention. He passed the Albatross in a flash, something snapped behind him and a wire stay dangled loosely. He looped back to secure some of the height he had lost, but the Duke was quicker and had maneuvered for the attacking position. Tam banked over, loosing his gun and sensed the hit he made. He came again to the attack, half-circled his enemy, now enveloped in smoke, let fly another fusillade and dropped steeply for earth. Tam did not look up to discover what the German escort was doing. He knew. He dropped because he calculated that at that moment five angry machines, piloted by most redoubtable fighters were driving for him.

He fell for the cover which the flying British Archie gives to airmen in distress, but the five fell with him, for the machine of a Most Exalted Person was smoking and burning in mid-air, and each and every one of the five would be held accountable for any change in the succession to the throne of Friesruhe.

THE Seventy-ninth Patrolling Flight of the United States Army witnessed these deeds from afar off and consumed with morbid curiosity came down from their lofty plane to investigate—and the chase ended.

It was the flight commander who reported, subsequently, that the Duke's machine had made a good landing.

"A'm hopin' the Duke was no' burned," said Tam, "that would be an awfu' waste o' good seegairs."

The Duke was no' burned. His incomparable Museum and Exhibiton of Mechanical Marvels and Magical Air-Conquering Apparatus paraded the Ypres front that same week with the greatest éclat, but this time (according to the report of the Umpte-ninth Squadron R. F. C. supported by the veracious "gulls" of the Royal Naval Air Service) the number of the escort was such that they darkened the sky.

The commander of the Umpte-first complained bitterly that he had lost three machines because of "this infernal obstruction" in the skies.

His machines had been good-natured bombers which were homewardly plodding their weary way, after dropping about three tons of high explosives on Roulers railway station, when they had fallen in with the Museum and its board of trustees, and three pedigreed Page machines were sorely stricken and now lay somewhere in Flanders.

Then one day, a message came through to four fighting squadrons.

"This Museum business is getting on the nerves of G. H. Q.," said Blackie to his assistant.

"What's wrong, sir?" asked that youth.

"The Museum is to be found and smudged out—its aerodrome is to be bombed at every opportunity and the Duke must be crushed."

Lieutenant Baxter whistled. "That's not like G. H. Q.," he said, "that black-hand stuff. What has the poor old Duke been doing?"

Blackie shook his head. "God knows," he said, "but it is something fierce to stir up G. H. Q.—the American and French squadrons have had the same instructions."

He opened a steel safe and took out from a drawer which he unlocked, a long yellow envelope which had been heavily sealed. From this he extracted a slip of paper on which were written about eight lines of handwriting.

"Send Tam to me," he said.

Tam was in the middle of a long composition designed for his "friend," embellished at unexpected intervals with those poems which only Tam could write. He hastily locked away his letter and hurried across to the orderly room.

"Shut the door, Tam," said Blackie—and when this was done—"what I tell you now is in absolute confidence. To-morrow we start sending out to find the Duke and he is to be brought down, if possible, within our lines. If that is not feasible, he must be crashed, and by crashed I mean his machine must be destroyed. You will tell your flight no more than this, that if necessary, you must engineer a collision in mid-air—in fact, ram him."

"Aye, sir," said Tam, gravely nodding.

"I don't know why this order has come out, but it is a very special and confidential instruction. These measures are not to be put into movement until"—he consulted the paper again—"'twelve o'clock noon on the eighteenth'—that's to-morrow."

Tam saluted and departed.

"What do you make of it, sir?" asked Baxter.

"I hardly know," replied Blackie slowly; "but from what some of the Huns we have captured say I rather fancy we have been underrating the Duke. He is one of the best, boldest and most inventive flyers in the German service. He has tried out every good machine they have had, and has made them practicable for general service. I rather fancy the big escort is more to protect him in his experiments than to save his blue blood from spilling. Remember, all his flights are carried out under war conditions."

"But what are the rest of the Museum?" asked Baxter.

"That apparently is camouflage to hide the fact that the machine that is being tried out is the one which the Duke is flying—you remember we used to do the same thing when poor Hall was alive. Hall perfected the Wingate Stabilizer at twelve thousand feet under Archie fire; he improved our bomb sights while actually circling over Trèves. I rather suspect that the Duke is a genius of a similar order."

AT TWELVE o'clock the next day, punctually to the second, the Museum came into sight to the east of St. Quentin. It consisted of ten machines flying in V-shape formation, and as usual no one machine was like another. At the apex of the V was a monoplane with an unusually long mascelle, an unusually long and remarkably narrow wing spread.

The observers, through their telescopes, reported that there was nothing more remarkable than the fact that the monoplane, in spite of its high engine power, did not lose place but maintained its position even though its companions were obviously more antiquated "buses," but most remarkable of all was the report which came through Lieutenant Gordon T. Simms, an observer of the U. S. Air Service, an extract from whose report may be quoted:

"Until engaged by enemy patrols, I had an uninterrupted view of the enemy formation, which was led by a large monoplane resembling in appearance the old Antoinette, which acted as leader. At a distance of a mile or more I saw the Antoinette machine slow until it almost stopped, the remainder of the formation passing on until ten seconds later the formation had advanced leaving the Antoinette well in the rear. It had the appearance of being almost stationary for half a minute, at the end of which time it went forward again at great speed, and took its place at the head of the formation. In the position from which I observed this, it was impossible that I could be the victim of an optical illusion."

Air experts are equally emphatic that it is impossible that an airplane can stand still without losing height. The man who invented such a machine or a pilot who could employ mechanism to produce that result would very nearly solve the last problem of aviation.

At three o'clock in the afternoon, the Museum was seen following the line of the Scarpe in a southwesterly direction, escorted by twenty battle-planes in two formations of ten. The escort was attacked by the 904th, the 623d and the 612th squadrons of the British, and by the 120th and 121st flights of the U. S. Air Services, and by de Mouleys' famous squadron of "aces"; and the battle which raged in the air has come to be historic. Fourteen German airplanes were crashed or driven down out of control and three British and one French. But in the course of the fighting the Museum got away. Again the

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report came through that the Antoinette had distinctly slowed her pace until she was almost at a standstill.

Following this, three British bombing squadrons raided the aerodrome where the Museum was known to reside, and dropped particularly powerful bombs upon the underground hangars—ignoring the inviting array of matchwood sheds which the Germans had erected to draw the fire of raiders.

On the twenty-first, the Museum, with the inevitable Antoinette at its head, but this time made up of much faster machines, came over the British lines and was attacked by the defensive squadrons, four of the Museum dying the death before their guardians could come to their assistance.

Again the Antoinette escaped, and bitter were the words which came humming along the wire which connected G. H. Q. with the squadrons concerned. There was a great ringing of telephone bells, and secret discussions in locked offices where eminent officers consulted in Hindustani, to the intense annoyance of the military exchange.

At eight o'clock, Blackie walked into Tam's quarters, locked the door behind him, took from his pocket a map and a large-caliber pistol of unfamiliar pattern.

Without any preliminary he began:

"The Antoinette is at the Gisors aerodrome — the experimental aerodrome to the north," he said. "We are not taking any chance with a bombing squadron. The hangar is certain to be underground. Here is a signal pistol we took from one of the Museum machines that crashed. It is loaded with a cartridge which shows a red and green light. That is the landing signal for this particular aerodrome."

Tam waited.

"G. H. Q. has heard about you and they want you to make a landing. You will probably be shot if you are caught. Here you are," he spread the map and laid his finger upon a green patch; "*that* is a fairly level plain about two hundred yards from the aerodrome. Land there and get into the hangar as well as you can. You will destroy the machine."

"And they will make anither," said Tam.

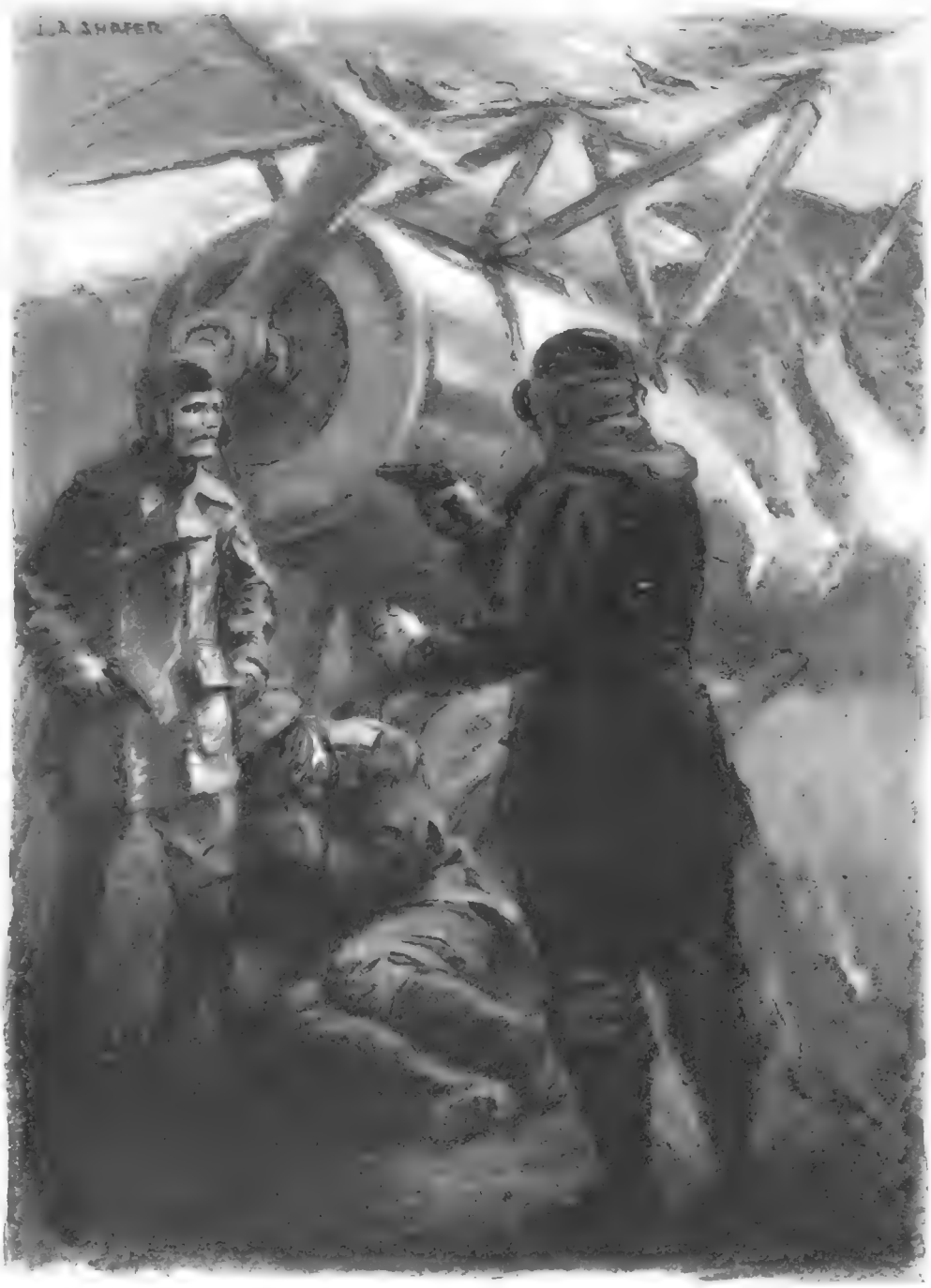
Blackie shook his head.

"It will take them nine months to make another like it," he said. "I have seen the Director of Intelligence. He tells me that this Antoinette is being perfected in the air, and, that the Duke is the only man that can fly it, so far. You may not be able to get back to your machine," he went on, "but you must take the risk. Only use the landing light if they get an Archie barrage on you."

He shook hands and walked abruptly away. He was sending his best man to his death, and anything he might say, now, would be feeble and inadequate. Tam looked at the map and looked at the pistol, opened his desk and took out the letter which he had just finished writing.

He added this P. S.:

"I'll be awa' to make a call on another aerodrome. TAM."



The Duke had been quicker. Two bullets from his automatic went through the leather jacket of the airman before Tam's pistol could swing around and cover him.

To the north of Gisors is a small aerodrome consisting of about half a dozen flimsy huts and three underground hangars which are approached by broad sloping runways. The hangars themselves are protected by nine feet of sandbagging and so elaborately camouflaged that it would be impossible to detect from the air either the runway

(Continued on page 99)

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Then she spoke, unsmiling, undaunted, the Duchess of Siona.

The DUCHESS *of* SIONA

By Ernest Goodwin

Illustrated by Wladyslaw T. Benda

THE young and beautiful Beatrice is Duchess of Siona, a hill town of fourteenth-century Italy. The Sionese are heavily taxed by the Lord Malatesta, who had conquered the city when Beatrice was but a girl of fifteen. Her memory of that terrible conquest and the slaughter that resulted has made her cold and relentless. She hates all men and refuses to marry, although on his deathbed her father exacted the promise from her to allow any man who came courting her, a month's grace before she gave him her answer. The rules she has laid down for her suitors discourage men from trying their luck, and after three years no more suitors come to Siona.

But now, if ever, Siona needs a strong man's hand. Malatesta doubles his taxes and demands a levy of men. And there are threats of rebellion among the guilds. Meantime, Guilielmo, Malatesta's son, wanton, cruel, and a coward, sends a messenger to demand the Duchess in marriage. Beatrice is still quivering from her indignant refusal of this proposal, when a lover is announced, the first in a year.

The Duchess hastens to put on her court robes and in the company of her chancellor enters the room of state where already the court is assembled. However, the suitor who bears himself as a gentleman, proves to be no more than a man without title, by name "just Pedro." The Duchess is so enraged at what she deems his insolence that she gives him to the city mob to punish as they choose, although she forbids his death. While the mob without the castle are having their way with Pedro, Beatrice in great agitation meets a deputation of dyers under her Uncle Gonzalo.

Pedro, meanwhile, plans his revenge. Limping, dripping with mire and in pain, he climbs Monte Rossi. There in a wood, high above Siona, he comes upon a young nobleman for whom life has lost its savor and who is about to hang himself. Pedro begs him to try one more experience and urges him to take his chance at winning the Duchess. Together, as master and man, they enter Siona, Pedro, therefore inviolable. There, Pedro, although he never presumes on a lackey's position, still contrives to make the Duchess constantly aware of his presence. She recognizes his brain in all her new suitor's advice. Even his love-making is borrowed from Pedro. The Duchess begins to lose sleep and longs for the month of trial to come to an end.

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In his arms the Duchess lay, still, unbreathing, white, like a dead woman.

CHAPTER SEVEN (Continued)

SHE was glad that business with her Chancellor required her constant attention. The old man grew graver day by day. She welcomed the growing troubles on which he spoke with her more and more frequently. How, in the face of her townsfolks' growing insubordination, was she to deal with Malatesta's demands? Whispers of the gravity of her situation ran freely about castle and town.

To her surprise and even embarrassment, she found herself receiving what she felt to be weighty counsel from Amati. Diffident till he could touch on her troubles without offending her, he began to put forward proposals that startled her, but which certainly demanded attention. She had now a threefold problem to be dealt with without delay. Her treasury was low. Money must be got in for the ordinary city expenses. Malatesta had let her know that he must have his fresh levy of twenty thousand crowns promptly. He had insisted on her supplying the men-at-arms, but this she had refused again, and Bartoldi on a third visit to her had hinted that possibly for a liberal payment in substitute, the demand for the men might be held over. Then came the matter of the fine she had imposed on the Dyers' Guild. It could not be collected. The Chancellor told her plainly that it would become a matter of a levy by force, and on that he dared not prophesy what might follow. Open treason was talked among the dyers. The wool weavers were scarcely less threatening.

It was at this juncture that Amati hesitated a suggestion. Why did she not take the city more frankly into her confidence, summon some of the principal personages in the town, together with the representatives of some at least of the guilds, major and minor, and give them frankly the state of affairs? Her first impulse was to refuse at once. Autocratic, absolute, unfettered, had been the rule of her ancestors, and to her this suggested innovation seemed almost blasphemy. But Amati, though offering to desist if she commanded him, yet pressed his plan on her. Details he offered little, but in a most ingenious way set out his broad principles on which he desired her to act.

"Are not the care and safety of the city," he asked her, "in all things as important to the citizens as to you?"

She agreed.

"Nevertheless, not one jot of responsibility reposes on them. All is on your shoulders. The pressure from Malatesta is not applied to them, but to you. Their resistance centers, not on Malatesta, but on you. Do you, then, bring them into some relation with you in government that will open their eyes to the position of affairs."

She listened, but refused pointblank, and with no little anger. Next day, however, she found herself discussing the thing again with him. He spoke with a wisdom and certainty that impressed her. She found him opening her eyes to aspects of the city life she herself had not realized. One result of her rule, in which peace had been the goal she had aimed at, had been that Siona had come to enjoy a particular reputation. It had become, during the last three or four years, the chosen abiding-place of more than one man of reputation in Italy who, seeking quietness for his declining years, or security in

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which to enjoy the accumulations of a successful life of adventure, trade, or plunder, found here advantages the rest of Italy could scarcely offer.

Apart from the princely splendor of the castle, palaces were rising in Siona streets. Fine houses were being built on old sites in the town. Pleasant country villas were to be seen among the fields outside the walls. Spite of the imposts of Malatesta, the city had made great strides in the eight years of her rule. Trade flourished. Hold Malatesta's rapacity in check and Siona would be not only wealthy, but mighty. The power of money was now fairly demonstrating itself in Italian politics.

To all this Beatrice listened with a rising pride. She knew it was true. A preoccupied woman, pursuing her task of government in peace with almost a religious ardor, wasting no time where avoidable in hospitality at the castle, she had let this change in the city come gradually upon her unrecognized. But now she saw it was true. Siona, held strongly for peace in her woman's hands, stood out like a green oasis in the desert among the treacheries, conflicts, plots and plans seething among the rabble of republics, princedoms, dukedoms, that made up Italy.

"Call together your notables—summon the Arti—confer. Let them see what you have done, what you do, for them. They take it all for granted. Tell them now of this fresh levy from Malatesta. Ask them to allot the taxation among themselves."

"Nothing but quarreling," she objected.

"Among themselves," he answered. "Whereas now you bear it all."

Next day he was at her again. Spite of herself, she felt now compelled to listen, discuss the thing she had at first flatly refused. He had a new persuasiveness, spoke with a decision and complete knowledge of his subject that puzzled her. Such a boy, she had regarded him. Now, while he talked, she found herself surveying him wonderingly. She would not yet admit him right, nor promise to do anything of what he counselled, but he spoke weightily, moderately, insistently, with a strength of mind and will she had thought beyond him.

SHE was driven at last to defending her opposition the best way she could. "Which of the Arti should she summon?"

"All," he told her. "Let all confer."

"But some are so very small and unimportant."

"Yet all are taxed. The great guilds require holding in check."

She foresaw a weakening of her power in associating herself with certain of the notables. They might presume. He was ready. Let notables and tradesmen sit together, in secret if need be, and bring her only such advice as they agreed upon. No man among them could presume too far. He must confess himself strong only in the backing of the town opinion.

"But suppose the town opinion directly contrary to mine?"

"Well," he asked her, "in that case, what?"

She sat, thoughtful. "Consider, Beatrice," he reasoned, "the life of this town is a tremendous thing. If in this way you find its mind set on a certain course, would you dare to oppose it?"

"My father never asked permission from the town," she gave him.

"Your father felt the town's pulse, Duchess; you never do."

"I pray for guidance," she answered. It was true. She ruled honestly, as far as she could see her way, under God.

"Are you rejecting it now, maybe?" he said, quite simply. She stared at him and wondered.

Bit by bit she came round; she discussed the plan with her Chancellor. He, too, was hostile at first, but later came strongly round to Amati's side. In his heart of hearts the old man had fallen into despair of the future, and he had made up his mind that a marriage with Amati was the one solution. He put his own strong prejudices on one side, and declared himself heart and soul in favor of the calling of a council. She began to discuss the day, the meeting-place. One thing she was determined on—she would admit neither dyers nor weavers. Both these guilds were now openly rebellious, and a demand of the Chancellor's for the payment of the fine in the Pandolph matter was answered with impudent derision. Amati at first had no answer, but later in the day came forward with a suggestion. It would provoke bitter feeling to single these two guilds out for deliberate exclusion. Let her permit it to be known later that in calling a meeting for the allocation of fresh taxation, she had reluctantly excluded those guilds—no names—which had not paid taxes already lawfully imposed.

She yielded, yet claimed another week for consideration before formal announcement. "Amati," she said, "you make me feel like a little girl." She felt, indeed, that this young blade, for all his romance and childish egotism, was equipped with a mind of a caliber she had not met before.

The thing being settled now, all but her formal consent, was noised through the city. Immense excitement was aroused. Beatrice found herself a popular personage. She seldom went out of the castle, but twice having occasion to pass through the streets, on both occasions on foot, she was surrounded, pressed upon, huzzaed, pelted with flowers and salutations. Two days later the Chancellor, chuckling immoderately, disclosed an even more gratifying result. The dyers' council had called on him, earnest, remorseful, anxious to beg him to accept—they brought it with them, in bags, all ready—the two thousand crowns' fine—the arrears of last year's taxation, and the whole sum, right to a soldo, of this year's. Only the first moiety was due, but in their deep loyalty to their beloved mistress, they had determined to make but one bite at the cherry. Here was the lot. They proffered it almost on their knees. Hot after the dyers came the weavers. They, too, brought their ducats.

THE Chancellor accepted with great gravity, and duly passed over his receipt. "This will gratify my mistress, my good fellows," he assured them. "I know of no reason for this exemplary conduct on your part—have you any request to make?"

"None, none," they assured him. A sense of their civic duties had been vouchsafed them, and they had hastened to act on what they felt was a loyal and patriotic impulse. If at any time her Grace should feel disposed to take counsel with the town on matters affecting the town's welfare, they, the dyers and weavers, yielding to no other guild in devotion to their beloved mistress, stood ready, if she graciously might desire it, to offer the best advice that lay in their noddles.

The Chancellor nodded, with sly significance. With sly recognition of his slyness they withdrew, both sides immensely pleased. Amati was told. "I expected as much," he said simply. She stared at him. His presence bewildered her. She felt almost timid in his company. How boyish, she felt, looking at him secretly from time to time, yet how great!

Like a thunderbolt came a sudden revealing—the whole thing from first to last was Pedro—Pedro—Pedro!

The thought of that came upon her one night like an inspiration. She had been lying awake for some hours, and, as seemed unavoidable, her thoughts turned to the lackey. She was full of distrust concerning him. He had been less than usual in evidence these last days. That had kept her watchful. Where and how would she next come into contact with the man? When he chose, she knew. Even now, she had little doubt, he was scheming something. What? And on the instant, knew. She slashed straight in like a swordsman at Amati next day, and got it all out of him. She assumed certain knowledge, and the lad's defense went down before her immediately. "So, all this fine plan of yours comes from your man," she said, suddenly turning on him. He flamed red, consciously guilty.

"How did you know?" he faltered. "I promised him not to tell you."

"You dared," she said bitterly, "to confer with that man on my state affairs?"

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"Ah!" The Jew remained silent, his eyes on Pedro, and doubtless as Pedro's brain was busy at work summing his man up, so doubtless he himself was being appraised silently.

"Beatrice," he pleaded—"it is presumption—I see it now, but, if you could understand—talking with him seemed no impropriety."

She sent him miserably away and raged off to the Chancellor. She would have no council now, she told him in a voice that meant unquestioning obedience. Fortunately, no formal announcement had been made. He shrugged his shoulders and let the change of affairs become known. He smiled grimly to himself, too. There was humor in the thing, after all—the dyers and weavers had paid up!

To his immense relief, that was the town's view of the thing, too. The exasperation, which was undoubtedly evoked by the refusing of the consultation, was swept away in the flood of a vast joke. The dyers and weavers had paid up. Spite of all their truculence, they had paid, not only the fine, but the year's taxes in advance. The Duchess sprang into immense favor. What a masterly bit of policy! How she had humbugged them! When next she went out in the town, they cheered her like madmen. Her fineness they could never realize, but this bit of artfulness tickled them. They joyed in the newly demonstrated cunning of their Duchess. Smart little devil, she!

She got to know their minds about her, and boiled inwardly. It all went down to Pedro. It was insufferable. She would not, would not, permit this sort of thing to go on. He was treating her like a child. She remembered how Amati had suddenly been revealed to her as a man of power, strength, grip. It was merely a pale reflection of his own lackey. He had the ability to overawe her even through the medium of another man. How much longer—oh, how long? Only twelve days more. The one cheering thought was that she had divined him by her own instinct in time to avoid acting on his suggestions. She had no doubt that his plan had been to carry the thing into operation and then let it be disclosed that he, not her lover, but her lover's lackey, had directed her policy. That much she had been spared, at any rate. No doubt, she thought, he would look forward to another rebuke from her, a verbal encounter in which she now admitted to herself she would never be a match for him. That mistake she would avoid. She would not castigate him; she would ignore him.

If only she had not been human and very woman.

Again she encountered him, alone. Afterward she knew infallibly that she had met him there in the main hall, with no one else there, not by chance, as it seemed, but by his contriving. Oh, yes, he brought the meeting about. And his sudden arrest of his own walk as she passed him, his head slightly bent, a proper lackey's attitude, was of course meant to evoke, as it did, her sudden resolution to risk another wordy encounter.

"Stand there," she ordered him, harshly. She had come now to treat him with open hostility that was almost brutal.

"You have again dared to discuss me with your master."

"My master does me the honor at times to speak of your Grace."

"You discuss my policies, my city's management."

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"My lord takes an interest in these things."

"You send me advice, by his mouth."

"No, Madam. He honors me by asking how I should act in such and such a case. I am his servant—he pays me. How could I decline to offer my views when he demands them?"

"Why should he ask your views?"

"I have myself wondered, your Grace. He is a young man zealous in enquiry. By this he learns much."

"What does he expect to learn from you?"

"I share your curiosity, Excellence."

She was losing again, she felt. She had been a fool to speak. She would withdraw, loftily.

"Understand. I forbid you to take any interest in my affairs."

"Interest, Excellency?"

"Interest, I said."

"I assure your Excellency I do not presume to suffer your affairs to interest me in the slightest."

Impossible to go any further. She threw a look full of anger at him and turned away. Struck by a thought as she reached the door of the room she used as her bower with her ladies, she turned. As she expected, he was following, respectfully. He had intended to open the door for her again. She stopped dead.

"Stop!" He stopped. She could not trust herself to speak. She pointed to the door at the other end of the hall. He bowed, turned and walked away. She walked into her bower. Pedro's head, swivelling over his shoulder, saw her pass in. It was well for him that she saw nothing of the look on his face.

As he crossed the hall the Chancellor entered and stopped him with a question. With the Chancellor were two monks, one a gross-built man of fifty, the other smaller, his cowl still down so that it was impossible to see his face.

"Friend Pedro," said the Chancellor, "is her Grace near?"

"In her bower, my lord, with her ladies." Pedro indicated the door through which she had just passed.

THE Chancellor turned to the monks. "Wait here, and I will see if she will grant you an interview."

The tall monk answered with intention, "A refusal would scarcely be wise."

"My mistress," answered the Chancellor with asperity, "is Duchess of Siona."

"Oh, doubtless," answered the monk, with something of a sneer. "But we shall count on your good offices."

The Chancellor, his face flushing, did no more than repeat his "Wait here," and turning his back on them left the hall.

The taller monk turned to speak to his companion, throwing a glance round the room at the same time. Pedro had vanished.

The monk laughed quietly. The other threw back his cowl, disclosing his face. It was that of a man of thirty, thinly bearded, thin-lipped, long, narrow, small-eyed, common and sensual in every feature. His large, high-bridged nose carried no indication of strength of will, his chin was obstinate but weak. One got a sense of repulsion from his face even in its repose. When he smiled, as now, disclosing long teeth, he called up strong aversion. Something seemed to amuse him highly. He held out his monk's robe in both hands as a woman might her gown, and swept a courtesy. The other laughed.

"So far, very smooth," he said. "Here we are in her very castle, and you come in without comment from a soul. Dear son in Christ! Why were you not bred to the church? Arms gained a prize, but religion lost a pearl when you put armor on."

"Even from my own point of view, my good Gieronimo, I am not sure that my father apprenticed me to the right trade. One gets new ideas. This frock might pass me to new worlds. Some of these nunneries must hold here and there a rare slip of grace, eh, you old devil? I should like to hear a confession or two before I quit this guise. Let me be father confessor to a pretty nun, and there should be matter for disclosure next time she listed her sins—ah, Gieronimo, lad?"

"Forgive him, saints," said the tall monk, raising pious eyes, "and turn his thoughts from things carnal to the chaste proprieties of our present purpose. The flesh, the flesh, indeed, but ah, regarded by the light of divine sanction, rather than by the flaring candle of undisciplined libertinage."

"Any light you choose, Gieronimo, if the flesh is as pretty as they tell me. Marble, they say, scarce warmed. Well, well, a blush might set it off, I take it——"

"Hush, reprobate—here comes our audience."

The door opened, both monks turned toward it, the shorter man's cowl again over his face. The Duchess entered, the Chancellor holding the door open for her and following her in.

Behind the state chair there opened out of the hall a large room little used, save as a wardrobe-room in which were hung certain of the Duchess's ceremonial robes, seldom called for. The tapestries with which the hall was hung were cut here, yet joined across the door, so that without difficulty it was possible to stand in the recess of the doorway of this room entirely hidden by the hangings. A mere step through the slash in the tapestry and the hiding-place was gained and with it vision and overhearing of what went on in the hall. A hanging, a flogging, a cropping of ears might well follow on discovery, but a man sufficiently curious and reckless had his chance here. I say no more; you should know your Pedro by now.

Both monks bowed. Gieronimo spoke; the other merely stooping, hands clasped in sleeves.

"Greetings, Excellency."

She gave the faintest inclination of her head.

"My service to my Lord Malatesta. You come from him?"

"We come from Missona, but not from my Lord Malatesta."

"Whom have I dealings with at Missona, save Malatesta?"

"Our message is from my Lord Guilielmo, my Lord Malatesta's son."

HER stiffness stiffened. She moved a step away. "Let your message be brief, or if you wish to speak at length, let us come into the open air—I live in these rooms."

The cowled monk gave a start and lifted his head. "Madam!"

"Forbear, brother Jacinto." The tall monk stopped him, and continued authoritatively to the Duchess, "Madam, be advised and speak with more discretion. The matter we come on must have a decent hearing."

That was no word to use to her. "You say 'must,' to me!"

The Chancellor interposed. "Madam, a moment. Father, if her Excellency indicates her feelings toward your master, I never yet heard that my Lord Guilielmo was aught but proud of his reputation."

The tall man smiled dryly. "That's true. He is a prince and has a prince's way, both in love and war."

The Duchess answered him. "Rumor speaks more loudly of his gallantry in the alcove than in the field. Enough, Chancellor—" the old man was again about to check her—"I will deal with this." She faced Gieronimo. "You have a message. Deliver it."

Gieronimo paused a moment, then met her in her mood.

"Briefly, then, my Lord Guilielmo sends you this message: He is deeply grieved at your harsh treatment of his painted presentment, yet not offended, as he might well have been. He finds in that a spirit that matches in its quality the wonder of your beauty."

She broke in, impatiently. "In brief—in brief!"

"In brief, then, he sends us to confess him more than ever your slave, your lover ardent and aspiring, and makes formal request for your hand in marriage."

He stopped there. He well might. The look on her face forbade speech.

She stood motionless for a space, not looking at Gieronimo, not looking at any one, only regarding, it seemed, her hands, clasped loosely together and hanging down. After a little while she raised her head and spoke, quietly. "Am I indeed sunk to this?"

(*Continued on page 103*)

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A Row of Poplars; Central Park

By Alter Brody

The poplars stood in a straight row,
Upright under the moon,
Facing the broad sidewalk of the Avenue—
Their tipped heads rising high over the park wall,
Their slender bodies cutting sharply through the humid air,
Like dark-draped statues.
Elms,
Thick-trunked and fan-shaped,
Arched toward each other across the walk,
Forming a leafy arcade by the park wall.
Crowds sauntered through the arcade,
In twos and threes and fours,
Streaming back and forth—
Bevies of young girls
In light summer dresses, with hair curled roguishly over their ears,
Laughing and chattering as they tripped along,
Coquetting boldly with the boys;
Plump-bodied, perspiring matrons, trying to keep pace with their husbands,
In stiff silk dresses and little straw hats;
Sweethearts strolling arm-in-arm,
Looking at each other happily,
Oblivious of everything else.
At intervals
On the long benches by the park wall,
Couples sat huddled amorously together—
Their intertwined shadows projecting onto the walk,
Under the passing feet.
Near-by,
On the other side of the park wall,
The poplars stood in a straight row,
Upright under the moon,
Virginally slender—
Holding themselves stiffly aloof.
Afar
The lake lay in the moonlight—
Gold and black and silver
Rippling together.

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BELGIUM

(*Continued from page 32*)

with life prostrate, empty of men and all who could get away, and swarming with foreign soldiers, it was beyond words, haggard, forlorn, and disreputable; everywhere there was dirt, the disgusting dirt of war, that seemed to sift into every crevice, every crack and cranny, and to cover everything!

The Crown Prince Rupprecht of Bavaria, who commanded that district, had invited us to dine with him that night. Villalobar had scented the function from afar and we had taken dinner jackets, absurd as it seemed to do so with a visit to the trenches in prospect, and I dressed that evening in my room overlooking the courtyard of l'Hôtel de l'Europe, with the sound of booming guns in my ears.

AN OLD servitor in a long, dark-gray coat with two rows of brass buttons, his bald head bowed in an habitual servile stoop, descended the steps to meet us when at twilight we entered through the great gate between bearded sentinels and drove up to the château which the Prince occupied outside the town. The long salon into which we were shown was furnished in the execrable taste of some newly rich manufacturer, and ornamented with a portrait bust of the proprietor, which, as a last touch of taste and to lend an air of artistic verisimilitude, the resemblance so much desired in portraitism, wore eye-glasses on its marble nose.

The officers who composed the suite of the Crown Prince came one after another into the salon, pausing in the doorway to click their heels and bow formally. One after the other they were presented, and presently we all fell back, and there entered a slender, tall, rather weary man, in a gray fatigue jacket, whose dark-blue trousers, with very wide stripes, were strapped under his long military boots.

Every one bowed before the Crown Prince. He entered with a little smile on his face and von der Lancken presented Villalobar and me. He spoke to us in French with an accent more refined, I think, than the accent of the Prussians when they speak French. He seemed sincere and cordial in manner, with nothing of exaggeration in his bearing, a thin, gray man, as I have said, weary, with a lean, smooth-shaven gray face and a little brush of gray mustache. He seemed to be about fifty years of age, though I believe he was not so old.

We stood about, uttering the customary banalities, until the wide glass doors between the salon and the dining-room swung open and we went in to dine. Villalobar was seated on the right of the Crown Prince, I on his left. I had on my left the Count A——, a tall, well-set-up reddish man, with a pleasant manner and a good deal of intelligence, and we chatted pleasantly throughout the simple dinner that was served. There were but five courses, indicated on the menu by their German names, a pastry, a bit of salmon, a roast chicken, a salad, great mounds of ice-cream, and white and red wines. The old servitor handed about cigars and cigarets at the table and when we had gone into the salon, continued to hand them around, bearing the while a candle, from the yellow flame of which we lighted them. The footman served no coffee, but instead large goblets of beer, and these they continued to serve throughout the evening, while the old servitor passed gravely around and around with his tall lighted candle.

The Crown Prince withdrew with Lancken into a corner near the window and they talked in low tones for a long time, while I chatted with the affable Count about all sorts of things, trying to avoid the war, for the notes on the *Lusitania* were being exchanged at that moment. But the conversation, by the irresistible attraction of the subject with which the very atmosphere throbbed, inevitably veered round to the war, as the needle oscillating an instant, turns unerringly to the magnet pole. And the Count introduced the topic by saying:

"If you in America had not provided ammunition to the Allies the war would have been over long ago."

I decided to end it there and then. I looked at him and said:

"Don't use that tone, I pray." He laughed and we did not discuss munitions of war, nor war at all.

The Crown Prince finished his chat with Lancken after a while, and, seating himself, signed to us all that we might be seated, and beckoned to me to come close. Villalobar and I then sat on either side of him and he sent my Count out to see what the news of the day was.

His Royal Highness was very amiable. He addressed me in English, with an apology, saying he could not speak the language very well, that he had been out of practise for a long time; but as a matter of fact he spoke it remarkably well, though presently he drifted into French. He told us about his many voyages, especially his visit to America; and said that he hoped after the war was over to make another visit to America, for he was deeply interested in many of our institutions. He said that it was good of us to have come down to visit his command and that he had tried to arrange an interesting itinerary for us, that naturally it was difficult to see everything in the course of one day, but he trusted that we would not find it uninteresting.

As he sat there he smoked a light cigar and took an occasional sip from the goblet of beer the old servitor had placed on a little table before him, and then at nine o'clock—it was ten o'clock, their time—he rose and said that inasmuch as we should have to arise early in the morning he would allow us to depart and get some rest. Then, amid universal bowing and clicking of spurred heels, he withdrew.

At the dinner-table there were, besides his Royal Highness, the Count on my left, and Villalobar, Lancken, Harrach and I, four other officers; one of them a red-faced, heavy German who said nothing during the entire meal; next to him and across from Villalobar was a well-set-up chap with a head somewhat like that of Louis Philippe. He spoke in a heavy voice, and when he was not talking German he seemed to prefer English, which he spoke with an English accent. Indeed, he may have belonged to that class of younger Germans who ape the English. There was another young officer of the same type, wearing a monocle and English puttees, also speaking English with a pronounced English accent. The first of these two, a captain, had been detailed by the Crown Prince to conduct us on our visit of inspection on the following day. As we were about to leave he explained to me that we must be ready and awaiting him at the hotel at six-forty—that would be twenty minutes to six, Belgian time.

Villalobar, knowing that I had neglected to cultivate the habit of early rising, perhaps the easiest device known to man for acquiring cheaply a reputation for virtue, laughed and said:

"That's too early for you."

"We chose this hour," our captain explained, "because naturally we do not wish to expose you more than is necessary. We are going into the trenches opposite the English and at that hour things are more quiet than at any other time of the day; it is the hour when the English breakfast, and they don't like to be disturbed at their meals."

The captain said this with perfect seriousness and without the slightest suspicion, I am sure, of the reason why Villalobar gave me an amused glance of comprehension. And then we drove away through the darkness of the park, bearded Bavarian sentinels saluting, and a spy in civilian dress emerging from the bushes under the trees, snatching off his hat and standing stiffly at attention as we rode by and through the great gates.

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We went to the hotel, asked to be called at five-thirty — four-thirty our time—and went at once to bed. When I got to my room and opened my window I could hear the booming of the heavy guns and when I got to bed I discovered that there were two town clocks in Lille, within striking distance of each other, and between the ugly booming of the guns and the still uglier striking of the clocks it was not easy to get to sleep.

I WAS awakened by a terrible cannonade in the midst of which I heard German voices calling to each other across the courtyard which my room overlooked. It was dawn, and looking out of my window I saw an airplane soaring high overhead and all about it the exploding shrapnel. It was so near that I could hear the roar of the motor, could hear the whistle and shriek of the shells, and presently to this horrible noise there was added the drumming of machine guns. It was weird, there in the silent dawn, in that French provincial hotel. From every window frowsy, sleepy German heads thrust out. Two German soldiers on the roof, one of whom I identified as Fritz, von der Lancken's orderly, had crawled out of the window in the mansard to see this battle in the air.

The aviator was flying toward us and was soon directly over the court-yard, and to the horrid racket of the shells and the machine guns there was now added the rattle of the falling pieces of shrapnel on the pavement of the courtyard. It was nearly four o'clock —useless to try to sleep—and so I shaved, looking out of my window the while at the black puffs of smoke from the exploding shells. Down in the courtyard, where if it were in time of peace one might have gone back in imagination a half century and pictured a diligence, there was a little French boy darting in and out from the cover of a doorway to pick up pieces of the shrapnel, while a covey of birds, at each fresh hail of metal, flitted uneasily from one tree to another, trying to find a hiding-place.

I was hardly dressed when the waiter brought me my tea—they called it tea—and a few crackers. The little Frenchwoman who seemed to conduct the hotel had told me the night before, with a long face and an apologetic gesture: "We are not very rich, sir."

At six-thirty, their time, five-thirty ours, we were all in the court yard below waiting for our captain; the battle in the sky had ended, but the booming of the guns in the distance still came to our ears.

Captain X—— came promptly in a huge gray car, with a black-white-and-red target on the lantern in front, and the arms of the Crown Prince on the side. He was accompanied by the officer with the monocle and by another officer, and we raced off through the city at a frightful speed to a park somewhere beyond the citadel. Sentinels tried to halt us, but the officer with the monocle, who had mounted to the seat beside our chauffeur, shouted some terrible German words at them and smote them into an immobile attitude of attention.

At several places the road was barred by wooden, stone or wire barricades, but these our monocled captain did not respect. He ordered the soldiers to remove them and sometimes even did not wait for them to be thrust aside, but had the car driven around them on the sidewalks, and thus we were whirled, our siren screaming, out on to the road to Armentières.

We paused once, by a door in a château wall, where a sentinel, a Saxon, from his green cap with the horse's tail twisted about it, stood at salute, while a young Saxon officer, an aid of the general commanding the corps, whose trenches we were to visit, came out and joined us, and we went screeching on to Armentières.

The long highway was cumbered with all the engines of war—guns, caissons, battalions of infantry, squadrons of cavalry, and always wagon-trains lumbering on heavily toward the front, that insatiable front, stirring up forever clouds of dust, that settled subtly on everything, and made everything obnoxious to the touch, to the sight, to all the senses. But at the importunate and imperative screech of the siren on the gray car, with the target of the staff and the arms of the Crown Prince, they all hastily turned aside, and we passed, whirling on through the dusty villages, whose every door was chalked in German, and from whose every window showed the frowsy yellow outthrust heads of the German soldiers quartered there, with the women slaving for them, and the toothless old men with trembling chins sitting on the doorsteps in the sun vacantly staring at the changing scenes of that onward progress toward the front.

BEYOND, there were heavy woods, and the terrible devastation of the war, ruins, and the wreckage left in the train of the battle with the retreating English in the autumn; back among the trees now and then, some ruined old château, its windows staring vacantly, its white façade riddled by shell and ball, inexpressibly sad and desolate. There was not anywhere a single inhabited house; all were long since deserted! At last we stopped at the edge of a wood and there, with the sweet morning air blowing over us, already under the artillery fire that goes on continually and, as it were, forever, between the Germans and the English across the lines of the trenches, we heard the screaming of the shells overhead. That shriek of the shrapnel is a horrid sound. I had often read descriptions of it. There are many comparisons—"lost souls moaning in the wind," "the wail of damned spirits," etc.; it is some one of the many sounds of hell, no doubt, but nothing brings the sound more vividly to my mind than the instinctive gesture which the captain with the head like Louis Philippe's made to his brother officer with the monocle, when as a shell went over us, he placed his clenched fists together and then rent them apart as though giant hands were ripping asunder some heavy piece of cloth.

THE captain produced an engineer's drawing of the trenches which we were about to visit, and while we stood there on the edge of that cool wood, began to explain: we would enter the rear trenches here, pass on to the second line here, then enter the first line here. I was not watching the well-drawn plan of the trenches—what can be more stupid than a plan of anything, especially when you are to see the thing itself?—but looking at a wagon-train that went rumbling by, the drivers staring at us with that strange expression that dwells in soldiers' eyes.

We left the motors behind and went out from the cover of the woods and walked along the road, stretching dusty yellow before us in the sun, toward a little village where was the entrance to the rear trenches. On either side lay the neglected fields, overgrown with grass and weeds, and wonderful with red poppies, bluets, and little yellow and white flowers and great masses of an exquisite lavender, some flower that I did not know. There were wonderful bits of color all about, a wonderful sky above and a wonderful peace around, had it not been for the shells overhead and what lay before us in the trenches just beyond.

We walked on in the hot sun for a quarter of a mile. On each side soldiers were digging new trenches to be used in case of a retreat or, as one officer explained, as if he considered retreat unlikely, to keep the soldiers busy; there were barbed-wire entanglements in the woods, some of them cunningly concealed, and, to Villalobar's amusement, a kind of obstruction called Spanish cavalry. And always those flowers in the fields and the perfume of them and the sweet morning sunlight, and always that noise of shrapnel overhead that seemed to darken the sky. There was a lane, a quiet, peaceful country lane, that turned away to the left into the woods that lay across the field; at the entrance to the lane there was a sentinel, a young and pretty boy, he could not have been more than seventeen. He came to attention, his blue eyes fixed in a kind of terror on these officers; his eyes never left

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them; he stood very erect and constantly tried to stand more erect, ever more respectfully and attentively and correctly, by jerking his head back again and again—in an agony of fear, an obsequious, exaggerated respect. All the soldiers did that, boys and old men, all in terror, all obsequious, the old even fawning and cringing. And the young officers strutted carelessly by, striking their puttees with their whips, and indifferently acknowledging the salutes.

JUST ahead was a little village, and across the road a barricade of sandbags and stones and wood piled as high as my head. And there was a hut, with a low door, and from it at our approach there emerged a little man in a gray uniform, with gray hair, gray eyes and eye-glasses, a mild-mannered little man, introduced as Captain Z——. He commanded the company stationed at that post and it was his trenches we were to visit. His little hut had a roof of corrugated iron, with sod on top of it; inside, a table with a telephone, some books, some papers, a cot, a washstand, a picture on the wall, a little stove for cold days.

Near by was another hut, with earth thrown over it; and the little gray captain drew back a curtain at its entrance to show us soldiers sleeping heavily after their night in the trenches. They were curled up in frowsy bunks—and the air inside was not pleasant.

The road had now become the main street of the village, and the barricade thrown across it, the captain explained, was necessary because the road was in the direct line of the fire from the English trenches. To reach the German trenches we had to cross the road, edging close up to the barricade, to the houses on the other side of the street. The houses were all empty and silent; all the houses in that poor little town were empty and silent; not a window was left in one of them, not a door; the walls were riddled and split by bullets and shrapnel, the bricks chipped and peppered. On the floors inside were heaps of wreckage, all the filthy débris, the social intimacies of a deserted human habitation, sordid relics of sordid lives tragically interrupted, left behind by fleeing refugees before advancing armies in the autumn.

The Germans had knocked holes in the party walls, so that one could pass directly from one house to another and be sheltered from the fire. And so we passed on through one silent house to the next of that deserted village, through backyards overgrown with weeds, littered with rubbish, here and there the souvenirs of some former occupant, happy, maybe, in his quiet home—a portrait hanging crookedly on the wall, having escaped somehow all those shells; a little lace curtain blowing out of a window in that sweet morning breeze; the abomination of desolation spoken of by the prophet, depressing in the extreme.

There was not a living being in sight, and then, suddenly, we came upon a soldier sitting in the kitchen of a house, at a common table. His head was bound up in a white surgical bandage as big as a turban, and he wore an old faded, threadbare black frock coat, that made him ridiculous. He had been wounded and was convalescing. He was breakfasting on a piece of black bread upon which, with a pocket-knife, he was spreading some kind of grease from a tin, and had a tin cup of coffee. At our approach he sprang to his feet, came to attention, and stood there; our officers spoke to him, with the condescending sugary kindness that wardens and jailers display toward inmates of prisons when visiting and inspecting committees are about; myriad flies were crawling over his tin of paste and his hunk of black bread.

In the rear of the house, close by an old wall, in an entrance cunningly concealed, we descended steps cut in the earth to a narrow trench, like those dug for water-pipes in city streets, six feet deep, scarcely a yard wide, and were lost in the labyrinth of the German trenches. I was ahead with the monocled captain, the others came on in single file behind, clattering on the wooden gratings that made a floor for the trenches. They were very clean in that dry clay. And always overhead those shells, those bullets; the English were not all at breakfast.

We entered a graveyard; the trench was cut directly through it. On either side I could have laid my hand on a grave where still reposed the hideous flowers in which French graveyards abound. And there in the center, high over our heads, was reared a great Golgotha, a monstrous crucifix, the white body of the Christ on its wooden cross, spotted again and again by black holes where bullets had pierced it. The arms of the cross were splintered, but there the Christ hung pitiably, in that hail of balls, a great black hole in his white side, with an aspect terribly human—and no one commented on the dramatic picture and all its fearful, poignant, ironic implications. We walked on in silence.

SOLDIERS here and there flattened themselves against the side of the trench to let us pass, or slipped into little recesses. They looked more like workingmen than soldiers; they wore only trousers, boots and undershirts. We came from time to time to little dugouts where men were standing or sitting or sleeping; and in a place as wide as a cistern some men were sawing wood, making grating for the trenches. The soldiers were silent and very sober. They never smiled; they simply flattened themselves against the sides of the trenches as we passed by, staring at us without interest or curiosity, dull, or, maybe, benumbed, though perhaps only properly disciplined. In one of these dugouts there was a bench and a bunk where men were sleeping, and there was a little pup chained within, a cowering, whining, pitiful thing; when I patted it, it shivered all over in its fawning affection. The soldiers had tried to find little comforts, little distractions, little ameliorations. Prints cut from illustrated journals or portraits of the Kaiser or of Hindenburg or other German worthies; some of the trenches were named, like streets, after Paris or other cities; one, in clumsy humor, was "*rue des Barbares*" (Barbarian Street).

AND so we threaded the trenches, piercing deeper into the hopeless labyrinth. There were more and more soldiers as we progressed, though the trenches were not full of them, as I had imagined. But the captain showed us a rusty iron gong on which he said the alarm was beaten in case of attack, so that the concealed reserves could come forward to the defense. I could not understand how he could find his way through this maze, but presently he told me that we were in the second line of trenches. We were now seeing more men, more guns, more alarm gongs, boxes of hand-grenades. Two black wires ran along the trench for electric lights; some of the trenches in water-bearing ground were made with wicker linings, and here and there reinforcements of concrete, and there were structures like Eskimo huts, also made of concrete—depots for ammunition.

There was a curious effect of silence in those trenches, despite the infernal noise of the shells overhead. But we got used to that. I neglected after a while even to duck my head every time a shell or a ball had gone over.

There was, too, a sense of order and of cleanliness, except—loathsome detail—everywhere, over all, there were crawling flies, millions of them, moving about sluggishly, deliberately, over the edges of the walls of the trenches. On the gratings little green toads were hopping; one, in a strange respect for life, had to be careful not to step on them.

That was all, that and a bunch of poppies and vines overhanging the edges of the trenches where the sandbags were piled. No one was firing from our trenches; we saw no killed, no wounded even; those men seemed to have nothing to do with that hail of balls that flew always just over our heads, the shells, highest of all, describing great parabolas in the air, which they seemed to darken almost palpably, like a cloud. That was imagination, of course; the sun was blazing in a brazen sky.

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The bullets whistled, or sang, with that buzzing sound nails make when boys throw them sharply through the air. And the English rifles kept up a fusillade like firecrackers, the racket of an old-fashioned Fourth of July at home; the sunshine added to the similitude, even if it did make it all garish and unreal, as if it were not really happening after all. But the eyes of the soldiers that looked on death always and awaited it—they were real.

We had been in the trenches for an hour when we came to a little steel cupola, with a soldier inside, sitting on a stool, his eyes pressed to a narrow slit like a bar of brilliant light. He had a telephone at his elbow, and his gun. There were periscopes here and there, some of them improvised by the soldiers themselves of boxes and bits of broken mirrors. The captain motioned to the soldier to come down and asked me to go in. I went in, sat on the stool, peeped through the narrow slit, and there, across the field filled with daisies, bluets, and poppies, there stretched a low white wall of sand-bags.

"There are the English," said the captain. "We are now in the first trenches."

I could see nothing but the low line of sand-bags—hear nothing but the shrieking of the shells, and the whistling, the humming, the buzzing of the bullets—and the red mass of the poppies blooming between.

. . . And those were the English, only two hundred yards away, the men whose tongue I spoke, whose thoughts I thought, whose traditions, ideals, hopes, I shared, as though they were mine own people. I peered a long time, feeling strange, lonely, homesick, in the trench where I did not belong.

WHEN we were out of the trenches and had pased through the deserted villages again, behind its riddled, empty houses and yards grown high with weeds and flowers that had sprung up that year without gardeners to attend to them, and had bidden the little captain good-by at the door of his hut, we were glad of the shelter of peaceful woods, whose lovely nooks, untroubled by firing, gave no sign of war until we came to a clearing, where, under sheds, German soldiers were at work making barbed wire.

There was indeed a very busy little manufacturing plant in full operation; some of the men were making gratings for the trenches and others were inspecting and classifying shells that had fallen in their lines, photographing them, ticketing and labeling them, making statistics in the slow, methodical German way, to show where they were manufactured, as one of them explained.

I could see new campaigns in the press, and when an under-officer drew out

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some ammunition which he declared indignantly to be American, von der Lancken hastily exclaimed: "Put that away, you fool; don't show it now!"

Then we must inspect a swimming-pool, hidden away in the woods, with spring-boards standing out over the water and a high board fence around it. Farther on through the fields and woods there was an old farmhouse, long since abandoned by its occupants, and then occupied as headquarters by a German battalion. The soldiers were cultivating a little vegetable garden in the courtyard, and peacefully raising chickens; in the kitchen with its great stove, there was a desk at which a soldier was sitting at a telephone, and there was a piano.

Thus through the woods we gained the motor, and so past those ruined châteaux, those white façades shattered by balls, past those fields with the flowers blooming in the sunshine, we came again to the dusty suburbs of Lille—and must stop to visit a factory to see soldiers making nails. A nail is a nail and I had seen nails, and once having grasped the principle, as Thoreau has said, I could see no reason for indefinitely multiplying the instances; but we visited the nail factory.

When we reached our hotel and halted there to wait for another car to join us, a funeral procession was passing, a man was carrying a crucifix at its head and a priest in robes was reading his prayers; then, a poor open hearse, a cheap wooden coffin, a shabby black pall, and behind it a woman in mourning, leading a blind boy dressed in obvious new black, in whose uplifted, pallid face there was a rapt expression and the placid smile peculiar to the blind, at long intervals blinking his sightless eyes in the glaring sun. Then the friends and mourners, hobbling old men, bent old women, and young wives and girls, and little children, but not one man of middle age, not one for whom war had any use.

The pathos of all that hopeless poverty, of those squalid, obscure lives, ending futilely in that last and shabbiest scene of all, touched me with its poignant sadness, as the waste, the destruction and desolation had filled me with its despair. The monstrous folly of it all, and the moral indignity heaped upon those innocent, inoffensive people, sinking under their dumb sorrow, conquered, broken, passed under the yoke.

A little boy was plucking at my sleeve.

"*Un sou, monsieur,*" he begged, "*pour manger, s'il vous plait.*" (A sou, sir, for food, if you please.)

It was one of those moments in which the ghastly spectacle of this our common life, suddenly revealed stark and hideous by some commonplace and insignificant scene, became intolerable, and in an overwhelming depression I found myself exclaiming to one of the young German officers:

"Heavens! How abominable and sad life is!"

And he replied, with a laugh and ready wit:

"But funerals are always gay."

LXXI

WE HAD been joined by the father-in-law of one of the officers, an old German civilian with a long gray beard that covered his breast. He had been a soldier in the war of 1870, was then engaged in business in Hamburg and was on his annual vacation. He explained to me that he had found himself in need of rest and knew no better way to spend his vacation than by visiting the front!

Von der Lancken, Villalobar and I mounted into the motor of the Crown Prince, and our young captain, he of the broad jaw and the short mustache, was at the wheel. He drove that car like a demon, whirling and dashing and swerving through the streets, shouting to people to get out of his way, and so on to the road and through the villages of Siglin and Carvin on our way to Lens and the French front.

The memory of the haggard villages, with that bedraggled, unkempt air which the occupation gave them, that palpable layer of dirt, those sad women lifting their weary eyes in languid interest as we passed, those ragged children seeing only the superficial glamour of the military spectacle, those soldiers in dirty gray, those swanking officers and conspicuous salutes—it can never leave me. It was good to get out on to the highway again, in the sunlight, with the harvests ripe in the fields on either side, though there were no peasants to gather them; Russian prisoners, great fellows with heads like Tolstoy's, had taken their places at the reapers. We were running sixty miles an hour, too fast to talk; but just before we got to Lens, lying there before us in a little valley, we stopped and our captain pointed off across the fields and rolling hills to the right: "The Chapel of Notre Dame de Lorette," he said.

It was the famous and sanguinary Loretta Heights, where the terrible fighting of May 21, 1915, occurred, Joffre's great offensive. It lay a little to the northwest of Souches, almost half-way to Arras. There is an old legend in northern France, brought down through centuries of battles, that the one who holds Loretta Heights will win the war. It is not perhaps altogether a soldier's superstition, but founded no doubt upon the very salient and substantial fact that the army that held those hills had a strategical position that commanded the countryside for miles around.

Behind was La Bassée and a little farther on Neuve Chapelle, where the English heroically failed. These of course were out of sight, but we could see Loretta Heights, see the smoke rising and hear the thunder of the guns in the artillery duel that goes on there forever. There lay those lovely fields in the sunlight of France, under a haze of gray smoke and gray dust.

We drove down into Lens, a little town, dirty like the rest, smelling of the odor of invasion, deserted by everybody who could get away, inhabited now by slatternly women, depressed and bedraggled, and by children on the sidewalks, watching the endless stream of gray soldiers flow by. We drove through the town and beyond, into a cemetery—of course, after the factory one must visit the cemetery. There, at the entrance of the cemetery, where closely huddled graves, decorated with artificial flowers, crosses of wood or of iron ornamented with photographs and other mementoes of the deceased, lay in the blazing sun, was a monument that had been erected to the citizens of Lens who had fallen in the war of 1870, and already there were the new graves of those other heroes who had fallen in this latest war.

But they took us there not to see so much the French as the German cemetery. The Germans had bought a plot of ground adjoining the French cemetery and therein were buried, with German regularity, the officers in a sacred enclosure by themselves in the center, the German soldiers killed in that vicinity. Already eighteen hundred Germans had been buried there, men who had fallen in the battles of May and June, and there was a significant repetition of the same date on the rough wooden crosses over the graves, and the inscription, "*Hier ruht in Gott. . . .*"

Ivy had been planted in the yellow ground, and there was a colossal angel in stone, heavy, stalwart, muscular, Teutonic, with a sword in her hands larger than the sword of Gideon. And immediately adjoining this space, the French were buried, and over the graves the same little wooden crosses, the same dates, and "*Ici repose en paix. . . .*"

From the brow of a lofty hill, crowned by a colliery, its great iron building lifting its gaunt sides high above the surrounding country, its cupola shattered by a shell, we looked down into the broad valley. The thunder of the guns below us was loud; once more we heard the shriek of the hurtling shells and the sharper rattle of the artillery over at Notre Dame de Lorette. Off to our left a whistling and shrieking of German shells; one could hear them and one thought one could almost see them before they struck and exploded in a puff of smoke. We stopped, watching the duel through glasses. But: "We must not stay here too long," said our captain, "or

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they will see us and take a shot at us."

We went back to the motors and our Jehu dashed through the village and on to Liévin, out on the way to Angre, where are the outer defenses of Lens. A dismal little town, Angre, wholly abandoned by its inhabitants, and occupied by German troops in force. We drove through it and on to the road just outside, up to a little hill, straight in the direction of Notre Dame de Lorette, now, as it seemed, not half a mile away. The road was crowded, wagon-trains trundled up the hill, caissons were drawn up by the roadside, in the shelter of a crumbling bank and a row of tall trees, the artillerymen sitting with their legs carelessly crooked over the pommels of their saddles, grim, sullen fellows, waiting for I know not what. Off to the right across an open field above the bank, we had a better view of Loretta Heights, a gray-green, bald hill; looking through the glass one could see that the foliage of the woods had all been hacked away. And the guns were pounding in that sullen, stupid reiteration of the one argument they knew.

Then, suddenly, a shell burst in the field on our right. The chauffeur instantly stopped the car.

"But that's near," I said.

"Yes, I know," said von der Lancken, who was sitting in the seat in front of me.

The shell had exploded not more than fifty yards away.

There had been—there still was a great puff of brown smoke and then a shower of dirt and stones right there beside us. Then, the shriek of another shell again; it exploded just to our left, and a little ahead of us, much nearer. They were shooting at us evidently, having seen, of course, the two big gray motors and the officers in uniforms. Our captain cried:

"Look out for the third one!"

Look out? How was one to look out? It seemed to me a most stupid, silly thing to say. We sat there in the motor and waited. Nobody spoke. I had a confused recollection of the old superstition of policemen, railroad men and sailors, that catastrophes come in threes. I was wondering at this, accepting it as a phenomenon at last confirmed by reality. But in the stillness von der Lancken was explaining the way the gunners find the range, firing first on one side, then on the other, and then in the middle, and striking a finger of his right hand between the thumb and forefinger of his left hand, he illustrated just how the third shell, for which we were waiting, would strike us. I waited for the third shot in a fascination of suspense. There it was—that shriek, that tearing of heavy cloth. Still the waiting, the suspense. Then Lancken exclaimed: "*Il n'a pas éclaté!*" (It has not exploded!)

A shell exploded in front of us in the field, a little closer to the road. They were getting nearer, finding the range. The captain at the wheel was backing his car as fast as he could. Nobody spoke. He backed the car down near the caissons under cover of the bank. The shells were exploding all about in that field above us, to the right. The artillery horses were bucking and prancing, the gunners irritably trying to calm them. On the other side of the road a lieutenant in spectacles, who had been sitting on his horse carelessly, shouted an order in a loud, angry, resentful voice. The artillerymen reined in their horses, shouted at them, jerked them about, and the caissons turned, lumbered down the hill and disappeared behind the vacant houses.

We alighted from the motors. The shells were still exploding in the field. The officers of our party clambered up the bank to the edge of the field. I climbed up too, not because I wished to do so, but because I thought I should do as the others did. I was filled with intense depression, the depression, I suppose, of fear, but I did not wish Villalobar and von der Lancken and the captain, just then at least, to know of this fear. And so I climbed up the bank to look over toward Loretta Heights again.

The name stands out in my mind as the most important point in this war. I looked, and it seemed inexpressibly foolish and futile and stupid to be standing there in the field where shells were exploding, tearing up the earth, and throwing up clouds of dust. I looked down the bank and saw Villalobar, who had some difficulty in climbing the steep, crumbling embankment. I went to assist him; not generously, or because he needed assistance, but selfishly; I wished to be employed at something. There seemed to be a species of relief in the thought. But the Marquis was smiling.

"It isn't raining, you know," he observed.

I looked at him, as we stood there, finding the remark singularly inapropos.

"But your coat-collar—" he began.

I had turned up the collar of my rain-coat, instinctively, I suppose.

Lancken told us to take the car and to join them at a group of houses on another road beyond the field, some distance away. They started on foot, while Villalobar and I got into the car and were driven by a detour around the angle of that high field, down a little road and again in the direction of Loretta Heights. We were on the brow of the range of hills, the field in which the shells exploded lay to the left of us in the form of a triangle; to our right was a row of houses, deserted, with innocent little flower gardens before them, there on the brink of that

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inferno. The officers huddled under the lee of a house, peering around the corner of it at the wide battle. We joined them and took turns at looking at the artillery duel through the glass. All we could hear was the constant shrieking of the shells, exploding first on one side and then on the other side of the wide valley. We could see no soldiers, only the bursting shells, either at Loretta Heights or on our side, there at the foot of the range of hills. Where the trenches are at that point of the front remains still a mystery to me. And so we stood there at the corner of that house, taking turns at the glass, the old fool who had been in the war of 1870 twisting his long white beard on his fingers, peering now and then out around the corner of the house at Loretta Heights, enjoying his vacation. I waited.

We could really see no more than we had seen from the colliery. But I said to myself that I could stay as long as they could, play the actor with the best of them. I do not know how long we stood there. The battery that had fired at us and had come so near to hitting us, was at last directing its fire in another direction.

We were all silent after our adventure on the hill. After we got into the motor, and were driving back into the village, Lancken, twisting about in his little seat in front of us, said: "Well, you have had your baptism of fire. How did you feel?"

I told him I thought the baptism was quite efficacious and that I should not require another immersion.

"It was not raining, you know," Villalobar repeated.

"It was raining fire and brimstone!" I said.

We were racing back through the little town of Liévin. In a dirty and deserted square a band was playing, an old white-haired conductor leading it, raising his baton high in the air to salute us as we passed.

AFTER such a morning, after the incidents of the sleepless night and the rising at such an unhallowed hour, we were all tired. We drove to the Hôtel de l'Europe, had a miserable luncheon, and then von der Lancken announced that at five—four, our time—we should start back for Brussels. I went up to my room, thinking I would lie down and have a nap. I smoked a cigar, lay down, but there was no sleep. The cannonading was going on and I still heard the shrieking of those shrapnel in my ears.

We made a detour and stopped for tea in a pretty little cottage built in the English style, where there were some young officers, aviators for the most part. The tea proved to be coffee, and the young officers were all very gay. They were strong, good-looking young chaps and seemed to enjoy it all as a kind of sport. They liked the life of the villa, where they lived like a college fraternity, and they were naively anxious to have the war go on indefinitely.

"*J'espère,*" said one of them, who spoke a little French, "*que la paix n'éclate pas!*" (I hope that peace will not explode!)

He said it seriously, innocent of the amusing figure he had made.

VON DER LANCKEN wished to go around through Oudenarde, and that involved another detour. We drove through Roubaix and raced on to Waterloo—not the historic Waterloo—and then through a village in which every window and every door was closed, and not a soul abroad. There in the glare of the afternoon sun it was like a city of the dead, but finally we saw people cautiously peeping at us from behind curtains in a near-by window. There was one person abroad, a boy in the street, who said they had to enter their houses at six o'clock. But a little farther up the road, not a quarter of a mile, the houses were open, the population loafing pleasantly in the street—and we knew we had entered Belgium. The people were all gazing upward into the sky and there, looking up, we saw an English aviator overhead. As we rolled along he came after us. For miles and miles he flew as we rode, much of the time directly over us.

The sun was low, the air was clear and crisp, and the windmills spread their graceful arms against a silver western sky; the low barges on the canal were spreading their brown sails for the evening breeze; the long line of slender trees along the canal were bending like plumes, ever toward the east, the characteristic mark of the Flemish landscape. It was a lovely evening and we looked forward to a restful drive in the peaceful twilight. But all the while that aviator was flying along with us. Now and again Harrach would glance up, as would Lancken, from time to time; presently he said: "If he were to drop a bomb on us——"

The aviator raced along with us for an hour and then turned back and was lost in the pearly clouds away to the south. And we drove on in the quiet evening, far, it seemed, from the war, for there were none of the war's ravages visible in that part of Flanders.

The spires of Oudenarde were showing in the distance, and then suddenly—an accident. Harrach and the chauffeur got out, but it was no ordinary blowout; the chassis was broken.

"There is nothing to be done," said the chauffeur, shaking his head. Perhaps he might get the car to Oudenarde, three kilometers away. He went slowly, picking his way carefully over the terrible Belgian blocks that pave the roads of Belgium.

We crawled along, and finally reached Oudenarde. Harrach got out and was gone a long time. There was no motor to be had. He found the name of a garage and sent the chauffeur there with the car. In the twilight we wandered through the Grand' Place and to the Hôtel de Ville, smaller but more beautiful, even, than the Hôtel de Ville in Brussels, then to the little Hôtel de la Pomme d'Or, where we ordered supper. When the supper was served, Harrach, who had been to the garage to see about repairing the car, came in with a long face: "Impossible!" he reported. "Why impossible?" asked von der Lancken.

"Because of their dirty national holiday," he replied.

It was Belgium's national holiday and the Belgians were observing it, if not in one way then in another. They would not repair a German car. And so we had the prospect of spending the night at the Hôtel de la Pomme d'Or. We considered the possibility of sending to Brussels for a motor-car, but that involved passes and all sorts of arrangements, in this instance as difficult for those two distinguished German officers as for us in ordinary times; the motor could not get to Oudenarde before morning; we should gain nothing. But von der Lancken was resourceful. He sent Harrach to telephone to Brussels and order a special train, and then we sat down to a very good dinner.

The yellow-haired Flemish girl, rather pretty, who served us, wore a brooch with a photograph in it. She could speak no French, but Harrach could get along with her in Flemish.

"Who is that?" asked Harrach.

She threw back her head with pride. "*Belge soldat, meinheer*" (A Belgian soldier, sir), she said.

"Your sweetheart?" Harrach asked.

"*Neen, mŷn broeder.*" (No, my brother.)

"But you have a sweetheart?" he persisted.

"*Ik zal niemand beminnen duuring de corlogl*" (I shall love no one during the war!) she said.

She was as indomitable as the rest of the Belgians.

WE HAD our dinner and then a bugle in the street announced the retreat; everybody must be indoors a little after ten, that is, ten, German time.

We left the hotel and walked through the dark and silent streets, Villalobar with von der Lancken going on ahead, Harrach and I following, talking in low tones in the intimacy that darkness somehow makes natural. He told me of his troubles at the outbreak of the war; he had been in Florence studying art. He spoke of his family, of his wife and children, of his ambitions, of art, of the war, of all his interrupted plans. And we strolled on in the soft, grateful

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darkness, weary after our long day of excitement.

Suddenly in the darkness a cry: "*Halte-là!*"

We halted.

"Those old fellows of the landsturm are quick on the trigger, you know," said Harrach.

Lancken and Villalobar had halted; they were on the other side of the street. Then Lancken's voice rang out; he was shouting something in German. Finally he was ordered to draw near. We approached then, and under the light of a lamp-post—the only one, I think, in the town that was lighted—the sentinel, a bearded old fellow, read our papers, became suddenly obsequious, and showed us the way to the station. When we got there it was half-past eleven, and we had an hour and a half to wait. Lancken grumbled at the lateness of our return.

"If you had not changed the time, we should not have returned so late this evening," said Villalobar.

The railroad officials, all German, of course, were saluting right and left. They gave us the waiting-room; von der Lancken had them put out the lights and we stretched out on the cushions with our overcoats over us. I fell asleep immediately and did not awaken until they called us to take the train. There were four compartments in the train and, tired of each other's presence, we each took one. I wrapped myself in my overcoat and stretched myself out on the seat. The train jerked—started.

Some one had opened the door of the carriage and was shouting, "*Brüssel, meinherr.*"

We were in the Gare du Nord; it was silent and empty, with that desolate air a railway station wears in the night, an impression intensified then because the Gare had become a *Bahnhof*, with all the signs in German. In the Place Rogier, a cabman was snoozing on his box, and Villalobar's motor was waiting, the Spanish flag at the fore. We drove home in the cool morning air.

LXXII

WHEN we got back to Brussels from the front it was to learn that the latest rumor had it that Villalobar and I had been arrested by the Germans and whirled away in motors, no one knew where. Perhaps the rumor in some of its forms related the event to the Belgian national holiday which the Belgians had been celebrating that day as best they could, considering the disabilities under which they lived. We had celebrated our own national holiday a little more than a fortnight before, and the Belgians had added to the meaning of the day by their felicitations. It had been an excessively hot day, as the Fourth of July should be, and its celebration had made a little oasis of liberty in a desert where liberty just then was unknown. I had decided against a reception or manifestation of any sort as, under the circumstances, in bad taste. But we had raised a new flag, the old having been whipped out by the winds and, as one might almost say, by the emotions of those long months, and as the lovely emblem rose and fell in the heavy, humid air and the sunlight touched its bright colors, it had seemed never so beautiful, never so full of meaning. The Belgians had silently celebrated the day with us. There was a telegram from Davignon, on the part of the Belgian Government at Havre:

> On the occasion of your national holiday let us express to you and thus to the American Government the lively felicitations and sincere gratitude of the Belgian nation.

The salons were filled with flowers and all day there were streams of visitors at the Legation, signing the book, leaving cards and all sorts of little souvenirs expressing felicitations and appreciation. Our flag was on many a breast with the ivy leaf. It was strange that there, across the sea, the vibrations of that wild, free music of '76 should be felt; yet not, after all, perhaps so strange, for the principles of our revolution are loved in Belgium, whose own principles are precisely like them, and they were loved passionately then because they were denied, and scorned, and crushed down, in an epoch when everybody in our western world so fondly imagined that political liberty had been won for the world.

Burgomaster Lemonnier and the aldermen had called, and M. Lemonnier had made a little speech, very moving, presenting to my wife a souvenir from the City of Brussels. And we had the young men of the C. R. B. at Ravenstein for luncheon, with Villalobar and van Vollenhoven, and speeches on the lawn afterward.

When their own national holiday dawned on July twenty-first, the Belgians could not celebrate it as they had in other years, in that gaiety, that happy spirit of careless freedom which I had seen in graceful play on every hand the year before when we had all gone to Ste. Gudule for the *Te Deum*. Indeed, they were forbidden to celebrate it at all, and perhaps that is one reason why the day, which had such poignant memories for them in that year of 1915, was marked by such a celebration as it had never known before. For days notices signed by von Kraewel, the Military Governor of Brussels, had been on the walls of Brussels, rigorously prohibiting any demonstrations whatsoever—meetings, processions, the display of flags—and threatening with fine and imprisonment those who disobeyed. There was already in force an edict forbidding the wearing of ribbons or patriotic colors at any time, a prohibition to which Brussels wit had responded by substituting a new emblem, the ivy leaf, and suddenly, as by some spontaneous impulse, the whole population was wearing ivy leaves (*le lierre*), the symbol of fidelity of which the motto is: "*Je meurs où je m'attache.*" (I die where I cling.) Indeed, the whole history of the occupation of Belgium is the story of the contest between German stolidity and brute force and the nimble wit of Brussels, and if the contest were between wits alone, Brussels would long since have won it. The fact embittered all the more the German spirit, which had nothing but the clumsy weapons of force to use.

AFTER the prohibition was published every one who knew Brussels was certain there would be a celebration such as Brussels had never known before, and almost at once the quality of it was foreshadowed in the word that went from mouth to mouth, saying that inasmuch as the nation was in mourning, its anniversary should be observed by a solemn display of its grief. Every shop, every establishment in Brussels, every café even, should be closed.

Everywhere handbills with wide black borders, mysteriously found their way through the city, calling on all to remain indoors, to draw the blinds and to put up the shutters. And the courageous little journal, the organ of Belgian patriotism, *La Libre Belgique*, published a notice inviting the people, Catholic and non-Catholic, to assemble at Ste. Gudule on the morning of the day, where in place of the *Te Deum* that had been the expression of the nation's joy, a high mass would be celebrated in this, its hour of sorrow.

It was the secret of Polichinelle, of course, and the day before the twenty-first the pseudo-newspapers of Brussels published a statement from the *Kommandantur* announcing that the closing of the shops would be considered a demonstration and an infraction of the prohibition. But the threat had little terror; when the day dawned, all the houses, whether in the Quartier Léopold or in the Quartier des Marolliens, whether in the Avenue Louise and the boulevards or the Rue Blaes and the Rue Montagne aux Herbes Potagères, wore the same sad expression of silence and desolation. The shades were drawn at every window, the shutters were up, not a shop anywhere was open, even the Hôtel de Ville itself had been closed by the patriotic Lemonnier. But the menace in the newspapers had frightened some of the restaurateurs and the keepers of public houses; a few of them were open, but a crowd of two hundred persons besieged the Café Métropole and it closed; three hundred Bruxelloise menaced La Grande Boucherie and it closed, and so in turn the

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Restaurant de la Monnaie, the Taverne Royale, La Lanterne, the Café Cosmopolite, before these crowds of stout burghers whom the police could not affright, closed their doors and through their windows one could see the chairs stacked on the tables. In all Brussels there remained open only some German *Bierhäuser* and the two hotels that had been taken over for German officers, the Palace and the Astoria. No newspapers were sold, but along the sidewalks women offered to the passers-by ivy leaves or pansies, or white daisies with black hearts, or knots of crêpe and combinations of red and yellow flowers which, against the black of the formal frock coats which the bourgeois were wearing as though it were Sunday, composed the national colors. This gave to the streets an aspect that was not wholly one of mourning; some of the people became exuberant, in the Belgian way, bantering, jovial, almost in the spirit of the old Flemish kermesse. German troops paraded the streets and dragged machine guns after them, but the crowd was calm and dignified, and the invaders had no excuse for using their weapons.

MY WIFE, driving by chance down the Rue Neuve, in the lower town, found it crowded from wall to wall, and the flag on the motor moved the crowd to cheers that made her fear she might be the center of an "incident." Men took off their hats and waved them and shouted again and again, "*Vive l'Amérique!*" All day long the crowds poured through the Place des Martyrs, each person bringing flowers, many of them by armfuls: violets, roses, carnations, wreaths of ivy leaves knotted with crêpe, and threw them into the crypt about Geefe's statue of Belgium—the crypt where sleep the heroes of those September days in 1830 when Belgium won her independence. They piled flowers about the statue of Frédéric de Mérode, and the German police stood about, disconcerted, out of countenance, not knowing what to do.

But it was in an essentially solemn spirit that the day was celebrated; in all the parishes of Brussels the churches, which, during all the time of the occupation were to be hunted and oppressed like asylums of patriotism, were filled from early morning, and at ten o'clock in the old Collégiale Sts. Michel and Gudule, one more affecting and historic scene was added to the long series of manifestations of the hopes and despairs and triumphs of man that had been unrolled in that majestic theatre.

The old church was crowded to every corner of nave and transept. The mass was celebrated by Monsieur Remés, curé of St. Nicolas. The Nuncio himself had gone and was in the choir. The high mass was finished, and the celebrant from the twinkling altar had just lifted the monstrance over the throngs that knelt in the light that was softened by the stained glass of the ancient windows, and had given the solemn benediction, when the first strains of "*La Brabançonne*" rolled softly from the great organ in the loft.

The people listened in a strained silence; the organist was playing softly, but when he had played the hymn once, he played it again, this time with the full organ, until its strains rolled and reverberated and resounded like prophetic thunder from the vaulting upheld by those lofty pillars. The crowd, unable longer to control itself even in that majestic place, burst forth with cries of "*Vive le Roi! Vive la Belgique!*" They mounted the chairs on which they had been kneeling, crying this again and again, then demanding that the "*Brabançonne*" be played once more. And it was, and again, and for the fourth time the organist played, and this time the people sang it, and when at the end they came to the words, "*Le Roi, la loi, la liberté!*" (The King, law, liberty!), it was a whole vast congregation standing with transfigured, uplifted faces, down which rained the pent-up tears of all the woes, all the anguish, all the injustice they had borne. They wept aloud and flung up their hands and shouted the words with voices broken by emotion, and finally they shouted them with defiance, crying again and again, "*Vive le Roi! Vive la Belgique! Vive la liberté!*" (Long live the King! Long live Belgium! Long live liberty!)

When J——, who was there, told me of it all, his own eyes were moist and his voice trembled again with the emotion that had choked it on that morning.

"Do you think a people like that can be conquered?" he asked.

THE Germans, of course, were furious. A company of infantry had been sent at noon to the Place Rogier in front of the Gare du Nord, there before the Palace Hotel, to scatter the crowds. The soldiers tried to keep the Rue Neuve open, and at the Place de Broukere a company of the gray-coated soldiers were formed on the steps of the Monument Anspach in a picturesque pyramid. But there were no serious collisions, and toward evening the German feeling was expressed with all the petulance of a child when suddenly the walls seemed to bloom, as it were, with little red *affiches* ordering all those restaurants, public houses, cafés, cinemas, that had been closed all day long—to close. And thus the day ended in a peal of Brussels laughter.

The French national holiday, the fourteenth of July, had been observed by a closing of shops, and now, after the celebration of the twenty-first, it was rumored that another anniversary of a sinister significance in Belgian history—the fourth of August—would also be observed. And sure enough, another little handbill was passed about on which were printed the words, "*Belges, fermez tous, le 4 aout.*" (Belgians, close everything on the fourth of August.)

But there was another *affiche* forbidding the people to assemble, to wear decorations, to make demonstrations, or in any way to observe the fourth of August, the anniversary of the beginning of the war between Germany and Belgium. Everybody was to be indoors by eight o'clock that night, Belgian time, and all shops were to be kept open during the day. And there was a penalty for disobedience—five years in Germany and ten thousand marks fine. Such was to have been the punishment for the quiet, significant celebration of the twenty-first of July.

THE fourth of August passed quietly, but the Belgians had their revenge—all over the city men were wearing in their button-holes little scraps of paper, recalling the famous phrase by which von Bethmann-Hollweg had characterized the treaties that he had torn up that day the year before. It was chiefly in the Quartier des Marolliens that this example of the irrepressible Brussels humor was to be seen. And the jokers paid the penalty: two streets in the quartier, Rue Escalier and the Rue du Dam were ordered closed, shut off from the rest of the city, and for a fortnight the denizens of those two rather lively thoroughfares sang "*La Brabançonne*" all night behind their closed shutters.

There was nothing too petty, too little for the Germans to notice. They set out on an impossible and endless chase, hunting down every rumor, every story, every statement that did not please them, tried to correct every impression that was not to their liking. They were of the mentality of those obscure individuals who used to publish in newspapers such notices as: "John Doe, of 416 First Street, wishes it to be understood that he is not the John Doe arrested for drunkenness Saturday evening." Von Bissing published a long *affiche* denying some story that E. Alexander Powell had written and printed in a book; he published another denying a statement to the effect that the Germans had removed the bronze lion from the mound that marks the battle-field of Waterloo.

The young men of the C. R. B. were often the witnesses and sometimes the victims of exhibitions of this curiously immature judgment in all that pertained to the judicial ascertainment of facts, to the administration of justice. They have the same immature notion of evidence that fishwives and termagants display in neighborhood quarrels and in petty trials before justices of the peace. Two of our Americans,

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Messrs. Stevens and Gaylor, delegates of the C. R. B. at St. Quentin, in the north of France, had an enlightening experience of the sort. An English soldier who had been hiding in the north of France, was captured and a diary found on him. The diary contained an entry saying, "I hear there are two Americans in town and I wish I could see them, for I am sure they would help me." The Germans, on the strength of this evidence, to them perfectly admissible and convincing, threatened to arrest Stevens and Gaylor, insisting that this proved collusion on their part with the Englishman, and the young men could not convince the Germans that they could not be bound by unsupported statements of a third person so long as no ground had been laid to show a connection between him and them.

LXXIII

MEANWHILE we were having a more important display of the German mentality in the whole submarine controversy that ran like a serial through all the troubled months of that summer. We could only read them, of course, and marvel at them, and live on from day to day wondering when the war that we felt to be so inevitable would come. The experience repeated on its own gigantic scale the smaller experiences we were having, in which the deeds were so at variance with the discussions that pretended to regulate them. I would read the *Rotterdamische Courant* at evening and think the whole controversy settled, and Gibson in the morning would come in and say, "Well, they've blown up another ship."

Thus we lived through the incidents of the *Hesperian* and of the *Arabic* from day to day, with our trunks ready if not packed.

The whole of Germany, as we were coming to understand it, was revealed in those notes. The explanation was simple: the notes were written by the civil Government, the ships were blown up by the military, and the military was not, as in our western system, a weapon of the civil power, an arm in the hand of the Government; the civil power was a rudimentary organ, tolerated for the sake of appearances by the military cabal which was the ruling power and the real Government.

These notes were, however, as not every one at the time seemed to realize, the pleadings in the great cause that was being tried before the jury of civilization and the judges of history, and it was a matter of pride that our cause was pleaded by a President who, almost without effort, could strip the German words of the very last of their pretensions, and expose their speciousness, their immature, inconsequential and immaterial statements.

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While the Common Law and the Civil Law, proceeding from widely differing sources, practically unite in the same rules of evidence, the Germans seemed to be wholly ignorant of such rules. We were constantly having, on a smaller scale, experiences that were identical: the civil officers would promise one thing, the military would straightway do another; and what was more astonishing, they seemed to see nothing extraordinary in such inconsistency; "*messieurs les militaires*," perhaps a shrug of the shoulders—and that was a reason and an argument.

THE German mentality, indeed, offered a psychological phenomenon that was baffling to the most profound study, and the Belgians had daily examples of it. For instance, when the city fathers of Louvain began to discuss the rebuilding of the portions of the city that had been destroyed, and Brussels architects submitted plans, German architects submitted plans, too, with the price of what they delicately called the "public improvement" indicated, and the architects were wholly unaware that their taste in ethics was as bad as in art; it never occurred to them that there could be any repugnance on the part of the people of Louvain to engaging German architects to reconstruct what German soldiers had so wantonly destroyed, though perhaps there is another explanation in the fact that the Germans really seemed incapable of seeing two things at the same time.

The Countess K. de R——, for instance, living on in her château, was ordered by the *Kommandant* to furnish his men so many eggs each day. She did so. Then she was ordered to dispose of her chickens in order to save food. But how, then, she asked, could she provide the eggs? They had not thought of that. It was wholly characteristic of the German mind, which, so exceedingly keen in many ways, can not put two and two together, can not think, as I said, of two things at the same time. They would have a commission of thirty-six Herr Professors on eggs, and an intricate study; and another commission of Herr Doktors on hens, and all sorts of statistics, but they never would note any relation between hens and eggs.

Going down the Rue Madeleine those summer afternoons we used to smile as we passed a café with this sign:

CAFÉ DES

and then a blank. It had been "Café des Alliés" in the early days of the war, but the Germans ordered the proprietor to change the name; the proprietor, with Belgian cleverness, simply erased the word "*Alliés*" and left a blank, and thereupon his café had an extraordinary advertisement and such a vogue as he had never dreamed of when at first he had thus flaunted his colors. It was but another instance of that incomparable inability to understand all things that have to do with the mystery of human nature. They were myopic of soul, as of vision, seeing nothing behind their purblind eyes—and they could not understand why the Belgians did not like them, and actually complained, as I fear I have said, or shall say, more than once, that they were not more cordially received.

When the Germans arrived at Marchienne-au-Pont, near Charleroi, they made an investigation as to the status of the *Garde Civique* of the vicinity. The *Ober-Kommandant* had an officer of the *Garde Civique* called before him and with him inspected the barracks. All the arms were turned over to the Germans and a number of blank cartridges, but the *Ober-Kommandant* said that these were not dangerous, and of no use to the German army, and left them where he found them.

Several months afterward the *Ober-Kommandant* was replaced by another officer who one morning called the officer of the *Garde Civique* and reproached him with having, in spite of all orders, kept munitions. The officer explained to him that they were blank cartridges, formerly used for exercises, and repeated what the first *Kommandant* had said. "Then," said the German, "the *Kommandant* made a mistake; he failed in his duty and will be punished." Whether the *Kommandant* who seemed to be reasonable was punished or not, I can not say, but the officer of the *Garde Civique* was sent to prison for three months. That would have seemed to be enough injustice, or bad luck, for one time, but no; while the officer was in prison a fire broke out in his home, and his pigeons flew away from the dove-cote, which was burning, and he was condemned to pay a fine—because it was forbidden to allow pigeons to fly!

The pigeons in Belgium, indeed, had almost as hard a time of it as the people themselves. At Nivelle a poor man had some carrier-pigeons and the Belgian love for them. But he had no food for them and so was obliged to kill them. His children cut off their heads and ranged them along a window-sill, and underneath wrote:

"*Morts pour la patrie.*" (Died for their country.) The Germans saw the little heads and the inscription, and the man was sent for fifteen days to the *Kommandantur*, and fined two hundred francs.

The Germans visited a stock-farm, one of the most famous in Belgium, took six or seven stallions and turned them into a paddock to see them fight; afterward some of the officers hamstrung them with their sabers.

And yet the delegates of the C. R. B., who were always with officers in the north of France, used to tell us how, with this brutality, the young German officers, or many of them, were strangely effeminate, that they all had, for instance, delicate toilet articles, like those women use, and that they had them in profusion. And it was a common sight to see soldiers, their guns slung on their backs, bending by the roadside picking wild flowers.

THE number of Germans in town seemed indeed to increase daily; they swarmed everywhere, not only military men, but civilians. They had almost taken over the Bois; the officers had all the tables at the Laiterie, the restaurant once so popular, where it used to be pleasant of an afternoon at tea-time, with so much light and life and music and show of pretty costumes. Many of the officers and civilian officials had brought their wives to Brussels because, it was said, it was so much easier to live in Belgium; and there were other officers accompanied by women not their wives. There were family groups, indubitably German, to be seen in the boulevards on Sunday afternoon, and one began to hear almost as much German as French. Indeed, they became so numerous finally that they created a new problem for us in the *ravitaillement;* we began to wonder whether, since they could not take the food which we imported over into Germany, the Germans were not gradually trying to import their whole population over into Belgium to eat it up on the spot. We solved it eventually, and justly enough, we felt, but it was not without its complications.

It was estimated that there were fifteen thousand German civilians in Brussels, of whom six thousand were spies. I have no way of verifying the figures, of course, but we were always hearing of the trouble and pain they caused, and of their unconscionable exactions. I knew of a family who were literally driven out of their apartment by a German family that came to live in the same building with them; the German family preferred the apartment in which the family of which I write was living, and by a series of petty persecutions forced them to leave. They had no redress because the *Kommandantur* would punish any Belgian on the bare complaint of a German.

Indeed, when the year had rolled round, and the anniversary of that fourth of August came again, it was no longer the old Brussels, though we loved it all the more in its saddened aspect.

We never heard the ring of a hammer or of a trowel; the shops were depleted; there was no such thing as a new hat, or a new style; many articles could scarcely be procured at all—soap, tooth-brushes, many medicines, cigarets; and prices had quadrupled. It cost us to live four times what it used to cost before the war. Butter was

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difficult to obtain, and the famous *poulets de Bruxelles* were disappearing, for there was no food for them. The streets were deserted, no life in them, save as people dragged hopelessly along, staring aimlessly, looking a little more shabby, a little more threadbare every day. At every block there was a squad or a company of the gray landsturm tramping stolidly along in their heavy hobnailed boots.

Often we would be awakened at five o'clock in the morning by that ring of heavy heels on the roughly paved streets. It was a dreadful sound, somehow symbolic, rolling nearer and nearer in a loud, insistent beat, broken now and then as the feet lost step, then caught up again, and it came on with a brutal crescendo louder and louder, more and more menacing, until it was a veritable thunder. It seemed as though it had been one of the carefully calculated effects of "Frightfulness." Often they were singing their dull, heavy, lugubrious hymns, or sometimes, "A Prussian am I and a Prussian want to be."

The Germans, indeed, of themselves were enough to change the aspect as well as the atmosphere of the city. Once the most beautiful city in Europe, or surely one of the most beautiful, they had destroyed its artistic appearance by the evidences of their own taste. They had built everywhere kiosks for the venders of German newspapers and publications, hideous things of brilliant colors; and they set up everywhere the sentry-boxes painted in stripes with garish black, white and red, like monstrous barber-shop signs. And there were signs in German and German publications for sale.

The country lay bare, stripped to the bone. The atrocities the drunken, brutal soldiers committed in the early weeks of the war were not worse than those other Machiavellian or Borgian crimes they were committing then, the attempts at slow poisoning and corruption of the minds of those they would enslave. There was no press, no post, no communications, no liberty whatever. Every one of the rights enumerated in the charters of English and American liberty, and in the French Rights of Man, were denied. Those are years I do not like to look back upon; I do not know how I lived through them, and I was the most privileged man in Belgium.

And yet I never heard a German express the least commiseration for the sorrow there was all about them, or saw one give evidence of the slightest pity. Autumn was coming on; and, while Belgians, of course, were forbidden to take advantage of it, there were always carts and wagonettes in the Bois, filled with German officers armed with shotguns out for game. The Fôret de Soignes echoed with the reports of their fowling-pieces; they must always be shooting something or other.

More and more they were shooting Belgians as spies, or as traitors, as in their judicial forms they called Belgians who committed any act that was considered inimical to German interests. Every day, almost, there were the fresh *affiches* on the walls. One September morning, standing before the latest *affiche*, which announced the shooting of a young architect and a clerk for "treason in time of war" an old gentleman read the *affiche*, uncovered, and said gravely: "*Ce sont des martyrs, madame.*" (They are martyrs, madam.)

"*Oui, monsieur*" (Yes, sir), said a woman standing by.

LXXIV

ONE of the most offensive elements of the régime under the German occupation was not only the constant denial of personal liberty, but the contempt of all personal dignity, so that women were not even safe from brutal intrusion in their own boudoirs. It occurred so often, that we became callous to it and were perhaps not always so astounded and outraged by the amazing disrespect for principles that are taken for granted in the modern world. Often one would fear that one was becoming hardened if not corrupted, so insidious is the effect of example, so quickly is one dragged to a lower level. I recall the concern, almost the anguish of a wealthy manufacturer in Brussels, who had large interests in other countries, and was arrested in that month of September, charged with having sent letters out of the country. The police, without any warning, appeared at his offices, overturned everything, bore off the company's correspondence and papers, arrested the manufacturer and his son, and released them only on their depositing two hundred thousand francs in cash as a kind of bail. They were subjected almost daily to interrogatories, a host of agents pried into all their affairs; finally they were informed that they were to be tried by court martial.

He contrived finally to escape prison, though most were not that fortunate, but he did not escape a heavy fine and may have lost trade secrets of his company in those numerous perquisitions.

Such instances of personal indignity and injustice, arising from individual infractions of the German rules, or offenses against German prejudices, were common; they were happening all the time. But during the history of the occupation there were from time to time other instances of injustice which directly challenged those principles of human liberty that are the efflorescence of the culture and the civilization of Latin and Anglo-Saxon peoples, and they provoked that kind of resistance to tyranny which in

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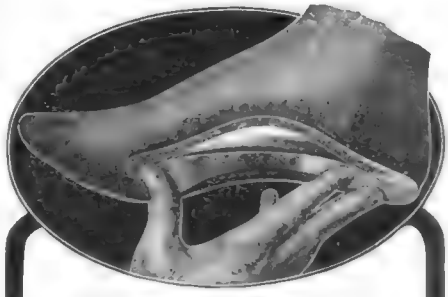

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English history is exemplified by the refusal of Pym and Hampden to pay the ship-money, and that of our own forefathers when they refused to be taxed without representation.

LÉON THÉODOR, the titular head of the Brussels bar, was a kind of Belgian John Hampden himself. In the same month of September of which I have been writing, Maître Théodor was arrested and confined in the *Kommandantur*. Maître Théodor had been *Bâtonnier de l'Ordre des Avocats* during the year preceding the war, and for a year thereafter, and because of the courageous manner in which he had defended the rights, not only of the lawyers, but of the courts, and of those principles upon which, in liberal nations, courts rest, he had been elected for a third term by his associates at the bar. He had been indeed the worthy upholder of the long traditions of the bar, ever in times of crises and in all history the bulwark of the liberties of mankind.

IT WAS no surprise to any one acquainted with events in Belgium, and above all, no surprise to the *Bâtonnier* himself, when he was arrested. His fearless attitude, his insistence on the independence of the courts and the bar, his devotion to right, to justice and to law, and especially to international obligations, which such an occupying power found uncomfortable and galling —all this the Germans could not endure, and they had waited only for an opportunity to rid themselves of the irksome presence of the brave, undaunted spirit.

Maître Théodor was arrested on Wednesday and taken before the German officer who acted as *juge d'instruction*, or, examining magistrate, for that interrogation with which all their proceedings began. The offense charged against the *Bâtonnier* was that he had advised a certain lawyer at Brussels, Breymeyer, not to represent a certain German then being sued, or about to be sued, in the Belgian courts. The proof adduced by the German authorities that this undefined offense had been committed by Maître Théodor, consisted of a letter written by Breymeyer in which he said that the *Bâtonnier* had so advised him. It was with this charge, and with such evidence to support it, that the *juge d'instruction* confronted the *Bâtonnier*, and asked him what he had to say in his defense.

The fact, of course, as any one acquainted with Maître Théodor, or any one knowing his position in Brussels, would at once have assumed, was that the *Bâtonnier* had given the lawyer no such advice; as *Bâtonnier* of the Order he had no right and no reason to give injunctions as to what cases lawyers should accept; he might easily have denied the charge. But he assumed another attitude consistent with his dignity, his position and his patriotism.

"As a lawyer, and as *Bâtonnier* of the Order," he replied, "I am responsible for my conduct only to the Court of Appeals; if the *Procureur Général* of that court were to interrogate me as to the allegations, I should consider it my duty to respond. But I have no explanations to make, and I am not responsible for my conduct to a German military tribunal."

Here, as might have been expected, the "trial" ended. Governor-General von Bissing himself is said to have been waiting in an antechamber while the proceedings were in progress, and he decided at once that in view of the fact that his influence on the bar of Brussels and on the different bars of the country constituted a danger for the German army, "Maître Théodor was to be deported to Germany." A few days' solitary confinement at the *Kommandantur*, with two armed sentinels day and night, a moment in which to bid his wife good-by, and on Sunday the brave *Bâtonnier* was taken off to his prison beyond the Rhine.

Whatever may be said of the justice or of the legality of the judgment, it no doubt set forth an indubitable fact: Maître Théodor did not constitute a danger for the German army, he constituted a danger for the whole system which was embodied in the German army, just as all brave spirits like his, understanding and loving liberty, have constituted at all times a danger to autocracy. Indeed, nowhere could there be found two men who more ideally represented the two opposing systems in the world than those two who were separated by a wall that day—Théodor in the court-room, von Bissing in the antechamber. They were the best that the two systems could produce, and it was not on the word of some piqued lawyer that Théodor was sent into exile and to prison, but because the Germans recognized in the keen penetration and insight of this slender man with the delicate features, the charming smile, the gracious and polished address, the snowy hair and beard, and flashing eyes, one of the most dangerous of all Germany's enemies in Belgium.

It is one of the beauties, and it will be the ultimate distinction of Léon Théodor's defense of those principles on which liberal and enlightened governments are founded, that his whole splendid and heroic performance was achieved quietly, modestly, with no public applause and no theatrical light beating white upon it. Comparatively few in Belgium and in Brussels knew of it when it was going on; it was one of those desperate legal battles based on principles that the crowd would be too impatient to understand, and even after his arrest and deportation the public, while honoring him as another of their heroes and martyrs, must have had but the vaguest notion of what it was all about.

Some time before the *Bâtonnier* had written a spirited response to Dr. von Sandt, when he was made the object of official reproaches because a German had lost a lawsuit in a Belgian court. In that moment, however it might be pretended that the incident had been closed, the inevitable conflict began. From that time on, until the day of his deportation, Maître Théodor did not fear or fail whenever the great legal principles of liberty were called into question by German intolerance or German tyranny, to protest to the very face of the authorities. He wrote a series of letters to the occupying power that are classics of the literature of the law and of liberty, setting forth in clear and stately and often eloquent words the imprescriptable rights of courts, of litigants, of advocates who plead before them and of peoples who look to courts to stand as the guardians of the principles on which free institutions are founded.

MAÎTRE THÉODOR did not content himself, however, with filing protests; he opposed an active resistance to the encroachments of the invaders who were trying to subjugate his land; and it was his great service to his nation that he discovered those encroachments that were the most subtle and the most insidious, encroachments that would have passed unnoticed by those who were incapable of distinguishing among the tragic events of the times those that were of legal significance. For his resistance he entrenched himself behind a principle of law, and in four great pleas before the courts of Belgium he exposed the designs of the invaders, pointed out the fatal consequences that would result if they were allowed to pass unchallenged, and kept his own land from acquiescing formally in its own destruction. In so doing, to use one of our old American expressions, he blazed a trail for others to follow, a trail which was found plainly marked when, later, the magistracy of Belgium had to enter upon an even more difficult way.

In the October instalment Mr. Whitlock tells, in its complete and final form, and with all its dramatic horror, the story of the execution of Edith Cavell.

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Khaki Klippings

The Rookie Squad

FALL IN!
The rookies form a complex maze
Of figures twisting various ways,
And trip upon each other's heels,
And glide as on banana peels!

'TENTION!
The heads on pivots swing about
And feet are moved as with the gout.
The arms are hung as sticks of oak—
The regulars think it quite a joke!

SALUTE!
The arms in various arcs incline;
The squad forms quite a zig-zag line;
Some thumbs at hat-brim, some at nose,
Some at forehead—and so it goes!

EYES RIGHT!
Some roll their optics as in pain
And look to right, then front again;
Then right, then front, then right once more.
(You bet the corporal's doggone sore).

RIGHT FACE!
Some face about, then turn left face
As if in some fantastic race,
Or by their forms some word to spell;
Why go further—War is Hell!

The Barrage, Camp Upton.

Etiquette Talks for Doughboys (con) Bran Mash

EATING with the knife is perfectly *au fait* in exclusive Army circles, as, owing to quick shifts of base, both spoon and fork may become missing, or loaned to other units for purposes of food control. Extreme care should be taken when conducting stews and other open-order dishes to the face by the knife route, for landscape decoration in France is in sole charge of the camouflage branch of the signal corps.

The O. D. napkin, or blouse sleeve, is about the only article left for face-cleaning purposes at the conclusion of the meal, though it is understood that the Red Cross has on the way a large supply of hand-embroidered napkins bearing the usee's monogram, regimental and company or battery designation. Pending the arrival of the Red Cross *serviettes*, the O. D. napkin should be used sparingly, inasmuch as faces are much easier to clean than blouses.

As to the minor points of table deportment, it may be said that not only is sopping the hardtack in the coffee countenanced; it is actually required, if the hardtack is to be eaten at all. Bacon, stray slices of pork that may (by great courage) find their way in between beans, and stray chunks of meat that may, when the cook is not looking, find their way into the meat stew are to be taken in the fingers whenever the spirit moves. It is also perfectly permissible (as it is not at home) to ask for a second helping of soup, for soup is often the be-all and the end-all of an army meal. Neither should any one refrain from asking for seconds, just because there is company at table. In fact, the man who does not consistently and persistently ask for seconds is to be rated a distinct ignoramus.

Stars and Stripes, A. E. F.

A Story Without Words

The Gas Attack,
Camp Wadsworth, S. C.

Lorraine Limericks

THERE was a young fellow from ——
Who put on what Tommy calls swank:
His canteen on the hike
He'd hit when he like,
And sweat blood for each drop that he drank.

There was a young fellow from ——
Who doted on corn-willy hash;*
But he always objected
Whenever elected
The spuds for that same hash to mash.

There was a young man from (deleted)
Who up in an airplane was seated;
His bombs he threw down
On a Hun fact'ry town,
And its output was sadly depleted.

*Yes, there once was a man who did.

Tears filled the soldier's eyes,
Though brave and true was he,
For he was peeling onions
By the hour on K. P.

Stars and Stripes—A. E. F.

Off For the Trenches

WHEN a regiment of American doughboys departed from its billets in a little town back of the front and marched away to our trenches in Lorraine, this poem was found tacked up on a door:

By the rifle on my back,
By my old and well-worn pack,
By the bayonets we sharpened in the billets down below,
When wer'e holding to a sector,
By the howling jumping hector,
Colonel, we'll be Gott-strafed if the Blank-teenth lets it go.

And the Boches big and small,
Runty ones and Boches tall,
Won't keep your boys a squatting in the ditches very long;
For we'll soon be busting through, sir,
God help Fritzie when we do, sir—
Let's get going, Colonel Blank, because we're feeling mighty strong.

Stars and Stripes, A. E. F.

Mother Goose at Sea

BY, BABY BUNTING, daddy's gone ahunting,
Gone to get a Teuton's skin, just to make the baby grin;
Gone to get a helmet, too, to make the baby laugh and coo.

Sing a song of sisters,
Seven ships at sea,
Semaphoring chattily;
"*Tres bien*" and "*oui!*"

When the night has settled,
Silence rules the deep—
'Cause the Hun might catch you,
Talking in your sleep!

Neptune had a little roll
Its motions were unpleasant;
But everywhere old Nep did go,
The roll was always present.

It followed us to sea one day,
The tricks it played were scurvy;
It turned the sailors light and gay—
The soldiers ɟodsʎ ɹnʇʎʎ.

Tom, Tom, the Pacifist's son,
Sailed to France to down the Hun;
When he returns, he'll sure insist
On putting the Fist in Pacifist.

The Hatchet,
Published on the high seas.

There was a Boche who fancied,
With many a German curse,
That he would run this planet and
The whole darned universe.
He'd crush all those who said him nay
And dip them in their gore.
There was a Boche who fancied this;
There isn't any more.

Sheridan Reveille,
Camp Sheridan.

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A FAIR EXCHANGE

(*Continued from page 22*)

you have spoken with great eloquence. But you have forgotten to touch on one matter, and that is the reason for my doing all that you outline so enthusiastically. Why *should* I?"

It was evidently a genuine and not a rhetorical question, for he paused for a reply, awaiting it with sincere curiosity on his face. He received none, however, the fluent American being totally at a loss. "Why *should* you?" he said blankly; "I don't believe I understand you." The two exchanged a long, puzzled look across the little table, centuries and worlds apart.

"WHY, I mean," Monsieur Requine went on frankly, "I don't see any possible reason for embarking in such a terrifyingly vast enterprise as you outline; no reason for, and many against. To speak of nothing else, I am absolutely, morally certain that my cold-cream" (he spoke of it with respect and affection), "would immediately deteriorate if it were manufactured on such an inhuman scale of immensity as you plan, with factories here and factories there, run by mercenary superintendents who had no personal interest in its excellence, with miscellaneous workmen picked up out of the street, haphazard. Why, Mr. Hale, you have no idea of the difficulties I have, as it is, to get and train and keep serious, conscientious work-people. I would be lost without the little nucleus of old helpers who have been with our family for two generations and who set the tone of our small factory. They have the reputation and fine quality of our cold-cream at heart as much as we of the family. They help us in the selection of the newer, younger workers whom we need to fill the ranks, they help us to train them in the traditions and methods of our work, and with patience teach them, one by one, year by year, the innumerable little fine secrets of manipulation which have been worked out since my grandfather began the manufacture there in that room, back of you, in 1836. Our recipe is much, of course; it is all-important; but it is not all. Oh, no, Mr. Hale, it is not all. We put into our cold-cream, beside the recipe, patience, conscience, and pride, and that deftness of hand that only comes after years of training. You can not buy those qualities on the market, not for any price. To think of my recipe put into the hands of money-making factory superintendents and a rabble horde of riffraff workmen! Mr. Hale, you must excuse me for saying that I am astonished at your proposing it, you who have shown by your generous appreciation of its qualities that you are so worthy a member of our guild."

He paused, stirred from his usual equable calm, and waited for an answer. But he still received none. The American was staring at him across an unfathomable chasm of differences.

Monsieur Requine continued, "And as for me personally, I am almost as astonished that you propose it. For nothing in all the world would I enter upon such a life as you depict, owing great sums of money to begin with, for, no matter how 'easy' your business credit may be made in the modern world, the fact remains that I would lie down at night and rise up in the morning, conscious that thousands of men had entrusted their money to me—that I might easily, by one false step, or piece of bad judgment, lose forever money which means life to poor women or old men. Such a fiery trial would shrivel me up. It would be my death, I who have never owed a penny in my life. And then what? Even with the utmost success which you hold out, I would have a life which, compared with what I now have, would be infernal: rushing to and fro over the face of the earth, away from home, my wife, my children, homeless for half the time, constantly employed in the most momentous and important decisions, where in order to succeed I must give all of myself, all, *all*—my brain, my personality, my will-power, my soul! What would be left for me for leisure moments? Nothing! I would be an empty husk, drained of everything that makes me a living and a human being. But, of course, there would not be any leisure moments. I see from what you so eloquently say, that I would have become the slave and not the master of that invention which has come down to me from my fathers; that instead of its furnishing me and my work-people with a quiet, orderly, contented life, I would only exist to furnish it means for a wild, fantastic growth, like something in a nightmare, because a real growth is never like that, never!

"Mr. Hale, do you know what I do of an evening in the summer? I leave the shop at half-past five or six, and I step into my garden, where I work till half-past seven, when I am most exquisitely hungry. We dine here under this vine, my wife, my daughters and my son, he who is now at the front. Afterwards, we sit and chat and exchange impressions of the day, as the moon comes up or the stars come out. Perhaps some of the young friends of the children drop in for a game of cards. My wife and I sit down at the other end of the garden, on the stone bench where we sat when she came here as a bride, where my father and my mother sat when they were bride and groom. The stars come out. I smoke my pipe and watch them. Mr. Hale, it is very surprising, the things which come into your head if you sit quietly and watch the stars come out. I would not miss thinking them for anything in the world. We talk a little, my wife knits. We meditate a great deal. We hear the gay voices of our children coming to us, mingled with the breath of the roses. We have finished another day, and we are very glad to be there, alive, with each other, in our garden. When we come in, my wife makes me a cup of *tisane*, and while I sip I read, sometimes a little of Montaigne, sometimes a little of Horace, sometimes something modern. And all that while, Mr. Hale, there is in our house, in our hearts, the most precious distillation of peace, the——"

FOR some moments the American had been surging inwardly and he now boiled over with a great wave of words:

"Will you just let me tell you what you've been describing to me, Monsieur Requine? The life of an old man, and you're younger than I am! And will you let me tell you what I'd call your 'peace'? I'd call it laziness! Why, that's the kind of life that would suit an oyster right down to the ground! And, by George, that's the kind of life that gave the Boches their strangle-hold on French commerce before the war. They *weren't* afraid of good credit when it was held out to them! They had it *too* easy, with nobody to stand up against them but able-bodied men willing to sit down in their gardens in the evenings and meditate on the stars, instead of thinking how to enlarge their business! I'll bet they didn't read Horace instead of a good technical magazine that would keep them up to date. Why, Monsieur Requine, I give you my word, I have never looked inside my Horace since I took my final exam in it! I wouldn't *dream* of doing it! What would business come to if everybody sagged back like that? You don't seem to realize what business is, modern business. It's not just soulless, materialistic money-making, it's the great, big, wide road that leads human beings to progress! It's what lets humanity get a chance to satisfy its wants, and get more wants, and satisfy them, and get more, and conquer the world from pole to pole. It's what gives men, grown men, with big muscles, obstacles of their size to get through. It gives them problems that take all their strength and brain-power to solve, that keeps them fit and tiptoe with ambition and zip, and prevents them from lying down and giving up when they see a hard proposition coming their way, such as changing a small factory into a big one and keeping the product up to standard. Business, modern business, keeps a man *alive*, so that when he sees a problem like that, he

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doesn't give a groan and go and prune his roses, he just tears right in and does it!"

Monsieur Requine listened to the translation of this impassioned credo with an expression of judicial consideration. When he spoke, it was with a mildness and quiet which made him seem much the older of the two, a certain patient good humor which would have been impossible to the other man. "Mr. Hale, you say that my conception of life seems like laziness to you. Do you know how yours looks to me? Like a circle of frenzied worshipers around a fiery Moloch, into whose maw they cast everything that makes life sweet and livable: leisure, love, affection, appreciation of things rare and fine. My friend, humanity as a whole will never be worth more than the lives of its individuals are worth, and it takes many, many things to make individual lives worth-while. It takes a mixture, and it needs among other elements, some quiet, some peace, some leisure, some occupation with things of pure beauty like my roses, some fellowship with great minds of the past—" His eyes took on a dreamy, deepening glow, "Sometimes as I dig the earth among my fruit-trees, the old, old earth, a sentence from Epictetus, or from Montaigne comes into my head; all at once luminous as I never saw it before. I have a vision of things very wide, very free, very fine. Almost, for a moment, Mr. Hale, almost for a moment I feel that I understand life."

The American stood up to go, with a gesture of finality. He put his hat firmly on his head and said in pitying valedictory:

"Monsieur Requine, you're on the wrong track. Take it from me that nobody can understand life. The best thing to do with life is to live it!"

The Frenchman, still seated, still philosophic, made a humorous gesture, "Ah, there are as many different opinions as there are men about what that means, to 'live life!' "

In the cab going back to Paris the American said little. Once he remarked almost to himself, "The thing I can't get over is that his damned cream *is* better than anything we make."

The French official emerged from a thoughtful silence of his own to comment, "Mr. Hale, the generosity of that remark is only equaled by its perspicacity! It makes me more than ever concerned for the future of French commerce."

THAT evening, Monsieur Requine was stooping over a dwarf apple-tree, string in one hand, pruning shears in the other. He was clipping away all except one of the vigorous young shoots. That one he then laid along a wire strung about a foot from the ground and tied it fast at several points, so that in growing it would follow the exact line traced by the horizontal wire. When he finished, he gathered up all the clipped shoots, put them under his arm and stood looking at the severely disciplined little tree which did not look in the least like a tree any more. The sight apparently suggested an analogy to his mind, for he said in the tone of one who makes admission, "It's true, one does it for apple-trees and vines." After considering this for a moment, he shook his head with decision, "But not for human beings, no."

And yet his brow was far from clear as he betook himself to the stone bench at the end of the garden.

When his wife went out later to join him, she missed the glow of his pipe and inquired, a little troubled, "Why, René, you've forgotten to light your pipe! What's the matter?"

"Adèle, do you remember, just before the order for mobilization came how Robert wanted to travel a year in America to study American business, and to see something of other conditions? Perhaps I was wrong not to consent; I've been here thinking it over. Perhaps when he comes back" (they always forced themselves to say "when" and never "if") "perhaps we would better let him go, before he settles down to take my place." He took her hand and held it for a moment. "Do you know, Adèle, after all, the world changes, perhaps more than we realize, here in Versailles?"

THAT evening Mr. Hale sat in his hotel bedroom with all the electric lights blazing, and filled sheet after sheet with elaborate calculations. He was concerned with an important detail of transatlantic transportation to which he did not believe half enough attention had been paid, the question as to what form of carrier is the best for certain breakable objects which he was arranging to send in large quantities into the States. The quantities were so large that if he could effect a small saving of space with no increase of the breakage per cent., the sum total would be considerable.

He figured out the relative contents in boxes of a given dimension and in barrels, having always had a leaning toward barrels, himself. He looked up technical tables as to the relative weight of sawdust, powdered cork, excelsior, together with the statistics as to the relative amount of breakage with each sort of packing. His days were so filled with "seeing people" that he often thought the evenings were the only times he really had to do "real work," the careful, minute, definitely patient and long-headed calculations which had made him the wealthy man he was.

The room was very hot and close, with all its windows and shutters closed and its curtains drawn to keep the light from showing in the street, a recent air-raid having tightened up the regulations about lights. The American's face was flushed, his eyes hot and smarting, his collar first wilted and then laid aside. But he was accustomed to pay small heed to discomforts when there was work to be done, and continued obstinately struggling with the problems of cubic feet contained in a compartment of a ship's hold of given dimensions with given curves to the sides. The curve of the sides gave him a great deal of trouble, as he had quite forgotten the formulæ of abstract mathematics since the day he had taken the final examination in that subject.

HE SAT up, wiping his forehead, rubbing his eyes. Behind his lids, for an instant shut, there swam before his eyes the garden in which he had sat that afternoon, green and hidden and golden. The perfume from the roses floated again about him.

He opened his eyes on the gaudy, banal hotel-bedroom, cruelly lighted with the hard gaze of the unveiled electric bulbs. He felt very tired.

"I've half a notion to call that enough for to-night," he said to himself, standing up from the table.

He snapped off the electric lights and opened the shutters. A clear, cool breath of outdoor air came in silently, filling the room and his lungs. The moonlight lay in a wide pool at his feet and on the balcony before his window. He hesitated a moment, glanced out at the sky, and pulled an armchair out on the balcony.

There was a long silence while he puffed at a cigar and while the moon dropped lower. At first he went on thinking of cubic feet and relative weights, but presently his cigar began to glow less redly. After a time it went out unheeded. The hand which held it, dropped on the arm of the chair, loosely.

The man stirred, relaxed all his muscles and stretched himself out in the chair, tipping his head back to see the stars.

He sat thus for a long, long time, while the constellations wheeled slowly over his head. Once he murmured meditatively, "Maybe we *do* hit it up a little too fast."

He continued looking up at the stars, and presently drew from the contemplation of those vast spaces, another remark. It was one which had often casually passed his lips before, but never with the accent of conviction. For never before had he believed it. He said it earnestly now, in the tone of one who states with respect a profound and pregnant truth: "Well, it takes all kinds of people to make a world."

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UNDER *the* SPREADING CHESTNUT TREE

Drawings by Ralph Barton

EDITOR'S NOTE—Though the sign is the Chestnut Tree, no story is barred by its youth. We will gladly pay for available ones. Address all manuscripts to "The Chestnut Tree," enclosing stamped, addressed envelope.

JANET, aged nine, was taken by her mother to lunch at the house of a friend.

The hostess was of the talkative variety, and, in her enjoyment of certain interesting little incidents she was relating, quite forgot to give Janet anything in the shape of food.

After a lapse of several minutes, Janet could endure this situation no longer. So, raising her plate as high as she could, she demanded in a shrill voice:

"Anybody here want a clean plate?"

JOHN RATT, a full-blood Cherokee Indian of Cherokee County, Oklahoma, being drawn in the draft of selected men, was sent to Camp Travis, Texas, for training. After he had been in camp for several days, he was haled before the adjutant for failing to salute an officer, and gave the following explanation for his default: "Me live at Welling. When me meet man there maybeso speak to him one time. No speak any more to same man all day. Down here me salute it every time me pass it man."

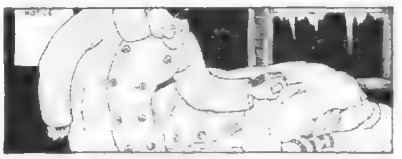
UNCLE BILL, hearing an explosion in the immediate neighborhood, said to his small nephew, sitting in the automobile beside him: "Get out, Jimmy, and look at the tire, and see if it is flat."

"It looks pretty good," said Jimmy upon inspection; "it's only flat on the bottom side."

A MAN, walking along a country road, came to a small pond. On a tree at the water's edge was nailed a board bearing the following badly scrawled warning:

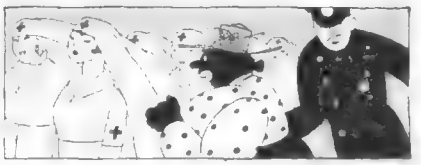
DONT FISH HEAR

The man pondered over it for a moment or two, then resumed his journey with the comment: "Blamed if I know."



IT IS a regulation at the Government Balloon School at Fort Omaha that no matter what the weather conditions may be, all the windows in the barracks must remain open at night. During the frigid weather last winter the post surgeon made a nightly inspection to see that the cadets were sleeping correctly. As he was making his rounds one night when the thermometer had shriveled to thirty-two below, he came upon a cot where a "rookie" lay covered, head and all, by a mountain of blankets and overcoats. The surgeon shook the mass and asked: "Here, there, don't you know how to sleep?"

"Hell, yes; I ought to know how—I've been doing it for twenty-three years," was the reply that rose to the astonished officer.



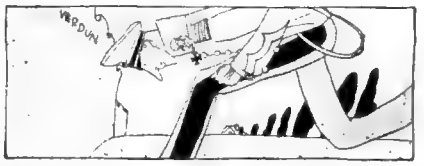
A MINNEAPOLIS laundress, a negro woman, patriotic supporter of the Red Cross, was among the thousands who witnessed a recent Red Cross parade in the Mill City in which fifteen thousand white-clad women participated. In telling a Red Cross worker how she liked it, she said:

"Lawdy, missus, it suttinly was a gran' spectacle. Nevah in mah whole life did I see so much washin' at one time."

I WAS staying on a ranch in the Southwest. Crossing the yard one day, I met a cowboy with some towels on his arm.

"Going to have a bath, Rowdy?" I asked, by way of being agreeable.

He looked at me blankly. "Why?" he answered. "I ain't goin' anywhere."



A RECRUITING officer in Germany determined that no prospective soldier should elude him. One man said he was too old, but the officer replied: "Von Hindenburg is seventy-two and he's in. Get a gun."

Another man with one arm came up to claim exemption and the officer said: "The Kaiser's in. Get a gun."

Finally a woman brought her half-witted son, and the officer said: "No matter; the Crown Prince is in. Get a gun."

A HARD, little, never-say-die Tommy who had been captured by the Boches refused to work; and tormented his captors by continually shouting:

"We gaive ye hell at the Marne, didn't we, Fritz? We gaive ye hell at the Marne, eh?"

He continued this, undaunted by their threats, for many days. Finally, the officers, exasperated, offered him the choice of either being shot or getting into a German uniform and submitting to the discipline of a German soldier.

After a struggle, he gave in, and the first night his new Boche comrades welcomed him to their ranks and demanded a patriotic speech. Tommy rose and said:

"Well, boys, I carn't saiy anything good now about those Frenchies and Tommies over there; but, ye know, they gaive us hell at the Marne, didn't they?"

TWO cockneys visiting the U. S. A. held an argument as to the kind of bird perched on the top of a tall tree.

"It's either a 'en or a howl!" said the first.

"'En or howl be blowed; that bird's a heagle, the hemblem of this 'ere

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John McE. Bowman

The True but Interesting Story *of* a Modern Alger Boy

By Anne Herendeen

THE worst of this story is that it is true. If only I had made it up I could call it "The Houses that Jack Built," or "Jack and the Pork and Beanstalk," and sell it for a lot of money, and have it illustrated by Frederic Dorr Steele.

As it stands, it's just a plain American tale of a plain American lad who followed the Hudson down to New York, and with plenty of ambition, his two hands, and the Irish tongue in his head (now that he is a great man with some forty million dollars' worth of hotels under his care they call it "punch, personality, and pep") before he was forty carved a place for himself at the top of the fourth biggest industry in the world—excluding the war.

Back in the nineties John McE. Bowman felt himself getting on toward the mature age of twenty, and decided he had learned enough clerking in the Saratoga hotel "up state" to come down and try his luck in one of the big New York hotels. It took nearly all the money he had to get him to the big city, and then the famous hotel he had selected to work for said it didn't need him at all.

He doesn't talk much about those days, but certainly he didn't waste any money on such luxuries as carfare or superfluous meals. Before too long, however, he got his start in the Holland House, where he learned the hotel business by work in every one of its departments.

From the beginning the boy had ideas and a way of driving right straight through to their accomplishment. Early in the game he earned the confidence of the head of the house, the late Gustave Baumann, and a number of years later, when the project of the Biltmore Hotel was launched, young Bowman was its logical vice-president.

"I should visit the capitals of Europe," remarked Mr. Bowman, at this point, "and look over the famous Ritz string of hotels. It is time somebody studied the tastes of foreigners in their native haunts. We should know exactly how and when the Englishman takes his tea and the Frenchman his coffee and cognac." He did it, of course, and the result was that ever since—and Mr. Bowman became president of the hotel upon the death of his old friend, Mr. Baumann—the Biltmore, with its "cascades," its indoor garden and its ice-skating has remained in the lead of the exclusive hotels that are interesting withou being sensational.

Head of a $40,000,000 business, Herbert Hoover's right-hand chairman, young, handsome, knows all about horses—and John McE. Bowman is still unmarried.

(There is absolutely not one "catch" or "surprise" in this story. It is only a variation of the hardy perennial, "Big Oaks from Little Acorns Grow.")

A little more time passed and Mr. Bowman had acquired the hotels Manhattan and Ansonia with their respective one thousand and fifteen hundred rooms, in addition to the Biltmore with its sixteen hundred, and had started the construction of the Commodore, near the Grand Central Station, with the succinct orders to the architect to make it the "largest in the world." Around town it is spoken of as a fifteen-million-dollar proposition. Last May came the merger of Mr. Bowman's hotel interests in the vicinity of the Grand Central with those of Mr. Benjamin L. M. Bates, proprietor of the Belmont and the Murray Hill. This put Mr. Bowman in charge of the varying ideas of comfort of some two million people a year on their way in and out of seven thousand rooms. Consider this, Mme. Housewife, the next time you get ruffled because Cousin Susan just won't use the guest towels. There will be, with the completion of the Commodore, January first, seven thousand employees on Mr. Bowman's pay-roll. A cool million a year goes to the Biltmore staff alone.

And in the midst of Mr. Bowman's plans for the Commodore, and his arrangements for building three great hotels at Atlantic City, Mr. Hoover asked him to come to Washington and take a desk in his office and think about food conservation. "Chairman of the Hotels, Restaurants, and Dining-Car Division of the Food Administration" became his title.

"How would it be to put hotels and restaurants upon an entirely wheatless basis?" said Mr. Bowman.

"It might solve the problem," said Mr. Hoover, "but it sounds pretty drastic."

"Drastic nothing," said Mr. Bowman. "Food will win the war."

Mr. Bowman forthwith sent personal invitations to all the leading hotel men to meet him in Washington. When they arrived he ushered them in to Mr. Hoover, and they all promised to use nothing but wheat substitutes until after the next harvest. Later on, at a hotel-men's banquet in New York, the energetic chairman had the waiters bring him the names of everybody who had ordered any bread at all. Then he stood up and said severe things about them. They didn't like it very well, but they probably went home and passed on the lesson to gluttonous patrons.

"If a man persists in ordering meat on meatless days," says Mr. Bowman cordially, "throw him out. You men who do not save food are well on the way to being as bad as those who deliberately destroy it."

From bell-boy to head of a forty-million-dollar hotel business and right-hand man of the Government, still in his thirties, handsome and healthy, and at that Mr. Bowman hasn't gotten anybody to marry him. The society editors have helped all *they* could. I told him quite frankly I thought the right girl must be waiting for him to make something of himself!

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THE EYES OF THE BLIND

(*Continued from page 53*)

Grecque; the girl is in with her father; we know all that. But there is something else to it. They don't work together, for some reason or other. And when I find that reason I think I'll have ended my work. For a while, at any rate."

"And you have no idea what that reason is?" questioned Deems.

Rogan shook his head. "I was beginning to think that maybe the girl was working against her father—but at the same time trying to protect him. But—this bomb matter of to-day——"

"What made you think that?" asked Deems quickly. He was suddenly hopeful. Lydia Gryce, thinking him dishonest, traitorous, might very well have justified herself in her refusal to explain too much to Deems. She would be insane to trust the man whom she thought guilty of treason. And Rogan's utterance, if it were based on reason, would explain all of the activities of the girl.

"Oh, nothing that matters now," said Rogan. "A lot of little things—of course, it wasn't *sane*, that feeling of mine; there was too much against her. But—you kinda influenced me, young feller. I tried to look at the matter from every angle. But this bomb-matter—that settles it."

"But does it?" insisted Deems.

Rogan shrugged his shoulders. "We know she came here; we know what Minna says."

"What was the number of the taxi?" asked Deems.

"Why?"

"Her chauffeur might have something to say."

"What difference would it make?" asked Rogan.

DEEMS colored again. "It would make a lot of difference to me. But beside that—if she is really with us, even though trying to protect her father—and, Rogan, it isn't common sense to think anything else than that she's at heart with us, even if she doesn't know it."

"Why not?"

"Because de Grecque and his gang would be on our necks by now. The girl might be working from a different angle, but—you and I are dangerous to de Grecque. And so to Gryce. Any little differences of policy would be smoothed over by the vital danger that we constitute."

"Something in that," admitted Rogan. "And the taxi-man?"

"Would know whether or not she carried anything in here—and to my room. I'm going to look him up." He rose; his jaw set firmly.

Rogan nodded indifferently. "Can't do any harm. And meantime—I'll be looking up something else."

"What?"

"I'm going to attend a meeting of the Booklovers Club. They want a verbal report on you Shake hands, son. It may be your last chance."

His voice and manner were nonchalant, but his eyes were grave. Deems felt a certain reluctance to leave the Secret Service man.

"Is there anything I can do?" he asked.

Rogan laughed. "I'm not sure how safe this Graffe alibi is going to be. I fooled the police, but—de Grecque and his gang are different. I'm not even sure that de Grecque won't recognize me as Rogan. But—I have my summons; I can't ignore it. They'll know about the bomb business—the papers have printed it. But—it's all in a lifetime. And if my lifetime isn't long—you'll know where to take what information you have. It isn't evidence, but—it may help. And I wouldn't go back to Irving Place at all. You'd have to pick your baggage up with a dust-pan, anyway," he grinned. "And the police will be interested in Mr. William Curtiss."

There was dismissal in his tones. There was nothing sentimental about Rogan. There was much that Deems would have liked to say, but he couldn't find words wherewith to express himself. If Rogan did not reappear at his book-shop, then Rogan would be dead, and that's all there was to it. Both of them knew it, but beyond his statement that it might be Deems's last chance to shake hands, Rogan made no further reference to his danger. They shook hands, and Deems left the book-shop.

Ordinarily, it would be impossible for a private citizen to obtain the name and address of a chauffeur late at night without the gravest reasons. But a newspaper man has many privileges. And although the *Record* knew that Deems had disappeared without notifying his employers, the *Record* had not blazoned the fact to the world. There was no reason why it should.

So that Deems was quite safe in telephoning Sergeant Moriarity.

"What's the name of the owner of license number 1040-967, Sarge," he asked.

"What's the matter, me lad? Run over ye?"

Deems laughed. "On a story, Sarge. Chasing a man through a building. Left my taxi outside. Got back two hours later and he was gone."

"I suppose it made him sick watching the meter go up wid no chance of collectin'," chuckled the sergeant. "Are ye afraid that he'll be down to the 'house' askin' us to locate a handsome young scoundrel what bilked him of his fare?"

"I want to beat him to it. I'd like to pay him," replied Deems.

"Fair enough—and rare enough," commented the officer. "Hold the wire a minute, lad, and I'll look it up."

A moment later and Deems was bound for Bleecker Street. The number the complaisant sergeant had given him was easily found. And the bartender of the saloon that was the ground floor office of the Raines-Law hotel admitted that one Randolph Fallon resided there.

"But I don't think he's fit to see any one now, sir." The "sir" was a tribute to the bill that Deems slid into his hand. "What's he done? Run over somebody?"

Deems shook his head. "No; just a matter of business."

THE bartender looked impressed. "Then he ain't been gettin' rid of hot air, then, with his talk to-night of big money?"

"I don't know; what did he say?" asked Deems.

"Damn little; but he talked a lot. Sold his taxi—fact! Got three-hundred bucks for it, and started blowin' in the wad. I thought he was crazy and tried to stop him, but he gave me the laugh. Said he was through workin'. Said he was rich. I thought he'd been drinking, but he didn't act that way. Was cold sober, too, when he sold his flivver."

"I take it that he isn't sober now, then?" said Deems.

"You take it correct," grinned the bartender. "He's lighted up like Sunday in the park. I shooed him upstairs an hour ago. I don't think he's able to talk."

"I'd like to try him," said Deems.

"Number 24," said the bartender. "Run along up there. His door ain't locked. No need for it; I got most of his roll in the safe down here. Don't want a regular customer robbed. Not when he's just got rich and may be able to spend," he grinned.

Deems returned the grin with one of his own heart-warming smiles, and the bartender's lingering doubts vanished. He graciously accompanied Deems to the foot of a flight of stairs. "I'd like to go up with you," he said, "only these burglars down here'd rob the place. If he ain't able to talk holler to me, and I'll lend you a bung-starter."

But the bung-starter wasn't necessary. Randolph Fallon had become degenerate, sodden. But to-night his brain seethed with excitement, and a seething brain does not react the same always, to alcohol. Last night,

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one-half of what he had drunk to-night would have rendered him unconscious; to-night, though indubitably drunk, he was fairly rational and quite awake.

"I'm from the *Record*, Mr. Fallon," said Deems.

Fallon stared at him. Liquor had glazed his eyes, and he did not recognize his visitor. But fear sharpened his liquor-dulled wits.

"What you want with me?" he growled.

Deems stared at the man curiously. The name of Randolph Fallon had sounded vaguely familiar to him. Now as he looked upon the wreck of what had once been a man, he recognized the taximan.

"Want with you? That depends, Mr. Fallon. You used to be on the *Record*, eh, Mr. Fallon?"

"Well, what of it?" snapped Fallon.

"Nothing much, except—you know how much the *Record* will spend for news, if the news is important."

"Well?" Fallon's tones were not encouraging.

"The *Record* wants to know something about the passenger you carried to-day," said Deems, gently.

"What passenger? How can I remember any partic'lar person?"

"Oh, but you'd remember this person," said Deems. "A girl. You took her to Graffe's book-store on Lexington Avenue. Also to a lodging-house on Irving Place."

"How do you know that I did?" demanded Fallon. He was suddenly cold sober.

"She says so," replied Deems.

"Well, where do I come in, then?" asked the ex-newspaperman.

"We want to know if she carried anything into either of those places. A bomb, for instance?"

Fallon shook his head. "Cer'n'ly not. What do you take me for? Wouldn't I have gone straight to headquarters if I'd seen her do anything like that?"

"Not if she paid you not to," hinted Deems.

"Who says she paid me?" cried Fallon.

"I understand that you've sold your car and state that you've become rich," insinuated Deems. "Do you mind telling me where you got your money?"

Into Fallon's eyes came black despair. "Why should I?" he whimpered. The surly fight had gone out of him.

"Because the *Record* will pay for news, while the police will not."

"How much?" asked the blackmailer. "I oughta known better. I oughta got cash from her. What good is her check now? I mighta known that I was born unlucky. I never did have a chance in my life that bum luck didn't queer it."

"Then she gave you a check? And she did carry something into Graffe's shop?"

"And into the other place, too. The place that young Deems—" Recognition stood in his eyes—"You're Deems. Oh, my God. I didn't know what she was doing. I only guessed it afterward. How could I tell that she had a bomb in her hand-bag? And I haven't cashed her check, either. I never intended to cash it. I only took it—I intended to show it to the police as evidence against her—but I got to drinking, and—they can't do anything to me—I got the check—here it is—they can't do a thing to me—I was getting the goods on her, making her confess, intending to sell it to a newspaper and then tell the police—and they can't do anything to me, can they?"

His voice rose to a frightened scream, but Deems hardly heard him. He was looking at the check. If Lydia Gryce had paid this sodden wreck ten thousand dollars to keep him quiet, then—why—for the first time her offense, in all its enormity, came to him. She had tried to commit murder! She had tried to murder him, Deems, the man who—Fallon stared at him, his mouth open. There wasn't any reason why a newspaper man should laugh himself sick because a woman had attempted to kill him. He did not know that Deems was laughing at the death of hope within himself. It was better to laugh than to cry. What a prince of patience Rogan was! Well, he would not try the Rogan patience any longer. He would do his best to bring to justice all who conspired against the country, even though among the number was the girl whom he had fatuously thought he loved. *Thought* that he loved! It was the mockery of gods that now, in the moment when his last hope had vanished, he should *know* that he loved her!

CHAPTER ELEVEN

Lydia Trapped

THERE were circles under Gryce's eyes. His broad nostrils, that could quiver over such matters as the aroma of a cigar, the fragrance of a well-laden table, twitched now from nervousness. The wide mouth was set harshly, and his eyes were fretful.

"I warn you, Lydia," he said, "that you are reaching the limits of patience."

"I might say the same thing to you, Father," she retorted.

"And cease to be my well-bred daughter," he told her.

"The truth not being well-bred, you mean?"

"Insolence, I meant, Lydia. Since when has the daughter been set above the father? Since when do children sit in judgment upon their parents?"

"Right never ceases to sit in judgment upon wrong, Father."

He hurled his book from him.

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"Lydia, I am a busy man. I have not only my own business affairs to administer, but I play, if I may say so, a most important part in greater matters. I have managed to achieve success; men pay heed to what I say. And yet my daughter dares to criticize. Criticize? *Scold* is the word. I can not even have a peaceful hour with a book. What has happened to you, Lydia? You never used to talk like a priggish professor. 'Right never ceases to sit in judgment upon wrong.' My God, Lydia, are you thinking of taking a pulpit?"

"Even that, Father, if I thought I could drive from the minds of people the ideas that you try to instill in them."

HE GLARED at her. "You can't even frame a sentence that doesn't sound like the heroine of a Third Avenue melodrama." His voice suddenly lowered. It became beseeching, pleading. "Listen, little girl; try to get rid of that notion that I'm not pro-American. Open your eyes."

"Open *your* eyes!" she cried. "They are blind; blind to everything that is vital."

"Because, at the age of fifty-five, after a fairly ripe experience, I do not agree with my daughter, who is somewhat less than twenty-five?"

"Because you do not agree with the President; with the best thought of the nation," she said.

"The best thought being exemplified by young girls like yourself, driven insane by years of reading of slaughter in Europe, until you have come to think that slaughter is the natural, the inevitable thing. You mention the President; after all, he simply follows the will of the people. He does not profess to do more. And can he know better than I the will of the people? Are his sources of information any greater? I doubt it."

"He gets his information from honest men," she said.

"And I?"

"From traitors," she blazed.

Her father gazed at her. "Lydia, I have borne with much from you. I wonder if I have not borne with too much. Patience ceases to be a virtue after a while. I have told you that when you adduced proof concerning Senator Randall——"

"Or de Grecque," she interrupted.

"Or de Grecque," he echoed.

"You will act upon that proof?" she questioned.

"You know that I will."

She nodded. "I am quite sure of that. You are—it *does* sound melodramatic, the way I've been speaking, Father, but—I've been doing melodramatic things. You attended a meeting of the Booklovers Club tonight, Father?"

"Yes."

"You made a speech?"

"Yes. Is there anything criminal in that, Lydia? Is there even anything involving moral turpitude in the fact that I delivered that speech?"

She shook her head. "Please don't be sarcastic, Father. There was nothing wrong with what you said, perhaps, although I do not think that talking of negotiations with Germany is quite patriotic when we are at war with her."

"Our notions of patriotism differ, Lydia. But go on."

"The Comte de Grecque was there."

"Yes. You are well informed, Lydia. But I suppose some one of the *Record* staff——"

"No. I heard your speech, Father. I heard the other men talk, too. I heard all of them, pro-Germans and out-and-out traitors, all."

Her father's eyebrows lifted. "Yet there were newspaper men present—my own reporters—and I heard no such comment."

"You will see it in the other papers in the morning, Father. They made no comment there. Why should they? They wanted to know how far the members of that club would care to go."

He laughed. "Well, they found out. There was not a treasonable word uttered. There was a resolution passed, commending Senator Randall for his efforts for peace, and another resolution pledging the support of the club to the Government."

"With the joker in the end," she said. "A request to the President that he attempt further negotiation with Germany."

"Exactly as I advocated in my speech," he said complacently. "We are at war with the German Government, not the German people. I hoped that the President would recognize this fact, and would endeavor so to negotiate with the German Government that its people would recognize the fact, and——"

"I heard you," she interrupted.

"But you were not there, Lydia."

"I was in a room up-stairs, Father; you asked for evidence against the Comte de Grecque and Randall. I have no evidence against Randall as yet. It may be that I shall never get any against him. He is clever, and he cares for his safety. He will be beaten next fall, but whether or not we can land him in jail——"

Gryce's frown stopped her. "You were in a room up-stairs? But the Booklovers banquet was in a restaurant building. What were you doing up-stairs, Lydia?"

"Listening, father. Did you ever hear of the dictaphone?"

His hands dropped upon his stout thighs. His jaw dropped. "You! Up-stairs! A dictaphone! Lydia, are you insane?"

She shook her head. "You will not think me so when I have finished, Father."

"Then hurry up and finish," he cried.

"I heard your speeches; I heard the other speeches; I heard the resolutions and the applause and all the sickening rest of it. And then—the Comte de Grecque did not leave with you, Father. No; he was one of the honored guests who remained behind. Let me tell you why. Because he is the lowest traitor of them all, Father. France has honored him, has enriched him, but—the taint of German birth is his."

"Lydia, you *are* insane," said Gryce. "De Grecque was born in——"

"Germany," she stated. "Oh, it is not known, not even in France."

"Not known; when his title is——"

"Not his, Father! If I should tell you that the real Comte de Grecque is in a German prison——"

"Lydia, my dear——"

"Incredible, I know. But wait. The de Grecques are an old, but not well-known family. The Comte de Grecque joined the army at the outbreak of the war. He was wounded and invalided, and later sent to this country on diplomatic service. At least, the French Government thought that it sent de Grecque. But the real de Grecque was a German prisoner. The de Grecque we know is a German officer. He wore the Comte de Grecque's uniform when he was picked up on the battle-field. Also, he was wounded, and the real de Grecque had been seen to fall in a charge. A long chance, yes. But—there were plenty of Germans who would take such a chance. This man took it; he was not discovered. None of the real de Grecque's regiment were in the military hospital where he was taken—the Germans have done enough things like this, Father. It is not incredible even. And he used what treacherous influence he could exert to be sent abroad. The chance of discovery was slight over here."

"AND yet *you* discovered this—mare's nest?" Gryce's voice was sneeringly incredulous. "May I ask how?"

"You may ask, Father, but I can not answer. But believe me."

"Believe you? You might as well ask me to believe that the earth is flat."

She smiled. "Wait. You left the banquet to-night. De Grecque remained behind. So did I, in an up-stairs room. And I heard—Father, can't you understand? The German plight is desperate now that we have entered the war. But if we remain passive, lethargic, Germany may win. If we refuse to send troops abroad——"

"As we will, if the papers I control have any power at all," he cried.

"I have not finished yet," she reminded him.

"Go on with your dream, Lydia."

She flushed. "If you could have

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heard them talk. It is owned by Germans, the Royal Restaurant."

"Which is why they permitted you to place a dictaphone in one of the rooms, eh?"

"You don't believe me?" she asked.

"Believe you? Lydia, I thought you were insane a while ago. Now ——"

"If I tell you that one of the waiters in the Royal is an Alsatian—though his employers do not know that he is a loyal Frenchman——"

"Lydia, you *can't* be insane." Against his will Gryce was yielding to her argument.

"Insane? Father, after you left, de Grecque and others held a private meeting. The proposed draft legislation was discussed. They laughed at you. They said you were completely under their influence. And de Grecque spoke of a paper that you had signed."

"A paper?" Gryce shook his head. "I know of no paper that I have signed."

"No?" The girl lowered her eyes; a tinge of something that might have been contempt showed in them. "It does not matter. But de Grecque said that if you wavered he could show that paper, that it would compel you to stick with them."

"De Grecque said that?" Gryce seemed incredulous.

THIS time the girl looked at him. The contempt left her eyes; puzzlement took its place.

"I heard him," she said. "And de Grecque said that he had talked with you of the folly of war; that he had approached you from the standpoint of high morality; that he had appealed to your reverence for Christ, your hatred for the great soldiers of history. There was no question, he said, but that you would use all your power to render the United States inactive in this war."

"That is true," he admitted.

"But it would not be true if you knew that you were being used by pro-Germans, by traitors," she cried. "If you knew that Germany's only hope of victory was that we should be inactive; if you knew that Germany had already settled upon the amount of indemnity that, having defeated the Allies, it would demand, and *exact*, from us."

"No-o, in that case, if I thought that de Grecque were dishonest, that those lined up with me were dishonest——"

"And they are! There is no pacifist element in the country to-day that is not pacifist because of cowardice or selfishness. You are fooled, Father. *You* are honest. But the rest—they want to use you."

He stared at her. Lines of worriment appeared on his forehead.

"But, Lydia—the Government recognizes de Grecque—how do you happen to know——"

"If you just won't ask me yet, Father!"

"But I insist," he said.

She shook her head. "I can't tell you. To-morrow—I can tell you, to-morrow!"

"Do you mean to tell me that—you are working for——"

"I can't tell you—anything," she replied.

He looked at her. It was all unreasonable. How could a girl, his own daughter, be aware of things that—de Grecque an imposter? His whole world turned upside down. How could the daughter of Stephen Gryce know of matters that had been withheld from him? It was—ridiculous. And yet there was nothing ridiculous in the girl's manner. He had never seen her so intent, so apparently mistress of herself. Suddenly Gryce felt old; he had lived rapidly; not in the sense that he had dissipated in loose living; but he had enjoyed the bodily comforts and he had worked strenuously. How he had worked! Too hard! Ha he failed to see things properly? Could it be possible that, in his concentration upon work, he had lost something of his old gift for reading people? Could any one impose upon him And were his ideas all wrong? Absurd! And yet—but there could be no qualification. War was wrong. Peace was right. His jaw set stubbornly. Still, Lydia had promised to reveal certain things to-morrow. Out of the mouths of babes— If it were true that pro-Germans were using him, that could not affect the soundness of the principle that war was wrong and peace was right, but still— If the very people who agreed with him that war was wrong were planning to make war against this country of his, when the time should be propitious—

Lydia had been in bed an hour when a knock upon her door aroused her.

"Who is it?" she asked sleepily.

"Ferguson, Miss Lydia," came the answer. "There's some men downstairs insist on seeing you, ma'am."

"On seeing me," she said, amazed. "Are you sure? Don't they want Father?"

Ferguson's voice was deprecating, but certain.

"No, Miss Lydia. Your father is out—he was telephoned for half an hour ago. And the men insist that it's you they came to see. They're policemen, Miss Lydia," he whispered, hoarsely.

"Policemen?"

"Yes, Miss Lydia. Shall I tell them you're not in?"

She laughed. "They'd probably find me, Ferguson. No, tell them I'll be down directly."

SHE sat a moment on the edge of her bed. Twice her hand strayed toward the telephone near her pillow. It was a private line; she could not be heard down-stairs. Then she shook her head decidedly. Something of the stubbornness that was a Gryce trait was visible in the set of her jaw as she entered her father's library. She nodded quite coolly to the uniformed man who seemed the chief of the four men in the room.

"You wanted me?" she asked.

"You're Miss Gryce?"

She nodded assent.

"Charge of doing bomb work, young lady. They want to see you down at headquarters. Ready?"

She eyed him. "Suppose you show me your warrant," she suggested.

He sneered. "Don't need a warrant. Attempted murder justifies arrest without one. We got the goods on you. Will you be nice and ladylike and come quietly?"

Ferguson, the butler, had followed his mistress into the room.

"You make him show his warrant, Miss Lydia," he cried.

The spokesman of the four officers took a step toward the old man. "You want to come along, too?"

Ferguson whitened; but he held his ground. Lydia moved toward the door; one of the policemen stepped between her and the one way of egress from the room. He laid a hand upon her shoulder.

Old Ferguson leaped at him. He went down before a wicked blow in the face.

"Don't," cried Lydia. The man who had struck the butler withheld the second blow aimed at the old man as he stumbled to his knees.

"I'll go," said the girl quietly.

The next instalment of ***"The Eyes of the Blind"*** *will appear in the October number.*

There's a new kind of story in the October EVERYBODY'S—war, with a laugh in it. It's a story about an Irishman, a cargo of mules, and a bungstarter; and the author is Don Marquis, editor of a well-known humor column in the New York *Evening Sun*.

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Camp Steever, Lake Geneva, Wisconsin.

H. S. V. U. S.

FOR BETTER CITIZENSHIP

The High-School Volunteers of the United States is a national organization of, by and for high-school boys and girls, aiming to promote better citizenship by specific training, competitions and games and in other ways. Membership is open to any high school interested. For full information, write Headquarters, High-School Volunteers of the United States, Butterick Building, New York City.

THE second year of the H. S. V. U. S. closed with a bang, but the momentum of this splendid, high-pitched year's work did not scatter the trim ranks of the Volunteers into the vagabondage of the usual vacation. Instead it was a "column right" direct from the closing reviews and events into camp for further training, or, by a simple change from cadet gray into blue jeans, a "column left" into the potato-patch or the cornfield.

Early in May a great review was held in Chicago of the boys who are going to the farm front this summer under the auspices of the United States Boys' Working Reserve or otherwise. It was reviewed by the Lieutenant-Governor of Illinois and rivaled in size and impressiveness the later competitive review of the H. S. V. U. S.

On May twenty-seventh the second annual national review and cadet competition of the H. S. V. U. S. took place in Chicago. Owing to war conditions only the fifth, sixth, seventh and eighth regiments H. S. V. U. S. found it possible to take part. The Englewood High School won the *Tribune* Flag and the Red H. S. V. U. S. flag; the Carl Schurz High School won the White H. S. V. U. S. flag and the Nicholas Senn won the Blue H. S. V. U. S. flag. The wall-scaling competition was one of the principal events and each company in the city had a representative team. The Chicago *Daily News* gave eight gold medals for this event, and the McKinley High-School team captured the prize. The H. G. Beatty flag and the Walter Greenebaum cup went to the Hyde Park High School. The medals given to the winning war-game team from the Chicago district by the Citizens' Uniform committee were also presented at this time. Captain Beals, in charge of the work in Chicago, reports the review as the fitting culmination of a most successful year's work.

But Chicago was not the only place. Captain Instructor Wallace M. Yater of the Washington, D. C., H. S. V. U. S. writes:

> We had a brilliant cadet year. Our enrolment of white cadets mounts well up near thirteen hundred, giving us a formation of twenty-two companies of six squads each. The colored battalion contains six hundred cadets, seven companies. The organizations were reviewed at the close of the year's work by General March, Chief of Staff, U. S. A., and the competitive drills were splendid successes.

The second National War-Game Competition announced for June eleventh and twelfth at Kansas City was canceled, owing to the sudden assignment of Captain R. Baird, U. S. A., the Director of Training, to duty elsewhere. It was expected that teams from Washington, D. C., Denver, Detroit, St. Louis, Chicago and smaller places would compete for the title now held by Kansas City. The second competition will be held at the end of the next school year.

Camp Steever, the second H. S. V. U. S. training-camp for the Volunteers, at Lake Geneva, Wisconsin, opened June third with a large enrolment, comprising High-School Volunteers from all parts of the country, who will be trained in two-week periods during the entire summer.

The second H. S. V. U. S. training-camp for High-School Volunteer instructors opened June first at Camp Steever with an enrolment of two hundred and forty physical and military instructors from schools all over the country. At the conclusion of the work H. S. V. U. S. instructors' commissions were issued to all successful candidates.

The work of both these camps was under the direction of Captain F. L. Beals, U. S. A., who is the Supervisor of Training at Chicago and the present Director of Boys' Work of the H. S. V. U. S. in Colonel Steever's absence.

The successful work at Camp Steever was made possible by the cooperation of the Northwestern Military and Naval Academy at Lake Geneva, which placed its grounds and facilities at the disposal of the camp, and by the energetic assistance of the Military Training Camps Association in providing funds and organizing the recruiting for the camp. The Y. M. C. A. cooperated in the work, and under the direction of Doctor King, of Des Moines, and his assistants, the athletics and recreation of those attending the camp were well taken care of. Camp Steever was a junior camp authorized by the War Department, and the Army officers of the Central Department watched its work with close interest.

As a climax of these final activities of the H. S. V. U. S. year and as word of inspiration to the Volunteers from the trenches, Headquarters received this brief note from Major James L. Frink whom the Volunteers of Chicago will remember with affection, and who is the co-author with Colonel Steever of the Official Handbook and Cadet Manual of the H. S. V. U. S.

SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE,
12 May, 1918.

EVERYBODY'S—

Please give my best to the H. S. V. U. S., those wonderful lads whom I left so suddenly for "Over Here."

Their work, their efforts, their never-failing zeal and earnestness opened a new vista of life to me. I owe them much.

Au revoir.

JAMES L. FRINK,
Major, Infantry, U. S. A.

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The October Everybody's

The Execution of Edith Cavell

This month's "Belgium"—by Brand Whitlock—is the whole tragic story of Edith Cavell. Here is the farewell letter to her student nurses—never before published; here is her own brave record of her last days, written in the flyleaf of her "Imitation of Christ." And here is Mr. Whitlock's account of that terrible night in which he and his associates tried in vain to save her life.

Other Special Features Are:

The Pursuit of the Periscope

A thrilling narrative of the deeds of the North Sea Patrol, by William G. Shepherd.

The Beautiful Windows

A remarkable poem by the great French dramatist, Edmond Rostand.

McDermott and the War

A war story with humor in it—about an Irishman, a cargo of mules, and a bungstarter. By Don Marquis.

Another tense instalment of "The Eyes of the Blind"—the serial story of the U. S. Secret Service and German plots, by Arthur Somers Roche; a powerful story by Horace Fish—"Wrists on the Door;" a cheerful love story by William Almon Wolff; half a dozen snappy short lengths; and a story of "Tam o' the Scoots."

On the News-stands September 23

EVERYBODY'S GUIDE

For Those Who Seek a Place

EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE, welcoming what it considers a distinct opportunity for service to the country, will open an information bureau for the guidance and advice of all people who are anxious to serve their country in the present emergency but do not know how or where to offer their services.

There can be no patriotic American to-day who is not anxious to do everything in his power to help bring the victory that is to come. For many the way is clear—they can serve in the front line of battle—and they are to be envied. Many others have found work to do with some of the auxiliary lines of service—the Red Cross—the Y. M. C. A.—the Knights of Columbus. and their activities are no less essential than the efforts of the soldiers and sailors they are supporting.

Then there is a host of people who respond gladly to any occasional call for help—in the sale of Liberty Bonds, in securing Red Cross subscriptions, etc.—and they, too, are doing a very necessary work. But there is many and many a man and woman, with the highest patriotic impulse, who can find no way to help, who is, perhaps, distant from the principal centers of activity and whose letters to some busy department at Washington, offering services, are unanswered. These people long to *do something*. "They also serve who only stand and wait" is a category in which they are not content to be numbered.

We can not, of course, undertake to find patriotic employment for all such, but we will aim to keep in touch with the various war activities so as to advise our correspondents of the different avenues of usefulness that may be open and to whom they may apply.

"EVERYBODY'S GUIDE" will be glad also to be of assistance to men in the service or their families in connection with any questions growing out of their new relationship to the Government.

Since the war began the United States has passed laws, which guarantee to fighting men what is said to be the "most complete and generous system of safeguards and benefits ever provided by any nation in the history of the world."

If you are confused as to your allowances, allotments, insurance, legal rights, etc., we will do our best to straighten you out or tell you where you can get proper advice *gratis*.

Please address
Mr. Hoyt, Care "EVERYBODY'S GUIDE"
Spring and Macdougal Streets, New York City

Readers seeking assistance from "Everybody's Guide" should, in their own interest, fill out the following form. It will save time and correspondence. Enclose stamped, addressed envelope.

Name..... *Citizenship*.....

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Do you expect compensation?..... *Can you leave home if necessary?*.....

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What language other than English do you know?.....

State any qualifications you have, such as knowledge of stenography or typewriting, any specific trade or profession, ability to write, or to speak in public.

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State what previous service of a public character you have rendered.....

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State military experience, if any.....

If in the draft, give status.....

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AFTER THE WAR—?

(*Continued from page 39*)

To the Editor of EVERYBODY'S:

Facing a new order to-day, we must make many mental readjustments to meet it. We need contemplate only cursorily the generation of changes which this war has wrought in order to grasp something of the significance and vastness of the problems which peace will bring. The world, in fact, is being remade politically, industrially, commercially, financially and economically.

That is the vital fact which makes it imperative for us to prepare *now* for conditions which will confront us at the cessation of hostilities.

While the winning of this war is the greatest undertaking this nation has ever attempted and must have precedence over every other consideration, regardless of the cost to us, individually and collectively, in money and sacrifice, we must not forget that had we exercised proper foresight and prepared for war when there was time we would not now be in the throes of such feverish martial haste. It is from this vital view-point that I would emphasize the necessity for looking forward to-day to that period of serious readjustment which will inevitably come when peace is established.

We should be ready for it with the same united strength of the whole nation that we are mustering for war. At home we must apply ourselves to the task of promoting productive industry; abroad, we must endeavor to secure the extension of markets and to establish the basis for commerce. We must study business with imagination, and open the doors to opportunity. Our allies, as well as our enemies, are making elaborate preparations to carry out such a program.

The European nations hope that thus they will be enabled to maintain competition even under the unfavorable economic conditions created by the war. To rectify foreign exchanges and to secure an income for their industries independent of the home market, these nations have announced their intention to support their respective foreign-trade activities in a manner especially suited to accomplish that purpose.

And this is one of the reasons why, in adjusting our industry to the demand of war, we should go slowly in suppressing so-called non-essentials. Our position after the war as a great industrial nation and as a leader in finance and trade, makes it essential that our manufacturing and industrial progress, at least from the standpoint of organization, should not be halted for the period of the war. We must so adjust industry that we shall be able to maintain present organizations and, if possible, safeguarding our future. We have adapt them to producing things which can be utilized for war purposes.

To win the war it may be imperative for us to use autocracy's weapons in fighting autocracy, but we must take precaution to preserve as much as possible of the machinery and spirit of democracy. In order to accomplish that, there should be as little governmental interference and regulation as the exigencies of the present crisis permit.

Brown Brothers

Charles H. Sabin
President, Guaranty Trust Company of New York.

In this connection, it is significant to note that in the report of the British Committee on Commercial and Industrial Policy after the War, which was recently made public, stress is laid upon the advisability of discontinuing government financial regulations and support for industries at the earliest possible moment. The English, who have borne their colossal share of this war's burdens for four years, have long recognized that which we are just beginning to realize, namely, that business can most easily and quickly free itself from such restraint, when the needs of war shall have passed, to relying at present as little as possible on the government for fiscal aid. This would tend to prevent government credit from assuming a semi-permanent place in the country's credit structure, and thereby simplify post-war problems not only for industry but for the government.

Paradox though it may seem, our very strength is likely to constitute one of the most important reasons for safeguarding our future. We have become a creditor nation and will continue to be. At the outbreak of the war, we were debtors to the extent of $5,000,000,000 or $6,000,000,000. Since then we have received over $1,000,000,000 of gold from abroad. We have bought probably $2,500,000,000 of our securities, and we have loaned, through private channels, approximately $2,000,000,000 to foreign countries, and in addition our own Government has given credits in the way of advances to the Allies of approximately $5,000,000,000. How much further this process will go, no one can estimate at this time, but it is certain that the declaration of peace will leave us in a strong position as a creditor nation. We will have abundant resources and such a productive capacity that the various nations of the world will continue to come here to borrow. The countries that are on a depreciated paper basis to-day may not be in a hurry to resume specie payments, and consequently they will not be borrowing our gold. They will likely prefer to secure commodities which will be used for the development of their natural resources, and to restore normal trade conditions. Our large stock of gold, which is now in excess of $3,000,000,000, will, on the liquidation of our present war credit structure, largely remain with us, and will be available as the basis for the extension of credit.

But it will be necessary for us to conserve our strength by every wise precaution we can devise. Chief among these measures is likely to be that of an adequate protective tariff. The competitive conditions which peace is certain to bring will be so different from those that exist in ordinary peace times that it seems probable that we shall have to put up protective bars, as will every other belligerent nation, rather than lower them, in international trade. So the tariff is bound to be one of the big issues after the war.

We will never again be able, however, to rely upon the tariff, as we have in the past, for the bulk of our revenue. It is considered doubtful if we shall be able to raise by this means more than a fifth of the money we shall need to run the Government economically. The unprecedented costs of this war will extend over a protracted period and our expenditures will doubtless be two or three times as large as they were in ante-bellum days, and heavy tax burdens must be borne.

Obviously, therefore, we shall have to revise our tariff schedules in many respects, not only for protective reasons but to increase our means for meeting the bills of war and the prospective, greatly increased expenditures of peace.

It will be our privilege, as well as our

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gain, to aid the less fortunate peoples of other countries in the industrial and economic reconstruction after the war. More of our future national development, in fact, is contingent upon the extent and kind of our foreign investments after the war than may generally be appreciated.

The greater our ability and willingness to lend money to other peoples the greater will be our own prosperity and the securer our position as the foremost financial, commercial, and industrial nation. Foreign investments will be not merely an aid but an absolute essential to the full realization of our national possibilities.

We should not forget that the disturbance of credit equilibrium anywhere is felt everywhere, and our interest in the soundness of credit conditions abroad can be second only to our interest in such vital matters at home.

Not one of the European belligerents will have sufficient financial resources to pay for more than a small part of its war cost, much less its reconstruction bills. Consequently, in order to carry out their gigantic programs for rehabilitation, the belligerents will have to float more loans, a large portion of which must be placed abroad where they can be used in payment for supplies to be bought from lending countries.

Requests for credit must necessarily accompany the demands for goods which Europe will make of this country after the war, and we shall be asked to take, in partial payment, at least, securities which will give us an interest in foreign enterprises of all kinds. The policy will be new to us, although we should not forget that Great Britain gained the foremost rank in foreign trade by this method, and Germany, her chief rival, adopted the same plan in reaching out for foreign markets.

If we are to maintain our hold on foreign markets and extend our international commerce we must become lenders of wealth on a large scale, for trade invariably follows capital abroad. And, with practically all the world indebted to us, it will be decidedly to our interests to help develop other countries and to promote their prosperity.

To do this, we must develop within ourselves a broad spirit of enterprise which will comprehend the needs of the world itself. We must be actuated by high principles of humanity to cooperate with other nations for a general prosperity and for common progress. Most important of all, there must be cooperation within our borders between Government and business, thorough and constructive, which will include the diplomatic, executive, legislative and judicial departments of the Government.

And when our representatives sit down at the peace table they should be statesmen of such astuteness and vision that they will be able fully to safeguard the welfare and interests not only of this nation, but also of those smaller and weaker peoples who may need our unselfish protection.

In the future there must be no territorial aggression, which has frequently begun with foreign investments and through them led rapidly to extra-territorial concessions, to political control by the creditor nation of the foreign relations of the debtor nation. There must be no overrunning of small nations by unscrupulous larger and stronger nations; there must be no annexing of neighboring fields, or conquering border provinces, no colonial exploitation, no imperialistic economic aggrandizement by any nation.

America's strength and influence, industrially, commercially, financially, and, if need be, militarily, must be pledged to the support of that program. Then, indeed, the world may be made safe for humanity and the progress and profit of mankind be advanced. Our duty and our opportunity are one. They await our thought and action.

CHARLES H. SABIN,
President, Guaranty Trust Company,
New York.

To the Editor of EVERYBODY'S:

Permit me to express my admiration for the purpose and method of your After-the-War Department. I particularly admire what EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE is doing in this matter, because of the implication pervading it that the war itself is producing the kind of social order that will win the fight and dominate the future.

The greatest of revolutions—the social change to which all previous historic transformations are merely relative and provisional—is now in full career in the democratic countries. The democracies have been forced to leap from their seats and contend for their lives. The enormous struggle is bringing into action our spiritual reserves. The pressure of battle is forcing an internal social reorganization along the lines of maximum working-strength and fighting-strength.

We are making colossal blunders because of our failure to understand that the After-the-War problem is exactly identical with the Win-the-War problem.

We are still under the thrall of a political and cultural tradition that severs the ideal from the real, committing us to the vain imagination that political authority can be separated from the power of tools and arms.

We shall win the war when we cease to think of it as a distracting episode and commit ourselves to its regenerative current as to a supremely great and beautiful adventure.

CHARLES FERGUSON,
New York City.

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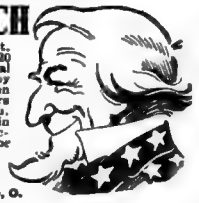

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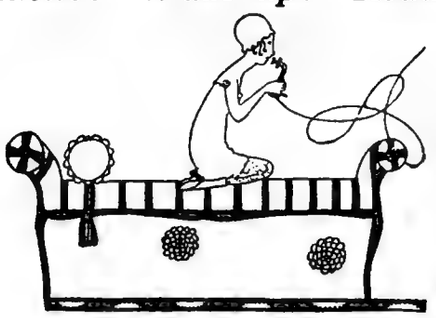

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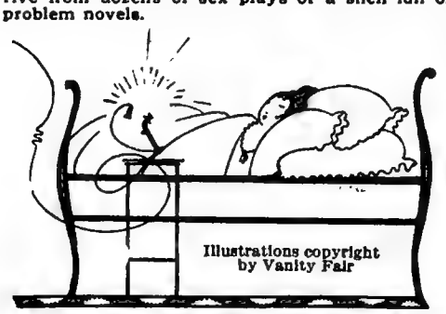

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The WAR *of* 1938

Continued from page 17

had been largely placed among the peoples eternally grateful to Belgium, and thousands of investors had been waiting these twenty years for even the first interest payment. Meantime real billions in actual capital had gone into the restoration of Belgium, so that Belgium was now rebuilt; and now, as in 1914, she awaited the Prussian, a sheep of golden fleece again ready for the shears.

One wonders, though, why German statesmanship should have bothered to find a pretext. Yet suddenly the world was asked to believe that we were war-mad aggressors wantonly attacking an unprepared and peace-loving Fatherland in our insensate appetite of conquest. The truth, of course, is as obvious as Andromeda in the coils of the monster.

First there was the total lowering of the mask. What we could not bring ourselves to see, the Prussian forced us to see; and we saw the cruel, greedy eyes, hard with contempt; the twitching nostrils, scenting blood about to run hot; and the sneer on the lips baring wolfish fangs. The cloak fell away, too, the cloak of peaceful industry and economic development, and we saw the huge torso beneath, fully armed, and in the mailed fist a butcher's cleaver. We saw, when Prussia took pains to make us see, Attila's hordes. We saw a standing army of twenty million men, half as many more in reserve.

That was but a few weeks ago, and France, Belgium, Italy, and Great Britain began frantically to arm, converting citizens into raw armies, peace-time factories into munition plants, merchant ships into cruisers. Then—the German ultimatum!

The German Imperial Government would be lacking in candor, etc., etc., if it did not acquaint the said governments with its pained surprise at activities clearly in contravention of the treaty of peace of 1919 (reference here being made to the clause limiting armaments), and after calling the attention of said governments to the loyalty of the Imperial German Government to all its obligations under that treaty, and to the said clause particularly, the German Imperial Government felt itself regretfully constrained to regard said activity as unfriendly acts directed at itself if same did not cease by noon of the third day from date——

We know the rest. For three weeks we have had it in black type across every daily of the world. Each day has been freighted with ominous history. At noon of that third day the biological phenomenon began. The graybacks began crawling, the winged ones swarming. With the ferocity of baffled wolves now certain of their prey they came. Millions ravaged Belgium and France. Other millions obliterated Servia and Roumania. Where before the closed door had been Belgrade, it was now Bagdad. The Ukraine proved to be a secret Teutonic ally; thirty million allies. From Odessa came the Cossacks and, with the Turks, poured into Mesopotamia. The Suez Canal was theirs.

Over England night-flying air-fleets, circling and darting in the silence of the new engines, rained abominations from Harwich to Birmingham. Dawn of the second day found thousands of transport planes landing the graybacks near Dover. Already they had a footing on the cliffs.

The end of the third week, when this is written, finds Dover besieged; finds the remnant of the French citizen armies being crowded down into Spain, where internment awaits them; finds the Italians being smothered in the leg of their boot; finds America and the British oversea dominions despatching fleets hastily crowded with armed civilians, to Egypt and India, the only possible fronts, which must be manned and munitioned from a distance of thousands of miles, and already a score of troop-ships have been intercepted in the Mediterranean, by submarines and torpedoed; and it finds America stunned, rubbing her eyes, and wondering—wondering.

It is the Night—the Prussian Night—the Consummation!

Can the blow be parried? No one thinks so; no one may hope so. The thing was decided back in 1918, with the war that failed of a decision. But there will be a decision this time, and a decisive war decides a thing for centuries. The Turks waged a decisive war, and for centuries superior white races were their slaves, and some of these are their slaves to this day.

Now the Germans are waging *their* decisive war. Centuries and centuries we, with a clear-visioned consciousness that they are an inferior breed, will be their slaves. After centuries we may, perhaps, creep back into the light of day. But no brave man will consent to live the first year of these centuries in prospect, nor leave behind him his children to do so. When these shall have chosen their manner of death, those left by the awful elimination will be only those of slave stuff, and deserving to become slaves.

In all the wretched lexicon of regret there is no word more futile than the ghastly word "if." It avails nothing, ever, and yet to-night the word is branded deep on the aching heart of humanity—

"IF we had only seen the thing through in 1918!"

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CHICKEN LOGAN *and the* FLAG

(*Continued from page 38*)

at once his inability to make his position clear to this still, restrained jury.

"Aw, what's the use!" he jerked out as a conclusion. "I'm a crook. Of course you don't take no stock in this spiel I'm puttin' up."

"I do," said the girl in a voice as soft and thrilling as hushed music. "And my brother does. Don't you, Harry?"

She had come wholly out from the shelter of the door. Her dark eyes were dewy from the wells of compassion that were loosed in her breast. Harry nodded.

"Yes," he answered briefly. He was pondering the prison bird's statement.

CHICKEN did not look his way. He was gazing at the girl as he might have gazed at a strange and lovely flower blossoming suddenly at his feet from out the reek of sodden city streets—a miracle wrought in his behalf. He drew in a long breath. He wished dumbly that he could show her what her belief in his story meant to him; but he could find only one, single, impotent word.

"T'anks," he mumbled. To cover his confusion he stooped, reclaimed the blue-print from the floor, and laid it on a chair. Harry spoke abruptly.

"I think I'm beginning to understand a little. But I must know about this Heine Gobel you mentioned, Tom. Tell me just how he put this matter up to you. Steady now. It's important."

Chicken related in detail what had taken place. Only once he was interrupted. It was a little pained cry from Edith.

"Martha left the window open for you? Martha!"

Her brother motioned her to silence. He stepped to the door and pushed it to.

"We will deal with Martha," he said darkly. To Logan he remarked: "I doubt if she has heard us. Her room is on the third floor. I wouldn't have known you were in the house, but Edith 'felt' it, she declared, and called me. Go on, please."

When Chicken finished, Harry went over to where he stood and laid an encouraging hand on his arm.

"You've done a better night's work than you thought to, old chap. Let me tell you what these plans are. They're for the motor of an airplane—something that's got 'em all skinned four ways from the ace. Two hundred and eighty horse-power, and weighs only a pound and a half for each horse-power produced. Dad has been working on it for months, and yesterday he left for Washington—summoned there—with the design perfected. Of course these men were anxious to secure the plans. They wanted to beat us at our own game."

Chicken's powerful fists were clenched. Only the presence of the girl held him in bounds.

"Spies!" he cried hoarsely. "Dirty Dutch spies! An' they're cruisin' up the river road now, waitin' for me, Heine Gobel, and the man he calls Chief. He ain't never give me his name. Well, I guess they ain't through wit' Tom Logan yet. I guess I got a come-back that'll make 'em squeal. I guess when the Chief wakes up after I'm done wit' him it'll bother him some to remember who he is. An' Heine—" His teeth bared in a malevolent grin that was eloquent of disaster to the saloon-keeper.

"I know how you feel, but you must put that aside, Tom," Harry told him quietly. "The Government will deal with these rogues." He paused, his forehead knitted in thought.

"You don't know how I feel—you can't!" contradicted Chicken irefully. "But don't you worry none. I'll see that the Guv'ment gets what's left of 'em; an' what's more I'll see that the Sissy—the Y. M. C. A.—gets the money. I was goin' to tell Heine 'bout it afterwards, goin' to surprise him like, let him know I got patri'tism same as him. Now—! Say, you got anythin' looks like these plans, a stall for 'em? I'll make that pair o' stiffs come across wit' the kale before I start in to handle 'em. Got anythin' that'll do?"

"By Jove!" exclaimed the young soldier eagerly. "You've given me the idea I wanted. Wait!"

He scurried over to a closet, flung the door open, hunted on the shelves, and brought out a dusty roll of drawings. He was all repressed excitement.

"Take these, Tom. They are of an automobile engine Dad designed a year or two ago, and discarded because he hit on something better. You say they're waiting for you up the river road. Are they to go back to the ferry that way?"

"Yeh. I told 'em to give me a long half hour to turn the trick. I'd be walkin' south, an' they could pick me up. My time's up. I'll go as I came, case there's any snooking round they're doin'."

Harry darted to a desk between the windows. There was a telephone on it.

"Listen to what I say," he bade Logan.

He rung up the Englewood police headquarters. He established his identity. Next, he told them—swiftly, succinctly—what had happened, the importance of it. The car must be intercepted, and the men taken. He described Logan, and gave his name. He was to go scatheless. It was he who was making the arrest possible. And Logan was leaving. They must hurry.

Edith had slipped out into the hall while this was going on. There came now the sound of a struggle, and a smothered cry from the girl.

"Harry! Harry!" she called desperately.

He sped from the room. Chicken caught up his gun from the floor, and stood poised and waiting. He did not know what to expect. Then he saw Harry coming back, dragging a woman by the arm. Edith followed. A gaping rent was in the cerise kimono she wore through which a white shoulder gleamed. Her face was flushed, and her eyes danced dangerously.

Lee thrust the woman with no unnecessary gentleness into the open closet, and locked the door on her.

"That disposes of Martha for the time," he rasped. "Edith heard her stumble on the stairs. Now, Tom, you must go. But I want you to call me up to-morrow—Englewood 1999. We've got to have a talk, old man."

He held out his hand. Chicken gripped it hard, but he said nothing. The girl was approaching him. His eyes were soft again, and kind.

"I think I know what you have in mind to do, Tom," she said with friendly warmth. "We are mighty proud of our men in khaki these days. Good-by, good luck, Tom."

Chicken held the small velvet hand for a trembling instant.

"Good-by, Miss—you—you got me right," he stammered. He picked up the kit of tools by the safe, and stepped to the window through which he had entered. "Now, Mister Lee," he said in a brisk voice, "if you'll douse—turn off them lights, I'll be on me way."

FOUR policemen in a fast motor-car came upon a car ditched on the river road in which only one of the three occupants sat upright. The two others were battered, senseless wrecks. There had been trouble, it seemed. The active man jumped down from his seat as the officers drove up.

"Here's the bus you're huntin' for, Sergeant," he sang out cheerfully. "I'm Tom Logan. Me an' these guys had some words, an' I got me clinch in first. They ain't past patchin' up I guess you'll find when you look 'em over. Mr. Lee will tell you—to-morrow—where I hang out; an' so, if you ain't got any pertickler use for me just now, I'll be movin' on to the ferry. I don't want to ride. The walkin's good, an' I got a heluva lot to think about."

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THREE *of* THEM

(*Continued from page 45*)

there was a great flood, and I think that some people did escape, and that they saved their beasts, but as we should try to save Nigger and the Monkstown cocks and hens if we were flooded out. Then they were able to start again when the waters went down, and they were naturally very grateful to God for their escape."

"What did the people who didn't escape think about it?"

"Well, we can't tell that."

"They wouldn't be very grateful, would they?"

"Their time was come," said Daddy, who was a bit of a fatalist. "I expect it was the best thing."

"It was jolly hard luck on Noah being swallowed by a fish after all his trouble," said Dimples.

"Silly ass! It was Jonah that was swallowed. Was it a whale, Daddy?"

"A whale! Why, a whale couldn't swallow a herring!"

"A shark, then?"

"Well, there again you have an old story which has got twisted and turned a good deal. No doubt he was a holy man who had some great escape at sea, and then the sailors and others who admired him invented this wonder."

"DADDY," said Dimples suddenly, "should we do just the same as Jesus did?"

"Yes, dear. He was the noblest person that ever lived."

"Well, did Jesus lie down every day from twelve to one?"

"I don't know that He did."

"Well, then, I won't lie down from twelve to one."

"If Jesus had been a growing boy and had been ordered to lie down by His Mumty and the doctor, I am sure He would have done so."

"Did He take malt extract?"

"He did what He was told, my son—I am sure of that. He was a good man, so He must have been a good boy—perfect in all He did."

"Baby saw God yesterday," remarked Laddie casually.

Daddy dropped his paper.

"Yes, we made up our mind we would all lie on our backs and stare at the sky until we saw God. So we put the big rug on the lawn and then we all lay down side by side, and stared and stared. I saw nothing, and Dimples saw nothing, but Baby says she saw God."

Baby nodded in her wise way. "I saw Him," she said.

"What was He like then?"

"Oh, just God."

She would say no more, but hugged her Wriggly.

The Lady had entered and listened with some trepidation to the frank audacity of the children's views. Yet the very essence of faith was in that audacity. It was all so unquestionably real.

"Which is the strongest, Daddy, God or the devil?" It was Laddie who was speculating now.

"Why, God rules everything, of course."

"Then why doesn't He kill the devil?"

"And scalp him?" added Dimples.

"That would stop all trouble, wouldn't it, Daddy?"

Poor Daddy was rather floored. The Lady came to his help.

"If everything was good and easy in this world, then there would be nothing to fight against, and so, Laddie, our characters would never improve."

"It would be like a football match with all the players on one side," said Daddy.

"If there was nothing bad, then, nothing would be good, for you would have nothing to compare by," added the Lady.

"Well, then," said Laddie, with the remorseless logic of childhood, "if that is so, then the devil is very useful; so he can't be so very bad, after all."

"Well, I don't see that," Daddy answered. "Our army can only show how brave it is by fighting the German Emperor, but that does not prove that the German Emperor is a very nice person, does it now?

"Besides," Daddy continued, improving the occasion, "you must not think of the devil as a person. You must think of all the mean things one could do, and all the dirty things, and all the cruel things, and that is really the devil you are fighting against. You couldn't call them useful, could you?"

The children thought over this for a little.

"Daddy," said Laddie, "have *you* ever seen God?"

"No, my boy. But I see His works. I expect that is as near as we can get in this world. Look at all the stars at night, and think of the Power that made them and keeps each in its proper place."

"He couldn't keep the shooting stars in their proper place," said Dimples.

"I expect He meant them to shoot," said Laddie.

"Suppose they all shot, what jolly nights we should have!" cried Dimples.

"Yes," said Laddie, "but after one night they would all have gone, and a nice thing then!"

"Well, there's always the moon," remarked Dimples. "But, Daddy, is it true that God listens to all we say?"

"I don't know about that," Daddy answered cautiously. You never know into what trap those quick little wits may lead you. The Lady was more rash, or more orthodox.

"Yes, dear. He does hear all you say."

"Is He listenin' now?"

"Yes, dear."

"Well, I call it very rude of Him!"

Daddy smiled, and the Lady gasped.

"It isn't rude," said Laddie; "it is His duty, and He has to notice what you are doing and saying. Daddy, did you ever see a fairy?"

"No, boy."

"I saw one once."

Laddie is the very soul of truth, quite painfully truthful in details, so that his quiet remark caused attention.

"Tell us about it, dear."

He described it with as little emotion as if it were a Persian cat. Perhaps his perfect faith had indeed opened something to his vision.

"It was in the day nursery. There was a stool by the window. The fairy jumped on the stool and then down, and went across the room."

"What was it dressed like?"

"All in gray, with a long cloak. It was about as big as Baby's doll. I could not see its arms, for they were under the cloak."

"Did he look at you?"

"No, he was sideways, and I never really saw his face. He had a little cap. That's the only fairy I ever saw. Of course there was Father Christmas, if you call him a fairy."

"Daddy, was Father Christmas killed in the war?"

"No, boy."

"Because he has never come since the war began. I expect he's fightin' the Jarmans." It was Dimples who was talking.

"LAST time he came," said Laddie, "Daddy said one of his reindeers had hurt his leg in the ruts of the Monkstown Lane. Perhaps that's why he never comes."

"He'll come all right, after the war," said Daddy, "and he'll be redder and whiter and jollier than ever." Then Daddy clouded suddenly, for he thought of all those who would be missing when Father Christmas came again. Ten loved ones were dead from that one household. The Lady put out her hand, for she always knew what Daddy was thinking.

"They will be there in spirit, dear."

"Yes, and the jolliest of the lot," said Daddy stoutly. "We'll have our Father Christmas back and all will be well in England."

"But what do they do in India?" asked Laddie.

"Why, what's wrong with them?"

"How do the sledge and the reindeer get across the sea? All the parcels must get wet."

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"Yes, dear, there *have* been several complaints," said Daddy gravely. "Hullo, here's Frances! Time's up! Off to bed!"

They got up resignedly, for they were really very good children. "Say your prayers before you go," said the Lady. The three little figures all knelt on the rug, Baby still cuddling her Wriggly.

"You pray, Laddie, and the rest can join in."

"God bless every one I love," said the high, clear child voice. "And make me a good boy, and thank You so much for all the blessings of to-day. And please take care of Alleyne, who is fighting the Germans, and Uncle Cosmo, who is fighting the Germans, and Uncle Woodie, who is fighting the Germans, and all the others who are fighting the Germans, and the men on the ships at sea, and grandma, and grandpa, and Uncle Pat, and don't ever let Daddy and Mumty die. That's all."

"And please send plenty sugar for the poor people," said Baby in her unexpected way.

"And a little petrol for Daddy," said Dimples.

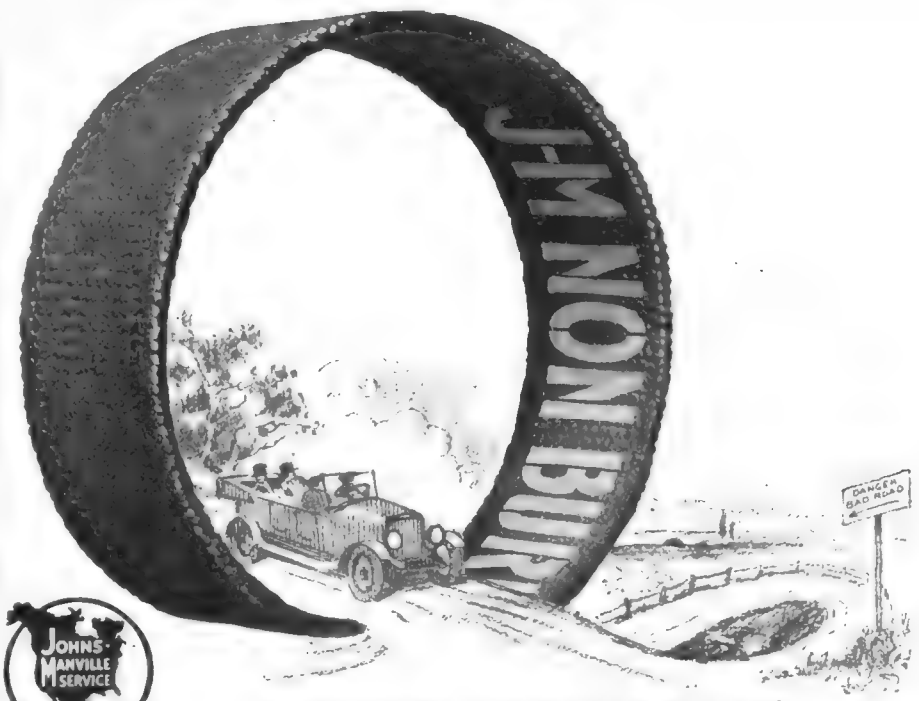
"Amen," said Daddy. And the little figures rose for the good-night kiss.

Memory

By Oscar C. Williams

WHEN I review the days we spent up there
Upon Youth's mountain-top, when we had thrilled
To the throbbing of a love that God had willed,
And sipped together joyously the rare,
Rich strangeness of the brimming hours and fair—
When I review all this, those days so filled
With life, I realize how much was spilled.
We did not mind, we had so much to spare!

But now that we are death-stained seas apart,
And Time has nothing but his wounds and woe,
Dear Memory comes, as she had come before
And caught what then had carelessly brimmed o'er—
Dear Memory comes to soothe my aching heart,
And brings to me that joyous overflow.



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A Grand Old Man Who Can Not Understand

By Howard Wheeler

Editor of "Everybody's"

THIS is one of a series of short sketches recording impressions received during a recent trip to the French and British fronts. I found high inspiration in these impressions, awful depression. I came home with the answer to nothing—only the deep conviction that for each one of us nothing really counts except giving, striving, enduring, without regard to sacrifice. The purpose in these articles is simply to pass on what stands out most vividly. They are being published in the hope that they will give others something of what they gave me.

THE great Gallic cock, the weather-vane of the cathedral, standing against the bookcase in the study of the Archbishop's palace, did not seem to be at all incongruous. Somewhere else, perhaps, to one who had not felt the pulse of the spirit of France, it might have seemed to be just a gigantic toy rooster. But even before he spoke, one knew why Cardinal Luçon, Archbishop of Rheims, had rescued this battered symbol from the wreckage wrought by barbarians and had placed it there in the room from whose windows he could see the shell-torn spires which still stood in mute protest against the sacrilege of the Hun. From the first moment of introduction, I, for one, knew that here was a great man, a simple man, a kind man, a courageous man.

Paul Thompson

Cardinal Ludovico Enrico Luçon

We had just come from the cathedral, that dreadful yet majestic ruin, whose blackened and shell-pitted walls stood as a monument to Prussian bestiality. In our party were Mr. André Lafargue and Mr. Paul Villeré of the Centennial Commission which went to France to represent New Orleans at the Paris celebration of the founding of the American city, and a French officer who had been detailed to act as our guide. Through the New Orleans commissioners the interview with Cardinal Luçon had been arranged. Up to the time that Mr. Lafargue told me that we were to visit the Archbishop, I had no idea that there was a soul still living within the devastated area surrounding the cathedral. Yet, within stone's throw, there was a man who had stuck to his post, refusing to be turned, even by the fury of the German onslaught, from the line of what he considered to be his simple duty to his church.

Cardinal Luçon received us in his study. He told us that only the day before shells had fallen in the cathedral. I think it was Mr. Lafargue who asked him: "Is it not dangerous for you to stay here?"

"I think not," he replied gravely. "The Germans, you see, fire only at the cathedral. All the shells hit the cathedral. The only danger is from the shells which glance from the walls. At first I used to go into the basement to avoid the noise, but now during a bombardment I find that I can sit in my study and work uninterrupted."

There was a simplicity, an absolute unconsciousness of anything courageous on his part as the Cardinal told this, that went straight to the heart. We younger men had come to the battle-front provided with every safeguard against accident, and here was this old man who, day after day, had exposed himself to death, never calculating, not

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even recognizing, the peril. The emotions which he must have felt at first, he had conquered. In it all and through it all he had clung, desperately perhaps at times, to the line of his duty, until now he had reached the place where he could sit in his study and write in the midst of a bombardment, though every shell that screeched its way from the German line, aimed with mathematical nicety at the cathedral, was aimed also at the stout old heart in the Archbishop's palace near by.

Cardinal Luçon told us about the early days of the bombardment. He spoke in French. At first he spoke slowly and in such precise French that I was able to understand nearly all. As he went on, however, his speech became more and more rapid, so that I lost a great deal. Luckily, both Mr. Lafargue and Mr. Villeré are masters of the language, and after the interview Mr. Villeré helped me to fill in the whole narrative.

Since September, 1914, the Cardinal told us, the Germans had been bombarding the cathedral, but before April, 1917, he said he had hoped that the main structure would be spared. But then had come the great bombardment, when most of the damage had been done. He spoke without bitterness, but very sadly. There was something infinitely pathetic as he told us of his appeals to the Pope, a narrative which it seemed to me he must have gone over again and again and again, there in the solitude of his study, in a fruitless effort to solve what to him was a riddle.

"As you know," he said, "the Germans have stated that the French army had been using the towers of the cathedral for observation purposes and that guns had been concealed there. The fact is that the French leaders, fearing that harm would come to the cathedral, refrained at all times from using it for any military purposes whatever. When the bombardments were commenced, I immediately wrote a letter to the Pope, in which I solemnly swore, on my honor as a man and as a prelate of the Church, that never had I abandoned my cathedral since the beginning of the war, and that never at any time had it been used for military purposes. All to no avail. The bombardment still continues and at regular intervals my old cathedral is battered piecemeal—and it breaks my heart."

Cardinal Luçon spread his hands in a gesture of utter helplessness and hopelessness which is beyond description.

"I do verily believe," he added, after a moment, "that they mean to demolish my cathedral completely."

And even yet there was no bitterness in word or tone, not even when he described how, as soon as a bombardment would stop, he would go to his church to learn what new damage had

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been done and how his heart would sink at what he found. Through the frightful days of din and fire, through the long days of dreadful silence, he had sought only the answer. The answer, which was answer enough for us, was not the answer for this grand old man who could not understand.

CARDINAL LUÇON has been compelled by the French authorities to leave his church now. I venture to say that he has not yet found an answer which satisfies him. He can not feel the bitterness, the hatred and loathing which we feel. He can not accept the proposition that the destruction of the crowning glory of ecclesiastical architecture in France was an act of vandalism committed by men maddened with the lust for blood and power. It is simply outside and beyond his reckoning that there are such men in the world. For him the answer must lie somewhere else.

Somewhere in France, I think probably in a room lined with books, and standing against them, near his chair, a great metal Gallic cock, there is a massive, rugged, white-haired old man, who spends long and lonely hours patiently striving to see beyond the war—that he may find the Great Answer to it all.

OPEN THE GATES

By ANGELA MORGAN

YE WHO so grandly went the way of death,
Singing Hosannas with your failing breath,
And now look back upon the life you spurned
As on a childish trinket overturned,
Seeing our globe as but a spinning toy,
Too frail and far to longer yield you joy—
Open the gates for us, that we may hear
Those vaster harmonies that thrill your ear.

We, too, would gaze upon that nobler view,
Would breathe the shining air that girdles you.
God's remedy for man we, too, would know,
To heal the ailing earth of all her woe.
Open the gates for us, that we may find,
As you, the riddle solved for all mankind.

Ye who so brightly bridged the great abyss,
One of you waits and yearns to answer this;
I see the glimmer of your beckoning!
Open the gates for me and I will swing
Lightly as you across the enchanted gloom
Sprinkled so thickly now with souls abloom—
Seeing the starry path your going made,
I shall be unafraid!

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TAM *o' the* SCOOTS

(*Continued from page 57*)

or the bulge of earth which corresponded to the roof of the underground chambers.

In one of these were three men, two of them officers, one an old and spectacled mechanic in field-gray. The hangar was brilliantly illuminated with ground, roof and wall lights, so that there was not one bit of the long and dainty machine which stood in the center of the hangar that was not flooded with light.

THE younger of the officers and, if the truth be told, the least distinguished was, contrary to all regulations, smoking a long thin cigar and eyeing the machine with knitted brows. The second of the officers, an older man and one of higher rank, was shaking his head in admiration.

"Your Highness has performed a miracle," he said; "this will rank as one of the greatest mechanical discoveries of the war."

It was the younger man's turn to shake his head. "Not yet, von Grosser," he said sharply; "you are premature. Perhaps in a month we may reduce the thing to a formula. At present I am making new discoveries every day."

He walked slowly around the machine. There was nothing extraordinary in its appearance save that, in addition to the tractor screw in front, it carried a small propeller behind the driver's seat, a propeller which was fitted at a curious angle.

"Von Missen is very anxious to make a flight in her," said the older officer. "I think he has recently arrived. I saw his landing lights a few moments ago."

"Von Missen is a fool," said his Highness, "and he would be a dead fool if he essayed it. Three times she has failed, for some reason I can not understand. But I shall get it right," he nodded; "yes, I shall get it right. If——"

"If?" repeated von Grosser.

"If the people over there," he jerked his head to the west, "don't get me."

Von Grosser laughed. "Your Highness may be assured that that will never happen," he said; "they have tried and failed. They have bombed every aerodrome between here and St. Quentin. Why," he shrugged, "I do not know."

"Because they know, my friend, that if they get me, this machine——"

He was looking at Colonel von Grosser as he spoke. The Colonel was facing the narrow entrance which admitted into the hangar when the great sliding doors were closed and he saw the other's eyebrows rise and a comical look of incredulity and annoyance dawn upon his face.

"What——"

"Hands up, all of ye!"

A figure stood in the doorway, his face half hidden by the mica goggles he still wore, puffed and padded from head to foot in a soiled yellow leather jacket.

"Come oot o' that," said Tam, "come oot, uncle!" He waved the frightened mechanic to the far wall, "which of ye is the Airchduke?" he demanded.

The younger man laughed. "I am the Grand Duke of Friesruhe," he said; "if I am the person you are seeking?"

"And is that yer fine machine?" said Tam.

"That's my fine——"

Something cracked from Tam's left hand, a blazing ball of fire leapt toward the machine, filling the hangar with a pungent and disagreeable odor. The ball struck one of the wings, which burst into a blaze.

"Thairmite," said Tam, "don't try to put it oot."

Von Grosser, paralyzed by the apparition, suddenly came to life. His hand dropped to the holster at his belt, but before he could draw his weapon Tam shot him down. The Duke had been quicker. Two bullets from his automatic went through the leather jacket of the airman before Tam's pistol could swing round and cover him.

The machine was now blazing furiously. The room was an inferno. Tam beckoned first the Duke and then the mechanic toward the little door and he himself dragged the wounded man to the safety of the little passage.

Tam led the way up the steep incline to the open air. Suddenly he turned, and with a lightning blow felled the mechanic. Then he gripped the Duke by the arm and started at a jog-trot across the aerodrome.

Dense volumes of smoke were pouring through the interstices. The alarm had already been given and the shouts of command came to them through the darkness.

"Where are you going?" said the Duke suddenly and stopped dead.

"A'm going back to ma wee bed," said Tam, "and ye're comin' wi' me."

"Then you'll take me dead," said the Duke in German and leaped at his captor.

An arm like a bar of steel flung him backward.

"By God, you shall suffer for this!" said the breathless young man.

"Oh, aye," said Tam, "d' ye no' ken me?"

"I don't want to ken you, damn you," stormed the Duke in English.

By this time they had passed through the fence wires which Tam had cut. The Scotsman was making his way with confident step toward the plain where his machine awaited him.

"A'm Tam," he said complacently; "d'ye na' ken Tam? A'm Tam, the Scoot. Noo, Duke, over yon' there's a bonnie machine wi' a nice comfortable seat for an obsairver. Will ye be my obsairver back to the British lines?"

The Duke thought a moment. "Under the circumstances, I think I will," he said.

HALF-WAY back, and what time all the telegraph wires leading into Germany were in a condition bordering on hysteria, and while search-lights swept the skies and Archie barrages worked double time, Tam leaned over and tapped the silent figure in the observer's seat upon the shoulder.

The Duke adjusted the speaking-tube and listened.

"Hand over yeer seegairs," said Tam, remembering at this, the eleventh hour, that something was due to him.

Beach-Play

By Karle Wilson Baker

WE COUNT the waves, O little son,
You whom with pain I bore:
And you will be the sea, I know,
And I must be the shore.

O youth, the unappeasable,
That can but break, and break!
I think I shall be very wise
For youth's remembered sake.

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POETRY *of the* WAR

Benediction

By Charles W. Erackett
(In the Artillery)

PLANTAGENET lies deep asleep
Where young Americans pound by
To gunnery and back; they keep
His dust disturbed tremendously.

Old Dick the Lion Heart stays abed,
Quite tired enough to find it sweet;
But they shake good dreams through his head,
Those sturdy, pounding feet.

Dreams for a fighting man fagged out——
Of stub sword struggle, and flambeaux
Ablaze above a last redoubt,
And camps whose ruts healed long ago.

Contented dreams of deep, unquenched
Vats of adventurous, heady wine
Whereof he too once drank, intrenched
On some long gardened battle-line.

For he too voyaged over far,
Deep hells of waves to foreign fray,
He too rode clattering toward a star,
And coined his clinking youth their way.

And "Oh" he thinks, "What luck, what luck!"
And round his soldier's mouth is cast
A bluff, approving, wistful look,
As the Americans pound past.

Adventure Street

(The front line trench is called "The Street of Adventure.")

By Daniel M. Henderson

THERE is no lure to the lights of Broadway;
There is no charm to the cabaret;
I have no joy in the glance of a girl,
In the rollicking throng; in the dancer's whirl!
Where are the lads who shared with me
Drama and feast and revelry?
They have gone out with eager feet
To Adventure Street, to Adventure Street!

Who are the men my mates find there?
Men of mettle and men of dare!
Men who have crossed the breadth of earth
To meet with men of their stamp and worth!
Men who are draining the wine of life
From the cup of death at the bar of strife—
What I deemed bitter, they find sweet
In Adventure Street, in Adventure Street!

Ever and ever their call rings through
Road and foyer and rendezvous!
I have grown sick of the loud cafés,
Of the emptiness of crowded ways!
I will drink deep of my mates' desire!
I will go out to the gore and mire.
Warming my heart by true hearts' heat—
In Adventure Street! In Adventure Street!

If That Rose Be Broken

By "Sapper" R. Bernard

THE lassies e'en were proud tho' I was lying there—
A gory fighter.
She placed a bonnie rose just where my breast was bare,
No rose e'er whiter.
She placed a bonnie rose just where my breast was bare,
A woman's token—
I'll soon be judged again, and oh, 'twill hurt me sair
If that rose be broken.

The Doors of Dover

By David Morton

(News dispatch: The sound of the guns could be heard all night in Dover.)

THE little doors of Dover
All night are never still;
All night they start and tremble
And shake against their will,
And little streets in Dover
Are grown asudden chill.

The doors and streets of Dover
Are used to hear the pound
Of seas that charge and batter
The cliffs for miles around,
But no sea sound in Dover
Was ever as this sound.

And there be some in Dover,
Aye, listening street and door,
That waited long returnings
Of feet they knew before.
Something they heard in Dover—
They wait not any more.

Then and Now

By Lewette Beauchamp Pollock

1913

THE stars looked down: but the erring world was mad,
And the dust of tawdry living filled its eyes;
And glamour-blinded hearts were striving to be glad
In the glories of a man-made Paradise,—
So that no one saw the pale, pure stars agleam across the night,
(Human eyes forever lowered to the sod),
And His creatures as they struggled on in search of gold or might
Had no time to lift their faces to their God.

1918

The stars looked down: but the chastened world was grave,
For its hands were busy binding bleeding wounds;
And sorrow-softened hearts were trying to be brave
'Mid the terrorizing din of battle sounds,—
But at evening, when night's shadows fell on poverty and pain,
On the vileness and the valor of its wars,
As the workers kept white vigil o'er the wounded and the slain
They lifted driven faces to the stars.

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A Pace-Maker in Ships

By Roy Ritchie

THE American people are losing interest in the technical details of our ship-construction program.

News titbits concerning changes in Administration policy and personnel no longer possess their one-time flavor. Announcement of plans for new shipyards no longer is encouraging. Talk of alterations in designs has become disheartening; talk of mammoth plants wearisome.

What the American people want is results. What they want to see is SHIPS, small or large, of steel or wood.

Through the murky atmosphere of all this what-we-are-going-to-do twaddle, there now is discernible at least one we-are-doing-it ray of light, having its origin in the splendid achievements of a busy and unpretentious ship-builder in Seattle, Washington.

Step up, American people, and meet him—Mr. David Rodgers.

David Rodgers

Ships on blue-prints can not win the war. The only kind of ships that can do the job are ships in the water. And this is precisely the kind of ships that Dave Rodgers is building.

Rodgers is general manager of the Skinner & Eddy Corporation shipyard in Seattle, which gave the country a thrill last November by launching the first contract steel ship for the United States Shipping Board in record time. During the first four months of 1918 this same yard completed and delivered to Uncle Sam eight big steel steamships with a total dead-weight tonnage of 71,600, and, in the process, established several other world's speed records in steel construction. One of these was the launching of the 8800-ton steel freighter, *West Lianga*, in fifty-five working days after laying her keel. The *West Lianga* was turned over to the Government two weeks afterward, entirely completed in sixty-five working days. By way of comparison it may be mentioned that in the pre-war time builders required from twelve to eighteen months for the delivery of such a craft.

Chairman E. N. Hurley of the Shipping Board has telegraphed General Manager Rodgers expressing his appreciation for the pace the latter has set in launching ships.

"In a few months," read his message, "you have demonstrated that, with efficient management, America can build ships faster than any country in the world. We are proud of your men and proud of your record."

Charles M. Schwab, general director of the Emergency Fleet Corporation, is going to visit Seattle to find out how Rodgers does it.

"I am delighted at the fine spirit shown by your men," he wired Rodgers. "I am planning to come out there personally to learn how you do such good work."

How has Dave Rodgers become the world's pace-maker in building ships? I beat Schwab to it. I have been there and have found out.

When, after being admitted to the plant, I hunted Rodgers down, he had just finished piloting a party of visitors through the yard. They were an august lot—a Japanese ship-builder, a snorty official from Washington, and an elderly Wall Street chap who is quite a figure in financial circles. Rodgers answered their questions rather bruskly. He seemed bored, and anxious to be rid of them.

"They take up a fellow's time so," he said to me, after they had gone.

Rodgers presented a striking contrast to the correctly garbed visitors. He wore an old suit of clothes and a dented derby hat, smeared with red lead. No silk-hat boss, this man. He has worked his way from the bottom to the top, and still lives close to the big-muscled toilers in overalls. His battered old derby, which he generally wears in the plant, is talked of in many ports of the world. It is his helmet of firing-line leadership—a veritable plume of Navarre to his army of loyal workmen.

Dave Rodgers is intensely practical, and impatient of pomp and show. To him, one man looks very much like another. Renowned personages inspire in him no awe. As a matter of fact, if given a choice, he undoubtedly would yield his admiration to a first-class, industrious riveter rather than to the most powerful politician or money-maker in the land.

A stanchly-built, grizzled, sententious man is Rodgers, who knows just exactly what he wants and how to get it. There is nothing vague or irresolute about him. He decides questions unhesitatingly, and is frugal of words in giving instructions, on the theory, probably, that the more you talk the less likely you are to make the big idea stick.

"How do you do it?" I asked him, as we turned away from the ear-splitting din of the automatic riveters in the yard and went toward his private office. "How have you managed to break all these records?"

"I don't do it at all," he said. "It's the men—the organization. Why, if I'd go things would keep on just the same."

He explained how, every day, he has a conference with his foremen by which he keeps closely in touch with what is going on in every corner of the yard. He spends a good share of his time out there, too, among the men. He feels that he belongs there.

I had asked him a question, and he

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remembered that somewhere in his cubby-hole office there was a memorandum of what I wanted. His desk and table were piled high with a hopeless confusion of papers. He aimlessly mulled through the pile in search of the memorandum, and finally, exclaiming disgustedly, called a clerk and bade him get me the information.

"I really don't spend much time in here," he said, looking apologetically at the disorder around him. "I'd rather be outside getting things done."

IN SEATTLE nobody speaks of the 6,000 workmen at the Skinner & Eddy plant as employes. It is always "Dave Rodgers and his team." Comes a launching, and the newspapers say: "Dave Rodgers and his hard-hitting team of 6,000 ship-builders to-day dropped another 8800-ton bomb in the camp of the Kaiser."

"How did you develop this team idea?" I asked him. "What is it that makes your men work in such praiseworthy spirit?"

"We pay 'em well, for one thing," he replied. "We don't try to get more'n a day's work in return, and we don't get less'n a day's work."

He grinned.

"And when we find a fellow laying down, we give him hell," he said.

That isn't all of it, though. "Uncle Dave," as his men call him, has demonstrated that war-time efficiency comes from giving workmen fair hours, fair pay, and human consideration. Dave Rodgers sticks by his men and his men stick by him.

A year ago a strike paralyzed nearly every Seattle shipyard except that of Skinner & Eddy. The unions had demanded a higher wage scale. Employers, they said were gleaning vast profits from the country's need of ships while they, the men, were expected to give their services on the same old basis.

David Rodgers paid the new scale. Other yards refused to, and shut down. Rival builders were harsh in their criticism of Skinner & Eddy.

"They are setting a wage precedent that we can not afford to follow," they cried. "It will be disastrous to the industry."

Their cries reached Washington. Members of the Shipping Board summoned Dave Rodgers east and put him on the grill. They demanded to know why, by paying such high wages, he was demoralizing the ship-building situation on the Pacific Coast.

Rodgers answered them succinctly: "Our men deserve what they asked for. We can afford to pay it. We believe in being fair."

Then he went home to Seattle and kept right on paying the new scale. And when the Government mediators finally terminated the strike, it was on terms very favorable to the unions.

That is one of the reasons why Rodgers has his men "with him." But let no one suppose that the incentive which has made this "team" the world's pace-maker is wholly one of dollars and cents, for Rodgers is earnestly, wholeheartedly patriotic, and so are his men. They find satisfaction in the thought that they are every day winning battles for their country, just as surely as their uniformed brethren are winning battles overseas.

A special field representative of the United States Department of Labor, Thomas Barker, recently went to Seattle to bring a message of inspiration from the Government to Seattle ship-builders. In addressing a vast noon-hour audience at the Skinner & Eddy plant he declared:

"An insidious propaganda is being spread broadcast to lead the public to believe that organized labor is not 'doing its bit.'"

"That's a lie!" shouted a sturdy worker, perched in a window high over the speaker's head.

"Yes," retorted Barker, "it is a lie, and nobody knows it better than our President and his Secretary of Labor, whom I represent. I know what you are doing. A friend of mine—I am proud to call him a friend though I met him but once—told me yesterday. He is a man you all know. I was introduced to David Rodgers yesterday, and asked him for permission to speak to you to-day.

" 'You can come,' he said, 'providing you don't try to tell my men they aren't doing their bit.' Then he flashed out at me: 'For I want to tell you that they are.'

"I told Mr. Rodgers I knew you were putting in your best licks to win the war, and that he might throw me out on my head if I tried to tell you otherwise. But it was good to hear the man you work under say what he did."

A shout of applause and laughter went up from the thousands of listeners.

"Good for Uncle Dave!" they yelled.

Dave Rodgers has been a ship-builder all his life. He began his apprenticeship at the age of ten with his father in Belfast, Ireland. Later he went to sea as a ship's carpenter. He is said to know personally every ship mechanic on the Pacific coast, where he has worked for the past twenty-two years or more.

DISPATCHES from abroad have told how Vice-Admiral von Capelle, German Minister of the Navy, in discussing submarine warfare before a committee of the Reichstag, blandly observed: "For the carrying out of America's paper program of ships, America must first lay down the shipyards."

Somebody ought to tell Von about "Uncle Dave."

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The DUCHESS of SIONA

(*Continued from page 62*)

Gieronimo glanced at his fellow monk, in whom her words had evoked a sharp little movement. He addressed himself, however, to her.

"Madam—this is no reception for such a proposal. My Lord Guilielmo is the son of my Lord Malatesta of Missona, last in the line of this branch of the great house of Malatesta, a house of conquerors, statesmen, men, indomitable, all-powerful, resistless——"

SHE laughed a little. "And on their towering triumphs Guilielmo is set as pinnacle. I can not soar so far." She waited a space in thought while the three men—three?—watched her in silence. Then she spoke, unsmiling, undaunted, the Duchess of Siona.

"Give your lord this answer: To my Lord Malatesta I render tribute and obedience, because I must. If in God's time Guilielmo succeed his father, I will again render tribute and obedience. But this offer of marriage is an insult, a shame put upon me which I regard not so much with anger as disgust."

The cowled monk lifted his head. "Guard your tongue!" Gieronimo swept a placating gesture toward him, but again spoke to the Duchess: "Excellency, consider——"

"Not for a moment. The man, cloyed with his pleasures, seeking a fresh sensation, dares offer himself to me—why, there's not a decent peasant girl in Aquiloja but should strike him on the mouth for the sake of her womanhood if he came near her."

This time the man under the cowl could not be held back. "Come, ome, Excellency, a little reason. Princes claim a certain latitude in matters of pleasure."

"Let him claim it from those that concede it. I spurn him as I spurned his picture. His message degrades me. The man, who has gloried from his youth in debauchery and the vilest pleasures, is seized with a new whim. Decent marriage might provide a new sensation, and so he deigns to select me for his proposals." She stopped the attempt of both monks to interrupt her.

"Enough. You have my answer. Take it back to Missona. Get you gone to your master. Let me see no more of you and hear no more of him."

Gieronimo sunk his clasped hands deeper into his sleeves as he shrugged his shoulders. The other monk answered her, hand extended as if to detain her.

"A moment, Excellency. Guilielmo may have faults—what man of his virility has not? But these conceded, he has also his dignity to consider, and such an answer as yours might well bring him here, not less determined on his purpose, but prepared with a different method of wooing."

She was coldly contemptuous.

"A threat? Tell him I like his threats better than his compliments."

The cowled man swung round to Gieronimo. "By God, she sets a man aflame." Back to the Duchess, "Madam, if Guilielmo himself came here to court you——"

"All I have said here I would repeat to his face."

The monk threw back his cowl, his head thrust forward aggressively, a smile sinister and offensive baring his long teeth.

"No need—Guilielmo's here—My greetings and my service to you, Duchess. Your hospitality is not of the warmest, but I am well pleased with my visit here. I heard you were beautiful and my eyes confirm the tale. I pride myself on peculiar knowledge of what's lovely in your sex, and I declare you peerless."

She had turned very pale, and though she gave no step back she seemed to withdraw her bosom behind the defense of her shoulder, turned in aversion toward him. Her eye met his, unblinking.

"And I declare that if I had never heard of you, your face proclaims you vile."

Guilielmo laughed, exulting in her anger. "Oh, storm! I like this temper. You are a woman of penetration, my Beatrice. Virtue and marriage were indeed my new whim, but what was whim is now set purpose. You'll reject me? You shall accept me. I'll break your pride, Madam."

His smile had gone. His face bore the look of the brute who could proceed to violence where threat failed.

"Sir!" broke in the Chancellor, indignant, "have more manliness!"

Guilielmo's gaze, animal, implacable, stared unappeased at her. "I say I'll break her pride. Oh, my proud Beatrice, since you will be froward you shall learn that I can win without wooing. I am not Malatesta's son for nothing."

She was undaunted. "And I am not Duchess of Siona for nothing. And further, I tell you that I would give up my duchy, leave Siona, walk the world barefoot, rather than touch your hand. That would be my choice."

"If you had choice left you." He gloated over her, his face a mixture of malignity and sensual pleasure. "Take my meaning plainly—I will have you. What I am I am, and my pleasure I take as I will. I was not so set on my purpose when I came here, but if you had pleaded I might have let it pass. But now I will not rest till I take you, fair or foul." Spite of herself the base determination in his manner made her wince. He saw it and exulted. "Oh, my haughty lady, your pride I'll break, and when I see your tears——"

"Not you nor any other man shall ever see my tears."

"We'll see—and they shall be my crowning pleasure." He stood exulting. She looked at him in silence; loathing almost unbearable forbade her speaking. He turned away. "Let us go. Expect me soon, sweetheart. Come, Gieronimo."

"Not crying?" asked the Chancellor, anxiously. She was standing motionless, her head sunk, her hands covering her face. She dropped her hands at his enquiry. and he saw her eyes were dry; her lips were white, though.

"I—cry? I—I'm ill." She swayed as she spoke. He almost put out his hands to steady her. "That man frightens me—there was such baseness in his face." She shuddered. "Think how he threatened. What have I done wrong that I should go in fear of such a man as that?"

"My dear young lady, you may well dread him for his baseness and his strength. What follows—forgive me, but let me speak again. This hog sees you undefended and so he ventures at you. If not for your city's sake then for your own, take a husband."

"I could not."

"Take a husband—a man to guard and keep you safe. Think of what has just passed. That brute's afire. Come, here's this young Count Amati——"

"A husband for me—that boy!"

"A cadet of a great house, whose strength and power impute strength and power to him. Think, a gallant young man, attractive, high-spirited, devoted beyond a doubt to you——"

"CAN not a woman hope to keep herself clean in mind and body by her own strength?"

He answered her with grave finality: "Not when she is the Duchess of Siona, an orphan—and you."

She gave a little unsteady laugh, put out her hand, as if seeking something to hold by.

"Then—at least—find me a man. My strength is gone—I give in. I'm a coward. The work's too much, the plotting, the threatening, oh, how base they all are!" She looked at him with a strange wildness in her eyes and her excited tones in which hysterics threatened. "I'm a broken woman—they've broken me among them. Get me help. Get me help—the castle's a prison. I'm stifling—will no one help me—lift me—carry me out—out—into the air—" Her words faded off, she dropped her hands, swayed. In a moment she would have fallen. The Chancellor caught her, endeavoring to

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support her, but the old man's strength was unequal even to that light task.

A man, limping, yet moving forward swiftly, emerging as it seemed from nowhere, took her from him roughly, lifted her easily in his arms, spoke to him authoritatively: "Call her women."

He hurried out.

Pedro moved down the hall slowly, and halted by the dais. He lifted his lame leg and rested his foot on the second step that led to the throne. In his arms the Duchess lay, still, unbreathing, white, like a dead woman. He stooped his head and stared at the calm face.

A long minute passed. Still she did not breathe. He dropped his ear on to her breast, and as if at the touch of his face on her heart she drew shudderingly a deep breath. Her eyes opened, widened a little as she saw his dark face, blank of all emotion, bending over hers. Then she closed her eyes again.

Some of her ladies ran in, came to him hurriedly. Adelaise looked at her mistress, at Pedro. "She's fainted. She's stifling in this castle. Carry her out into the air, can you—are you strong enough?"

Without a word he limped out of the hall; he bore the Duchess on his breast —out—into the air.

CHAPTER EIGHT

Conspiracy Afoot

CLOSE to the river, and hard by the wooden bridge, the old bridge, little used now since Conradi the Duke had built the fine stone bridge a quarter of a mile lower down the stream, stood the Barge and Boathook. It had once been the abode of a grain-merchant, whose granaries were now the inn's stables. The bad luck which had persistently haunted poor Beppo through life did not forsake him when he decided to set up a bush in the dead merchant's empty house. He had a few customers, bargees, porters, and such like, the merest casual custom, not enough, as he remarked, to support a flea, though this left unexplained the presence of not a few rats of that species the occasional use of his guest-chamber brought to view.

With no pluck for such enterprise as moving again, he hung on, keeping a few ducks, pigs, and chickens, and making, after all, it is to be supposed, at least a bare living. Obviously as cheap a hole as might be for a poor man to tarry in, it had been selected by Pedro on his first venture into Siona, and as may be remembered, it had been the host Beppo's pressure with regard to his modest bill that had squeezed the last few drops of caution out of Pedro's communings and sent him to the castle and his doom at the hands of the Duchess. It occurred to Pedro one day that a certain spare sword of his, not his favorite, but yet a good sword, still lay there, presumably safe in Beppo's keeping, and that night, the Count being closeted with the Duchess, Pedro flung open the crazy door of the Barge and Boathook, and entered with an air.

Beppo turned from his colloquy with his solitary customer, a dark-faced, melancholy man, lanky yet with a strange appearance of a swelling about his middle, and greeted Pedro with a bow and a welcome.

"Good evening, sir. I trust your worship is well?"

"Exceedingly well, good Beppo. A pot of your famous wine." He seated himself on the edge of the table, and glanced carelessly at his fellow customer. There was nothing about him that recalled to Pedro any acquaintanceship, but to his surprise he received in return for his good-humored inspection a scowl of the most malignant. He lifted his eyebrows and as if in response his neighbor drew his down still further, and loomed dreadfully at him, timidly yet with malice.

Pedro was astonished. He took from Beppo the beaker tendered, and lifted it to his lips with gusto. "Your health, host—and the health of this gentleman who is good enough to—to smile so amiably at me. Your health, friend." He waved the pot gracefully. "Have we met before, and sworn eternal friendship perchance, somehow, somewhere, somewhen, somewhat?"

The scowling man, unable to scowl any deeper, expressed an even deeper resentment at Pedro's presence by turning away with an air of immense dissatisfaction.

Beppo explained, rather nervously, "This is Master Roger, sir, an honest neighbor of mine."

"And what," queried Pedro, "what is Master Roger laughing at?"

"Sir," said Master Roger, turning on him with sudden heat, "sir, you kicked me in the stomach."

"Kicked you in the stomach!" Incredulity rang in this startled repetition. "Kicked you in the—kicked!—Pray tell me more of this, for by your face I could love you well."

Master Roger told him more with engaging simplicity. "It was three weeks ago, sir. When we were mobbing you. You may remember, sir, when we ducked you in the moat the third time, after we had stoned and cudgeled you——"

Pedro's glance rested on him, polite but puzzled. "Stoned, cudgeled, ducked—are you sure? Ah, wait—yes. You are right. I now recall the circumstance. Yes, I remember the moat distinctly, as you say, Roger. Well, what then?"

"Well, sir, we had unbound your hands because the Duchess had given orders you were not to be drowned ——"

"Did she so? Spoilsport. Go on, Roger."

"Well, sir, and then you kicked me violently in the stomach."

Pedro's face displayed a study of honest unbelief allowing itself to be mastered by overwhelming evidence of the impossible. "Roger! Your news bewilders me. I know not which way to look. Kicked you in the stomach, —spoilt your innocent fun! There you have me, Roger, there you lay bare my secret. My erratic, unstable temper. Roger, if you knew the pain I have suffered for years, in the knowledge of this unwholesome weakness of mine, my lack of manly control——"

Roger brought the subject back to his own sufferings. "It hurts most damnably still, sir."

Pedro's glance rested on the evidently swathed and bandaged anatomy. "An excitement of tissue, an irritant inflammation—h'm, something must be done about this. Beppo, another pot of your famous wine, and we'll distend the afflicted part with a liquid of soothing and healing nature. And draw another pot, Beppo, and come and sit with us."

The flagon emptied—"What's doing in the town, blade Beppo?" asked Pedro.

Beppo looked both serious and knowing. "You must know, sir, that grave matters are being spoken of—very grave matters."

"Such as——?"

"Revolutions, sir."

"Never!"

"Sir, I speak the truth. There is talk of a revolution."

"What, here!" Pedro stood up from the table, all aglow. "A revolution, you say, here in Siona! Oh, joy! When do we start? Is Roger, here, in it? Embrace me, Beppo! Roger, to my arms!"

BEPPO, alarm in every line of him, backed hurriedly away from Pedro's invitation. Roger slithered round to the other side of the table.

"Not so fast, not so fast, sir. I say the thing's being spoken of. You never even ask why."

"Why!" ejaculated Pedro. "You speak of revolution, and stay to consider why! Who wants a 'why' to start a revolution? You start—and there you are. Action, action, my doughty Beppo, and remember that all revolutions are blessed things and essentially right. Let me lead you; I know all about revolutions. I've been in three in my time. All were failures and I seem to remember that every one was hanged at the finish but me, but oh, the happenings, the quaint, the whimsical events. Rise, my brave Sionese!

"Rise I say! Throw off your chains. Let us bathe the infant liberties of Siona in the blood of her tyrants. Fall in, fall in, Beppo, and you, my brave Roger! Get swords, get knives, clubs,

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get—anything you fancy, and march boldly down the street in my rear and shout to the heavens, 'Long live the Revolution, and down with'—let's see, whom is it down with?"

Instead of firing his two hearers, Pedro's address seemed to damp any martial ardor that may have been there. Roger was at the door, holding it open, ready to bolt. Beppo fluttered about the room like one of his own long-legged hens. He almost seemed to be wringing his hands.

"For God's sake, sir," he entreated, "have discretion. We shall have the watch here."

"Good!" Pedro grasped his dagger-hilt. "We'll cut all their throats, and there we are, gloriously started."

Beppo dissented vigorously. "Not I, sir. Some of them are my best customers. Look at this door, sir"—the inn door was most certainly considerably chalked over with those hieroglyphics which on inn doors may be supposed to carry a meaning—"near new, sir, and already half full. I had to take the old one off—there was no room for a cipher. Am I to commit bloody assault on men who owe me money?"

"Certainly," reflected Pedro, "violence on those one owes money to would seem to be the better course. But I see the thing drags. What is this revolution all about, then?"

"Sir," said Roger, closing the door, "the new taxes."

"Taxes—what are taxes?"

"You may not know, sir, but we do," said Beppo, with feeling. "Taxes on wine, wool, windows, wheat, oil, maize, millet, flour—taxes on everything. How am I to live, with prices rising so?"

"Obviously, follow the fashion, Beppo, put up the price of your liquor. Your customers must pay more."

"Pay more, sir—they don't pay me now! Look at the door again."

Pedro examined the door with a thoughtful air. "H'm. The matter's serious. And yet, Beppo—these are your ledgers, I take it? Yes? Then I must disclose to you that in revolutions there are customarily fires, and great burnings of doors and suchlike inflammable things. Horrible thought—Beppo meditating over the ashes of his ledgers."

Beppo looked pained.

"Or, even worse—the ledgers meditating over the ashes of Beppo——"

He was interrupted. For some reason or other the half-dozen mangy, thin-ribbed and flea-bitten mongrels who usually hung about Beppo's hostelry chose to give tongue together. High above their row roared an enormous voice:

"Down, damn you, down! Landlord! Landlord! Where's the host?" The speaker came thundering in and fixed a fiery eye on Beppo. "You—are

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the landlord? Are you the father of these blasted dogs? Are you the begetter of these hounds of hell that have no more sense than to bark at an honest sailorman that comes to be robbed of his hard-earned gold in this lousy flea-pit of yours? Answer me that now."

Beppo proffered the soft answer: "Sir, if my dogs——"

"If, if, if!—and dost thou answer me with ifs? Oh that I had thee on my poop-deck with room to swing a rope's end. By the lord, I'd teach you manners. What—" with biting politeness—"can not a man ask a civil question but you must try your wits on him?" Beppo stood silent and at a loss. "Stir, knave, stir! Poison me, quick. Poison me, quick. Poison, poison I say!"

"Sir?"

"POISON, I say; a pot of that vile liquor with which you wash bowels and brains out of poor ignorant sailormen when the devil sends them here for their undoing." Beppo darted at a cask.

Beppo's new customer was a white-haired, gigantic man, giant in height, girth, of ponderous paunch, breadth of shoulders, length of legs and arms, circle of neck, stretch of mouth—in fact, in every measurement. And his voice was most gigantic of all about him. A deeply reddened face and neck, thickly bearded, completed him with a promise of good-natured truculence, and his small fiery eyes, twinkling everywhere, were the sort that missed nothing,

Behind him came a man of strongly contrasted type, a Jew at a glance, thin, tall, stooping, aged, hook-nosed, slit-eyed, venerable, in black gabardine under his gray cloak, his head covered with the customary close-fitting skull-cap.

With respect in his manner the giant pulled forward a seat for the Jew, then flung his own hat and great cloak on to the table on which Pedro was sitting. As he did so he caught sight of Pedro. He stood still a moment, then with a mighty stride he clasped him fervently to his bosom and kissed him resoundingly on both cheeks.

"Pedro! Of all men, Pedro! My lucky day, I knew it! Tell me, what brings 'ee here in Siona?"

Pedro drew a long breath, ascertained that his ribs had suffered no disarrangement from the ecstasy of his questioner's embrace, and answered him friendly enough:

"Folly and fancy, my Jacko."

"Princely guides for a blade! And where met we last—Aleppo? Ha? And five, six, nay, eight years ago. Time wags away, lad."

"You're as young as ever, fat Jacko."

"Liar—but my heart's still merry. Oh, lad—and to think we meet here."

"Will you drink?"

"Will I what? Is this a church? Oh, lad, meeting you here, to think of it, to think of it! Messer Shimei—" he turned to the Jew, "the very man I spoke of. Give me a moment, Pedro, chuck," he went on, dropping his voice wonderfully. "That's my owner, Shimei of Tortolo. Never mind his curly nose, he's a good sort and the richest trader in Italy outside Venice, and here's luck to him for it," he dipped his nose in the tankard Beppo held out to him; "and to me, that's the finest skipper from here to Bristol town; and to you, that's the lad of all lads from Smyrna to Norroway." He finished the pot, tossed it to Beppo. "More of the same sort," he commanded.

"And what's your business here?" asked Pedro.

"Lord, lad, we trade here. We ship wool in the fleece from England, weave it and dye it here and take it back again. And you—oh, lad, to think of it, and now too at all times." He looked with a blousy fondness at Pedro, wagged his head archly. "Had heard of ye, man. I meant to get word to ye up at the castle. Ducked ye here, didn't they?"

His smile changed its character as Pedro's eyes, fixed on his, slowly enlarged their pupils till they seemed like black wells in which even a giant like this might find death by drowning. There was an awkward little silence before Pedro spoke, amiably enough. "Well, Fat Jack, what's the business?"

Fat Jack looked him over considerингly, then, "Pedro, wait here a minute." He dodged away. From the other side of the room came booming of a prolonged whisper into the ear of the Jew. From time to time the Jew's narrow-slitted eyes glanced at Pedro. The whisper ceased. Fat Jack beckoned Pedro over. Again a cool, appraising eye went over him.

"Pedro," said the giant, "sooner or later I meant to get word with ye, and since we meet here 'tis something more than chance. Messer Shimei, my friend Pedro is a man with a head-piece."

The Jew surveyed him with interest. "You lodge actually within the castle itself?"

"Yes."

"Then, young sir, there may possibly be a very profitable occupation for you shortly."

Pedro eyed him coolly. "What's the occupation—and the profit?"

The Jew looked inquiringly at Fat Jack. "I may speak, Bartizan?"

"Aye, sir, trust me. I know this man. Pedro, Messer Shimei you must know has a business in hand here in Siona——"

"What's your business, Jew?"

"Why, in the main, my business is simple. I am a trader here. I ship from Tortolo, wine, olives, figs, dyes, oil, silk, cotton, wool, flax, and so on. But mainly I'm in the wool trade, weaving and dyeing, and well content to handle that in future and no more. But as matters stand, that business is now no business at all, for I am at a standstill."

"Trade's dead, Pedro," Fat Jack explained.

"My wool trade is dying, signor. It is overtaxed, the profit's gone. I have visited the castle, seen the Chancellor, explained matters, begged for reasonable consideration, all to no purpose. On every bale of wool they put such ruinous impost that I can not dispose of my finished goods at a profit."

"The Chancellor's an old fool, and the Duchess won't see us."

"The Duchess is a young and foolish woman, too proud to learn a little about the thing her state depends on."

"What's that?" asked Pedro. There was an impressiveness about the grave, slow speech, the venerable head with its thin white locks straggling from under the skull-cap, the half-closed eyes, coldly calculating.

"Trade, young sir. They are spenders, these princes, and we are getters, we traders. They wield power over us, yet we hold them in our hands. Here's this young lady thinks it sufficient to name the sum my trade must pay, and leave me to work the one miracle this world will never see—a trade carried on without profit."

"She brings us to ruin, Pedro."

"Not so fast, Bartizan. She brings me to great difficulty, from which there is more than one way out, but all troublesome. One is being discussed—I don't say it will be adopted, but—you lodge in the castle, you say? Now, tell me, you know where the Duchess sleeps?"

Pedro pricked his ears up. What was here? He surveyed the Jew and saw now in the poise of the head, the power, the intelligence of the aged face, a something of mastery that appealed to him.

"I know her room."

"Is it guarded at nights?"

"Why?"

"Give me information first."

PEDRO considered. He was impatient at this questioning which left him still completely in the dark. But plainly no small matter lay here. The Jew was scarcely a man to be cajoled into talking. Complaisance, then. Give him information and keep eyes and ears open.

"The room is not guarded. I believe her ladies sleep each in turn in the room with her."

"Ah!" The Jew remained silent, his eyes on Pedro, and doubtless as Pedro's brain was busy at work summing his man up, so doubtless he himself was being appraised silently.

"Captain Bartizan," said the Jew, "if your friend has time on his hands this evening, he might well remain here. We can talk later. You may

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open something of the matter to him, but understand, my young friend," he smiled delicately at Pedro, "nothing you hear from my worthy sea-captain comes from me. I take no responsibility—yet. Suggestions are made, I consider them, that is all." He rose, inclined his dignified head to Pedro, and left the room. Beppo, waiting, led him out; his footsteps sounded lightly, momentarily in the room above. Pedro turned amusedly to Bartizan. "What's all this?"

Fat Jack became huskily explanatory. "There's rare game afoot, lad. It's come to this. Shimei's got to shift his trade—after working it up here for ten years, mark ye—to Florence, Pisa, Genoa, anywhere, or else——"

"Or else——"

"Or else shift the Duchess!"

Oh ho! It was out. Pedro felt a thrill run through him. He had interpreted that face rightly. Large, large the view those narrow Semitic eyes could take. Room for bold plans in the bald forehead. His heart gave an eager thump under his doublet. Fat Jack sensed his winged interest.

"See you, the city's rife with ill-feeling. The guilds are crying out for a man to rule them, and the man's come."

"Name?"

"Are ye secret, now, Pedro, between man and man, secret?"

"Secret, yes."

"Gonzalo."

"Gonzalo?"

"The Duchess's uncle. D'ye know him?"

"I know of him."

"There's been pretty parleying and pulling of strings for a long time, now, and things are ripening. You'll see Siona standing on its head before the summer's over."

Pedro was tingling. Ah ha, she was coming down, then, was she? This proud lady was to be humbled; the net was weaving for her.

"What's your Shimei to do with it?"

"Shimei finds the money—if he thinks fit, and he's hanging in the wind. See how we stand. Revolts cost money, payments here, payments there, this man and that to bring over, and when the business is done there will be payment to Malatesta—he'll come hungry, you may wager."

"Well?"

"Gonzalo invites us to find the money. The money's there, under Shimei's fist, and it will take a better man than Gonzalo to lift the weight of that fist off the cash till Shimei's satisfied."

"What does he want?"

"A man!" Fat Jack laid a heavy hand on Pedro's shoulder. "A man, lad. And that's what Gonzalo will never be. Now see you. Gonzalo has a head on him; he'll do well, once he's safely seated here, but what of the fighting? There'll be fighting, save yo', yes, we know that. Plenty will stand by the Duchess." He broke off. At the door of the inn a man appeared, a cloak not only about his person but about his head. Little of his face was to be seen. He entered hesitatingly. Bartizan at once crossed to him, spoke in a whisper. A thrilling parley, then Fat Jack with a look at Pedro led the newcomer across the room and out through the door which five minutes before had closed behind the Jew. In a minute he returned.

"Gonzalo," he whispered. "He's with Shimei now. His own house is watched, they say the Duchess has her eyes open, and the man's got the heart of a hare."

"Well, go on."

"Now, see us at a standstill, Gonzalo pressing, Shimei well content to see the thing put through, and yet—the right man lacking. Shimei's right; we must have the man. And then, I hear of you. Lord, how I jumped. The one man, the one man."

"What's to be done?"

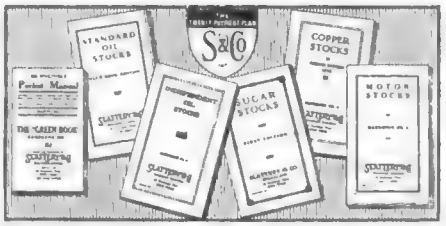
"Stick Gonzalo in the Duchess's chair here. Shove him in like a bag of wool. We can give you a rare crew for the job. We'll send them up from Tortolo; we've picked up a rare gang quietly there already. Frenchmen, Greeks, Flemings and good sound Englishmen—what a crew! But with you to handle them you'll have the whole business over inside three days. You know the holes in the wall?"

"Aye."

"They'll come up from Tortolo in the night, rush the city before dawn, and with luck you may sweep the castle before the alarm gets there. If not, lay siege—or come to that, you'll have had time to make all arrangements for getting them in. It's a matter of money, and once Shimei weighs you up he'll let you have all that's wanted. Pedro! You're a made man!" Fat Jack's little eyes sparkled with a genuine friendly interest. "Gonzalo's up-stairs with Shimei. Drive your bargain with them both. Make them pay, lad!"

Pedro was staring through Fat Jack's fat carcass. All through this talk his heart had been thumping furiously. To Fat Jack Bartizan's plan he scarcely listened. Very possibly it was good. It did not matter. He could trust himself to make another if necessary. Here were to be fighting men at his disposal, money to back them, and a free hand. God! What a chance!

The blood rushed to his head. He was giddy with the surge of thoughts, the ecstasy of the savor of the magic draft Fate was pouring out for him to drain. Swift as lightning, images flashed through his mind, and miraculously he apprehended them and shivered at their implication. That first



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meeting in her hall—her judgment, the mobbing, the moat—he almost groaned aloud at that picture, and that memory of her face, pitiless, looking down from her platform to where he lifted dying eyes to her from the reek of the moat—it was unbearable.

AND now, all his hate had longed for was being heaped up, like some treasure in a secret cave, for his delight. He would strike her power from her, he would bend her down, down—O God, how low he would bring her! Not even her gigantic pride should sustain the humiliation he would heap on her. He would—he would—oh, unbearable as yet, to probe into the ecstasy of his triumph! When brain and heart were steadier, cooler, better poised, he would think out the run of things. Only now, let's clinch matters. Up-stairs, under a black skull-cap, there pulsed a brain that he knew instinctively had approved him for the post Bartizan had described, and would utilize him. Utilize him, Pedro! He laughed to himself. Go on, Jew. Here I am, the sharp tool you look for. Pick me up, use me—how long before you find the tool's alive and working its own will, with you for a lever? He stood up.

"Where are they both?"

"Up-stairs, conferring on money."

"Let me see them." He was abrupt, commanding. Bartizan made no question. He thought a moment, then, "We'll go up," he said, and led the way.

The room was a bedroom. Shimei, living at Tortolo, had no mind at his age to journey there from Siona at that hour. He sat in a chair by the bed. Opposite him Gonzalo was installed, his cloak laid aside.

"Who is this?" asked Gonzalo, peering.

"The man of whom I spoke—a man who may prove of more than common service."

"How?"

"He is a man well known to my captain here as of more than common ability."

"More than common, more than common, Messer Shimei!" broke in Bartizan, "I said something more than that."

Gonzalo stopped the sailor.

"Enough. Let us go on, Jew."

Shimei bowed, and turned to Pedro. "You say you lodge in the castle, and you know the room where she sleeps."

"Yes."

"Could you get there?"

"For what purpose?"

"That you shall know. Could you obtain entrance, secretly?"

"At night, I take it?"

"Yes."

"It could be done."

"You say she has another woman sleeping in the room?"

"Yes."

"H'm," Shimei pondered.

"You'll never manage it," said Gonzalo.

"Wait. Let's be plainer with our friend here. Signor, I ask you, could you make way to that room, at night, and take with you say, three?" He looked at Gonzalo. The other shook his head.

"I do not approve."

"Three, or maybe four——"

Pedro struck in. "What's to be done? I'll settle the number."

The Jew looked Pedro over again thoughtfully. Bartizan put in, "Tell him, sir, and take his advice."

"Very well. You—" to Pedro—"go by night to the Duchess's room, with whatever men you judge needed. You seize, without noise, as you see yourself will be necessary, the person of the Duchess, keep her quiet by what means you choose, get her away out of the castle——"

"There's a guard." Pedro's heart was beating fast. He was all tingling with interest. Here was a plot indeed, born of a brain belonging neither to a fool nor a coward. Whose—Gonzalo's? Pedro looked him over, and doubted. The Jew was speaking.

"That is one of your difficulties, but with money—and money would be at your disposal—that should be arranged. If not, you would have to arrange to force a passage. I understand you to be a man able to undertake such an enterprise?"

Pedro nodded. "I bring her out of the castle. What then?"

"Get her down to the river. We'll have a barge there. We'll bestow her safely, get her down to Tortolo——"

"On ship there, Pedro lad," said Fat Jack, "and when she next sets foot ashore 'tis at Venice, and she may whistle for her duchy again. Signor Gonzalo here will have had all snug in hand for a month, and will never budge for twenty Dûchesses of Siona."

"I leave her on the barge?"

"We'll take her out of your hands there. All's to be arranged beforehand—the night, the very hour. Our men from Tortolo will be coming up at the same time. You join them and take over command, and town and castle are to be rushed by dawn."

Pedro stood considering. "Sit down, signor," said Shimei, politely. He beckoned the Jew to be silent, and turning his back on all the three began to move restlessly about the room, pausing now and then abruptly. His thoughts were rushing like a mountain torrent in a flood, yet among them all something, the essential Pedro, moved sure, cool, packing into sequence one by one the moves forecasted of this enticing enterprise. His heart swelled within him. All the joy he had felt down-stairs linked itself with this scheme of action, action, action.

It was a desperate business, but it appealed, it called, it clamored to him for acceptance. He would want four men at least. Probably must bring them in from outside. The business in the Duchess's room, he knew might well bring them all to the gallows—a single scream would fetch death in on them. Supposing both women quieted and helpless, they had still to be got out, through the castle—a long business, that—No, he'd use the garden, so to the stables, and through the yard. He remembered a little door that opened through the wall above the moat—a raft could be fashioned, he'd manage it. But the guard. Well, that could be managed too, given time. He was to sort the guard. He saw himself, companionable, open-handed, dropping casually into the guardroom, holding desultory chat with here and there a man, till he had picked on one, more maybe, properly bribable. By luck he might find his four men for the work in the bedroom among the very guard itself. The thing was simplifying. It wanted only money. And resolution! Shimei, the Jew, stood for the money. And resolution? By God! He felt the veins swell in his temples as muscle and nerve throughout his body strained in passionate answer to his unspoken question. He turned to Shimei.

"It might be done," he said.

"Will you do it?" asked the Jew.

Pedro hesitated. There sprang in him a sudden fierce questioning. He swept it aside. It leapt at him again like a wolf at his throat, gripped him, held him—like a wolf he fought it; on his forehead the sweat started. He struck his hands together passionately.

In another second a "yes" he would have stood by would have been uttered. It pleased Fate to let Gonzalo speak.

"My friend," said Gonzalo, "I see your hesitation. I understand it. I myself am not in favor of this scheme."

"My lord—" began Shimei.

"QUIET now, my good Shimei. I am speaking. Young man, I see the difficulties of this plan make you hesitate, as they make me—better be frank, good Shimei—disfavor the whole idea. Let us be simpler."

Pedro waited.

"Risks utterly unnecessary would be run. Three or four men at least you must take with you into the room. Each man represents the possibility of betrayal or weakness at the moment. You bribe the guard, how many? God knows. Again, possible betrayal. You take the two women down to the river—more danger. Barge to Tortolo—six good hours, with none of us knowing how things are faring with her and treachery always possibly at work. And then the chances of the high seas, Tortolo and Venice."

"My lord," Shimei interposed, "all this is granted, but the other—no."

"Wait, Shimei. This is my business. Let's come to my plan."

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Bartizan shrugged his shoulders. Shimei settled down uncomfortably and obstinately in his chair and shielded his eyes with his hands.

"Now," said Gonzalo, softly, "you say you know the Duchess's room? Good. You can get there? Good. By night, secretly? Good again. What more?"

Pedro, suddenly stiffening, waited for the actual word.

Gonzalo licked his dry lips. His eyes held Pedro's.

"You wear a knife," he said.

There was silence. Gonzalo had his eyes on Pedro's face. Shimei, lying back in his chair, had covered his face wearily while Gonzalo spoke. Now he dropped his hands and looked at Pedro. Bartizan never took his eyes off him. Pedro still looked at Gonzalo.

Gonzalo, placing his hands on the arms of his chair, slowly levered himself out of it, slid back beside it. Shimei leant forward, a hand extended, Bartizan leant nearer.

All three men had seen the change in Pedro's face——

Like a flash Fat Jack was at him from behind, gripped him, arm and waist.

For all his years and his grossness a hand, a foot, an eye, as quick as Pedro's own, worked there. Pedro's knife was out, his face a hell. Gonzalo backed behind the chair. Shimei stood trembling, Bartizan held his man in a grip that even Pedro's writhing body could not shake off. He wrenched, wrenched, wrenched—still Bartizan grappled. Pedro writhed round, up went the dagger. "No, no, Pedro lad!" panted the Englishman, and held on gallantly. Pedro trembling, shaking, racked with immeasurable rage, found his tongue.

"WHO'S he—who's he, I say, that offers me a price for murder? Damn you, Bartizan, damn you all! Let me go, Jack, or you shall have it." He struck passionately with the knife-hilt at the hand round his waist that gripped his belt. It bled, but held. The sailor was a man too. Gonzalo opened the door, whitefaced and vengeful; Pedro made one last effort to reach him. "Wait, wait," he commanded, "is your old throat made of stuff so tough that my knife's edge should turn on it?" Gonzalo had the door open now. He turned a bitter face to the Jew. "So much for your discretion. Fine helpers you find me. I'll let this business be." The door slammed. His unsteady footsteps pelted down the stairs.

Fat Jack released his man and sucked the back of his bleeding hand. Shimei sat trembling. Pedro looked at them both, still fingering the knife. Bartizan gentled him. "Steady, Pedro lad."

"You!" He made a frightful effort and snapped the knife back into its sheath. He sat down in Gonzalo's chair, head in hands, glaring at the other two. They waited, not venturing to speak. He gave a little groan. "Good God, to what am I sunk that I should sell myself to such employment?"

Shimei ventured to speak. "No plan of mine, young sir."

"Silence!" He buried his face in his arms on the table. The danger evaporated from the air. Here was now more the madness of melancholy than of rage. Shimei could speak more freely.

"Captain Bartizan, you have done me little good. This friend of yours is a madman. If his tongue and his temper run free like this, my head's none too safe in Siona."

Bartizan motioned him to be silent.

In a minute or so Pedro looked up. The gloom of mingled rage and despair had cleared. He was almost smiling.

"Listen to me, friend Shimei," he observed, amicably. "Tell me plainer what your aim is in Siona."

"Sir," answered the Jew, "in a word —trade. I wish no harm to the Duchess—I had already told Gonzalo I would have nothing to do with murder—But —my trade must go on."

"You were willing to back Gonzalo, with your money?"

"I have no love for Gonzalo, nor any great belief in him. But once put him in power here, I myself would contrive to steer affairs. He might show himself at the helm."

Pedro rose. "Jew, let be. You say you are from Tortolo. Where can I find you there?"

"Ask in the town, or on the quays. All know me."

"Then expect me, soon or late. Let Gonzalo sweat. There may be other plans, another man."

"You could tell more?" suggested the Jew.

"Let be. Sooner or later I may come to you."

The Jew stared him over hard. "When you will, signor. For the right man and the right plan money could be found." He considered. "To any man, say yourself, young sir, who should bring me in touch with any plan that will make the run of my trade easier, I shall be properly grateful."

He felt in the dark pouch of his belt, fumbled, pulled out a smaller bag, slid it into Pedro's hand. Pedro balanced it, thoughtfully. "Take it," said Shimei. "I can reward liberally. I see in you a man I can use profitably, I think."

Pedro cocked his eye at him queerly and tucked the purse up his left sleeve. "Shimei, you bind me to you. I shall not forget. Good night. Good night, Jack."

"Good night," they both answered. Pedro went down-stairs.

Beppo was not in the room there. The door was open. He laid a crown on the cask in the corner and went out.

Passing under the archway leading to the stables were Beppo leading a horse and a second man, evidently the horse's rider, cloaked. A voluminous cloak. It seemed to give a touch of furtiveness to its wearer's shoulders.

Pedro called to the host, "On the cask, Beppo!"

"I thank your worship. Good night!"

"Good night!"

Off he went, along the quay in the dark. His mercurial spirits were now soaring again. The evening had been all to the good. It had brought him in touch with Shimei. That acquaintance he would utilize; how, trust him to discover. Already his brain was at work; schemes began to float through his mind.

Suddenly he stopped. Who was the man just arrived at the inn? He laughed quietly to himself as he recognized the queer inconsequential action of his mind. What could it possibly matter who the man was? He chuckled. It was, he knew, typical of him to switch suddenly on a matter trivial and tear it inside out with a ferocious energy of curiosity which he himself, afterward, could but laugh at. He dismissed the thought and walked on——

Who was the man at the inn?

The question again. He was almost annoyed. He knew himself. He knew that once the question stuck in his mind he would insist on being satisfied. It was capable of making him turn round, retrace his steps, forego the bed he was fully ready for, and devote an hour, the night if necessary, to satisfying a curiosity of absolutely no value. Well, no nonsense of that kind tonight. Bed for him. He walked on.

Who was the man at the inn?

He stopped, exasperated, made an effort to walk on again—gave it up and walked back to the Barge and Boathook—cursing his stupidity as he went.

CHAPTER NINE

Two Purses of Money

THE stranger sat at the table, legs crossed comfortably, his hat on the floor beside him, a flagon of wine to his hand, his cloak loosened and thrown back. Before him stood the obsequious Beppo. From the stranger emanated that air that Beppo loved—a cheerful friendliness, a camaraderie, rough but honest, crude but communicative, simple, straightforward; to Beppo an invitation towards colloquy not to be resisted. At the crack of the door the eye, the quizzing, piercing, investigating eye of Pedro strained at the stranger and Pedro's brain began to whir, estimating, considering — where? Who? What? When? Why? How? Not long ago. Not far away.

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Hark, he's speaking—any help from his voice? Difficult even for Pedro's quick ears to catch the words, but the accent, the burr, carried across the room. Lombardy lived in that speech. Lombardy! Who from Lombardy? No one that fitted. Was it all a myth? Ha—the stranger turned to pick up his hat from the floor to fling it on the table. Pedro got a glimpse of him in something less than profile, just the line of his cheek seen over his shoulder, edge of eye-socket, tip of bulbous nose, projecting ear—in a flash he had his man!

He took his eye away from the crack of the door and stood motionless in the dark. The sky to which his face was turned was brilliant with myriad stars, but he saw never one of them. His eyes narrowed to slits as he stood thinking, thinking.

Why was he here? Why in Siona at all? Why at this place, this inn, ramshackle, disreputable, at this hour? Let's put ourselves in his place. He serves—we know whom he serves. It's late. He comes—Comes? Is sent; let us presume, sent; and cloaked not so much from the weather as from observation. Comes, riding, sent by we know whom, from we know where, late at night, secretly.

So far, so good. Now, what next? His horse is in the stables. We'll take a look at that.

ROUND the inn to the yard in the rear, moving swiftly but noiselessly, a shadow among the shadows. Here we are—here's the door—locked! Keys? A feel of the lock in the dark. A large keyhole, this. Beppo wears a bunch of keys at his belt,but Pedro recalls none to fit a hole this size. Try the kitchen by the back door. Lighted—tenanted. Madam Beppo in a chair by the fire, and asleep, God bless her! In we go, noiselessly. There's the bunch, hanging on a nail by the fireplace, just by madam's hand. Gently, Pedro; quietly, lad. He's out in the dark again, the keys in his hand. The second key tried proves it to be the one. The door of the stable opens. Only one nag in all the stalls. It's dark. The steed gives a toss of his head and a snort as a hand takes his mane, and another feels his nose, his back and sides. Enough. The saddle's still on, the girth's tight. The man's for the road again shortly.

Now, what does it all mean? Is it worth puzzling one's brains over in this fashion? After all, the explanation quite possibly is exactly what the facts suggest. He's come from, or going on, a journey. Why not? He's tired, he wants a rest, a drink, his horse a feed. Why not? He will be getting on in, say, an hour; no need to off-saddle; there you are—plain as a pikestaff, and only a fool would go poking his nose below the surface of a pool so shallow. Quite so—but we're obstinate. We are the devil to drive when once we get an idea into our head.

Madam's still asleep. The keys repose again by the fireside. The kitchen door closes. Back we go, slowly pacing toward the inn door, turning these few facts over, avoiding conclusions. We'll reach it, but all in good time; feel our way a little further first. We'll pass the time o' day—the merest desultory chat. Very possibly, after all, nothing in the whole affair; but just on the chance—in, Pedro, and test your tongue. He pushes open the door and enters expansively, a replica of the Pedro who entered that same door in that same manner an hour or so ago. He opens in much the same key:

"Good evening, Beppo. A pot of your famous wine." Beppo turns to him, pardonably a little astonished. His mouth opens in obvious question. Pedro forestalls him: "Yes, I thank you, my honor is well, very well. Not as well as perhaps I deserve to be, but still, very well. No words, my good Beppo, but the wine." He threw his hat on the table, nodded with casual ease at the stranger, dragged a seat forward and sat down.

Beppo, silenced, filled a second flagon at the cask. The stranger took a pull from his own flagon. Pedro, staring at nothing in particular, felt himself being eyed all over. Exactly what aspect he presented, he could not decide, but he trusted that it was that of cheerful friendliness, camaraderie, rough but honest, crude but communicative, simple, straightforward.

Beppo placed the flagon at Pedro's elbow. His big flapping mouth opened to emit the sloppy overflow of loquacity by this time accumulated within him. Just for a tenth of a second Pedro's eye rested on him. Something undefinable in the glance froze Beppo, pinched his lips, sealed up his floodgates. Talk, the friendly, amiable chat he had looked forward to, suddenly became out of the question. He retired distressed, wordless, and with a sense of grievance.

At another table sat the only other customers in the inn, two of the baser sort gabbling boozily over their pots. How it was done is too intricate a matter for description. Pedro's back was turned to them, but something in the poise of his shoulders, almost a setting of his ears, seemed to emphasize the vague sense of discomfort they first sensed in Beppo's countenance. They finished their liquor, paid, and went out with an air of relief. The stranger, Pedro, and Beppo, had the dirty room to themselves.

Pedro drank leisurely. So did the stranger. The eyes of the two men drifted casually across one another above the rims of their respective pots.

Pedro spoke:

"Your health, friend."

"Health, signor. Confoundedly dark outside."

He'll talk. Good.

"A rough road, too, from Missona."

"Missona—oh, aye, I dare say."

Quite a reasonable answer. Why does instinct persist in suggesting that a man's lying.

"What's doing there?"

"At Missona? Why, you know as much as I do. I'm from Tortola myself."

He's playing slippery. Sell, slip him a test. "You're a Tortolese, signor?"

"Yes."

Quite simple, and a round lie—that much we know.

Pedro eyed him. Any need to wait, to play this man further? He regarded the tough but gross body up and down, marked the crude and common sprawl of the limbs, the coarse, blunt features, small eyes, vulgar nose. Pshaw! No need for subtlety here. At him, point-blank. He leant on the table, eyed the stranger meditatively.

"You—liar," he remarked pleasantly.

THE stranger stared with a sudden checking of his breath, as though he had received the cold slap of a pail of water in his face. He pulled his feet under him, leant forward in his turn, flushing, his left hand clenched on the table, his right hand checking itself in the act of slipping across to his sword-hilt.

"I'm no pothouse bully, look you, or I might teach you manners. I say I'm from Tortolo."

"I heard you." Pedro beamed at him. "I heard you, my friend, and I remarked in my turn that you are a liar."

The stranger's right shoulder shrank inward toward his ribs. Plainly under the table his right hand had now crossed and grasped his sword-hilt. A vein in his neck throbbed. Pedro felt a quick and thorough contempt for him. The fellow could not keep his temper. Pedro, you will have noted, was ever urbanity itself. Sure of his distance, his feet well under him, ready for a swift rise and spring backward if necessary, Pedro continued pleasantly:

"Let me give you the facts: You come from Missona, your name's Bartoldi, and you serve——"

"The devil!" The stranger sat back in his chair and stared.

"You know best," Pedro answered him; "but there you have the facts."

The stranger looked ugly. His mouth dropped open, plainly evidencing the indecision of his mind, then gripped firm enough as he leant foward, his wrath, still partly kept in hand, never the less showing itself in both word and tone.

"I've known a man, as pestilentially clever as you are, run up against a point on a dark night like this, on his

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way home from just such an inn as this."

Pedro interrupted him smilingly. "And I've known a man, just as stupid as you, carried out from just such an inn as this, on this sort of night, and sent into twenty foot of water with a cobblestone round his neck. Twenty?" he reflected, musingly—"nearer thirty, I should say—the river, just under the quay here."

The stranger pushed back his chair and rose. "What the devil do you want?" he ejaculated. "I seek no quarrel with you."

"Who speaks of quarreling?" inquired Pedro, his voice of the pleasantest. "Come, Signor, sit and drink, sit and drink. But as between man and man, your name's Bartoldi?"

The stranger sat down, not comfortably. Plainly no great swimmer in a stream of speculation, rather a man who liked to feel bottom with his feet while yet his head was above water.

"Well, Bartoldi, if you like," he vouched.

"And what business in Siona, Bartoldi, my friend?"

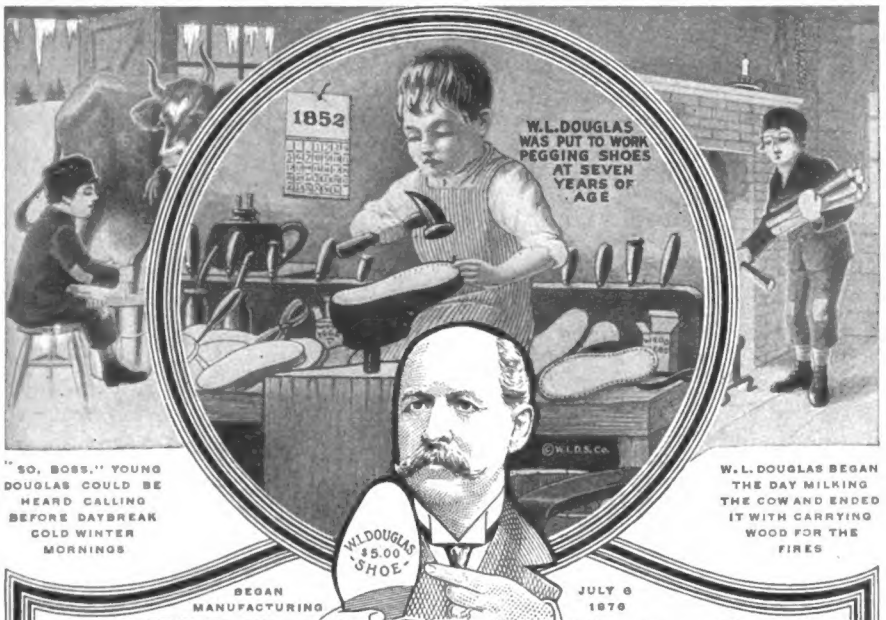
"I'm on a journey, I want rest, I come into a wine-shop."

Precisely. The obvious explanation, and easily true. And yet, as palpably a lie. His face showed it. The best the poor man could do, no doubt, but once again, no need for subtlety here. Strike straight in at him—he's got no guard.

"Bah! Bartoldi comes from Missona—is sent from Missona, after dark. His horse is still saddled. He's riding again then, before morning. How's he passing the guard at the gate? He's parted with money. When's he riding? When he's got what he wants. What's that? Meeting some one here, Bartoldi?"—Missed. Bartoldi's eyes never flinched. "No? Just a rest, a rest—and gossip." A blink. Touched him. Pick this thread up. "Gossip—a rest in a wine-shop—and what a place for gossip! There's gossip in a wine-shop, there's news to be picked up in a wine-shop—" He'd got it now, Bartoldi's face showed him that—"What's the news you're after, Signor?"

Bartoldi's face was a picture, a revelation of the emotions of a man suddenly become aware of a miracle that has changed bony skull and features of flesh into a glass headpiece, within which the curious may obtain a clear insight into his mental processes. With something of a sense of the uncanny, he actually clapped his hat on, as if to veil in a measure the workings of his brain thus magically revealed and no longer secret. Twice he opened his mouth, twice shut it, breathed heavily, and was dumb.

The next instalment of ***"The Duchess of Siona"*** *will appear in the October number.*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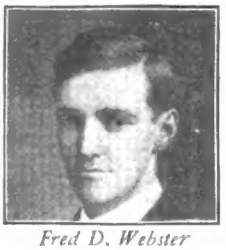

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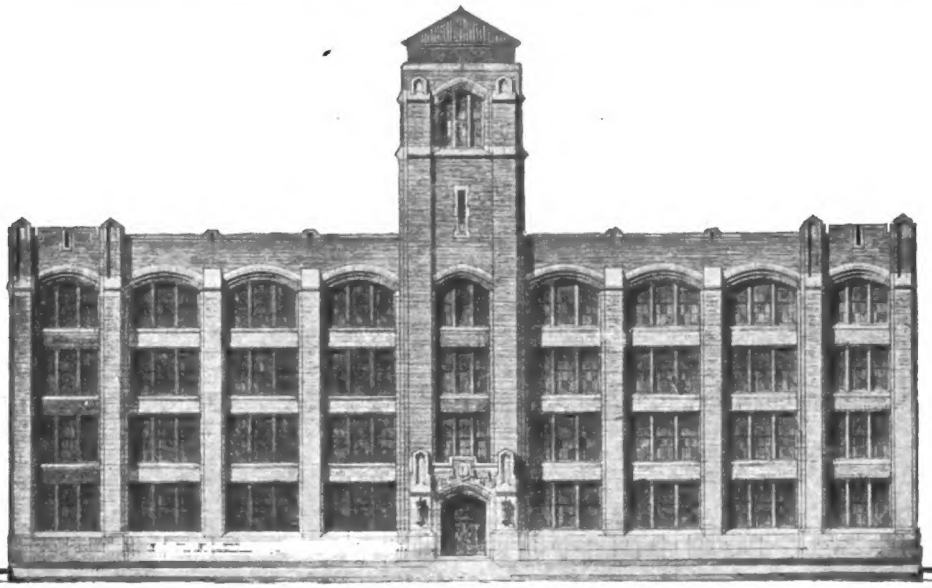

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